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WAGEMAN DEL. T. WOOLNOTH. SC.

MISS SMITHSON AS MARGARET.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CUMBERLAND 19 LUDGATE HILL.

CUMBERLAND'S

BRITISH THEATRE,

WITH

Remarks, Biographical and Critical,

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPIES,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL, LONDON.

VOL. VII.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
THE JEALOUS WIFE.
THE TEMPEST.
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.
CORIOLANUS.
EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MISS SMITHSON;

AND SEVEN ORIGINAL WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

1826.

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A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS:

A COMEDY,

In Five Acts.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITION OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MISS SMITHSON, *IN THE CHARACTER OF MARGARET.*

Engraved on Steel by Mr. WOOLNOTH, from an original Drawing by Mr. WAGEMAN.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE, CAMDEN TOWN.

REMARKS.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

If we compare the dramatic authors who flourished at the commencement of Shakspeare's career, with the great poet himself, his contemporaries, and immediate successors, we shall be astonished to find that the *infancy* and *maturity* of the stage should embrace a period of but little more than thirty to forty years. The dawn of Shakspeare dispelled the shadows, clouds, and darkness that rested on the dramatic horizon, and with him arose a host of stars that, while they shone with no borrowed lustre, still gathered glory from his beams. The most illustrious, and next in rank to himself, is Philip Massinger, a man of whose life little or nothing is known, beyond the melancholy fact, that he was a literary way-farer, eking out a penurious existence in humble obscurity, and that his transcendant genius, which must command the admiration of the latest posterity, could not protect him from the horrors of a gaol. He died on the 17th of March, 1640. According to Langbaine, he went to bed in good health, and was found dead in the morning, in his own house on the Bank-side. He was buried in the church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, "without a stone, a name," in the same grave with his friend and fellow-labourer, John Fletcher. The register thus briefly records the memorial of his mortality:—March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger—*A Stranger!*"

But, though "no storied urn or animated bust" have transmitted to posterity a record of this great poet, he may well spare the fame of such perishable memorials—

"In his *own works* enshrin'd, the bard shall live!"

and, though the regret will be deep and lasting, that the poet's path should have been strewed with briars and thorns, a feeling of exultation will be mingled with it, that, while neglect did its worst to the living bard, time has crowned his memory with immortal honours. We believe that genius, in adversity's darkest hour, has received consolation from the conviction that future ages would gratefully appreciate it; and that, when all other hope has proved unavailing, the hope of *immortality* has cheered the drooping spirit, and made it esteem that glorious distinction cheaply bought by contumely and suffering. It is not impossible that *such a hope* might have broke in upon the sorrows of Massinger.

In assigning Massinger a station above all other dramatic poets, and placing him next to the divine Shakspeare, we cannot forget the sublimity of Beaumont—the pathos of Fletcher—the wit, nerve, and profound learning of Ben Jonson. It is, that he has a combination of rarer qualities than his illustrious contemporaries; that his conceptions are more just and noble; that in dignity and elegance, in power of description—in the melody, grandeur, and variety of his poetry, he is superior to them. In majesty of thought and

MEMOIR OF MISS SMITHSON.

THIS pleasing actress is the daughter of Mr. W. J. Smithson, who was, for nearly thirty years, manager of the Waterford and Kilkenny companies. She was born at Ennis, in the county of Clare, March 18, 1800. The early part of her life was passed in retirement, under the care of the Rev. Dr. James Barrett, of Ennis; nor did she quit the hospitable roof of that gentleman until his decease, which took place in the year 1809. From that period her thoughts were turned to the stage; and, having had the good fortune to attract the notice of Lord and Lady Castle Coote, she was by them recommended to Mr. Jones, the patentee of the Dublin Theatre, on which stage she soon afterwards appeared, in *Albina Mandeville* and *Lady Teazle*. Her success induced Mr. Talbot, of the Belfast, Limerick, and Cork theatres, to offer her an engagement; by his permission she continued to perform during the summer months with the Dublin company, and acted, with applause, *Mrs. Haller*, *Lady Teazle*, *Yarico*, *Lady Contest*, *Cora*, and a variety of characters both in tragedy and comedy.

In 1817 Miss Smithson made her first appearance at the Birmingham Theatre. Her friends, Lord and Lady Castle Coote, still honouring her with their patronage, introduced her to Mr. Elliston, who was so well pleased with the abilities she displayed, that he engaged her for Drury Lane; and, on the 20th January, 1818, she appeared for the first time on the boards of that theatre, in *Letitia Hardy;* and, on the 26th of February following, she personated *Lady Racket*, in the farce of Three Weeks after Marriage.

Her efforts were received with encouragement; and, by an uniform diligence and propriety in her profession, she has continued to improve in the public favour. Her assumption of the highest characters in tragedy, at the *French* theatres, has been crowned with rapturous applause, which may easily be accounted for, since the French critics never saw Miss O'Neil, and can have no conception of Siddons.

☞ D——G.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

A New Way to pay Old Debts.

Sir Giles. **Cook it any way: Pr'ythee, leave me.**
Greedy. **Without order for the dumpling**

Act III. Scene 3.

Costume.

SIR GILES.—Puce-coloured velvet jacket, trunks, belt, and cloak, with orange silk puffs; the dress trimmed with orange-coloured silk lace and gilt buttons; puce silk hose, the same colour as the dress, with gold embroidered clocks; square-toed drab shoes and jewel buckles, with orange satin roses over them; a broad Brussels point lace vandyke with two tassels; a round-crown brown hat, with orange puffs and feathers of the same colour.

LORD LOVELL.—A scarlet cloth jacket, trunks, belt, and mantle, trimmed with orange silk lace, and yellow plated buttons; russet boots with red tops; black velvet hat and blue silk band, with black, white, and red feathers; a ruff; buff gloves with high tops, and white stocking pantaloons.

WELLBORN.—First dress.—A brown ragged jacket and breeches; a pair of blue hose; russet boots, and a black hat.—Second dress.—A blue and silver jacket and pantaloons, trimmed with silk cord, plated buttons, and green vest, trimmed with buff; a buff hat, and white feathers; a ruff; russet boots; buff gloves, with high tops.

ALLWORTH.—A light mixture kerseymere jacket and trunks trimmed with pink galloon; white silk pantaloons; pink satin vest, trimmed with scarlet and black; plated buttons; russet boots with scarlet tops; hat, kerseymere mixture, with white feathers; lace ruff, and buff gloves with high tops.

MARRALL.—Black old English dress, tagged black shoes, black hose, black hat, and cock's-tail feather.

JUSTICE GREEDY.—A black kerseymere jacket, puffed with crimson silk; trunks and cloak trimmed with crimson satin, and black glass buttons; white square-toed shoes; gloves with high tops, and a vandyke; black sugar-loaf hat with crimson band; black hose with embroidered clocks.

LADY ALLWORTH.—First dress.—A green velvet train dress bordered with white satin and gold, and point-lace; long sleeves, slashed and trimmed to correspond; high ruff; stomacher of point; black velvet hat, white feathers, and tassels.—Second dress.—White satin train dress, with long sleeves, richly embroidered with gold; robe of white and gold; high ruff; jewel stomacher and cross; white satin hat and feathers.

MARGARET.—White satin dress, the sleeves and front of the petticoat ornamented with jewels; a ruff, and white satin shoes.

Cast of the Characters at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, 1824.

Lord Lovell	Mr. Thompson.
Sir Giles Overreach	Mr. Kean.
Wellborn	Mr. Wallack.
Allworth	Mr. Penley.
Welldo	Mr. Williams.
Justice Greedy	Mr. Oxberry.
Marrall	Mr. Munden.
Lady Allworth	Mrs. Knight.
Margaret	Miss Smithson.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

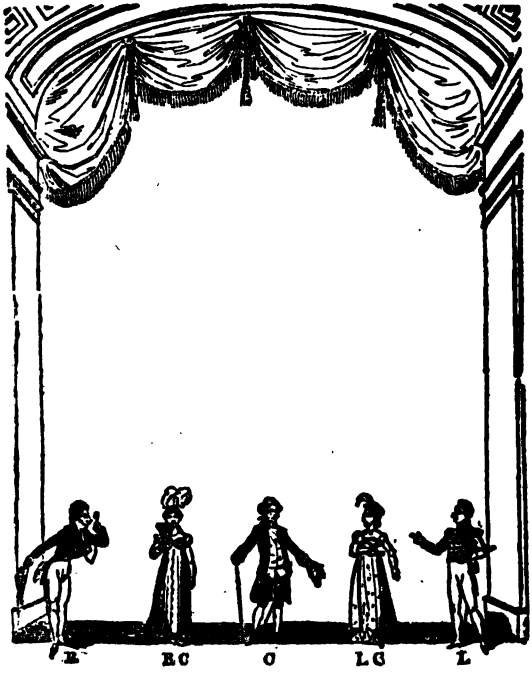
EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience*



A

New Way to Pay Old Debts.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Village.*

WELLBORN *discovered, with a large rough Stick, in tattered apparel, knocking at the Alehouse door,* L. S. E. TAPWELL *and* FROTH *come from the House.*

Well. [*Goes to* R.] No credit, nor no liquor?
Tap. (C.) Not a suck, sir:
Nor the remainder of a single can,
Left by a drunken porter.
Froth. (L.) Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brache! [*Crosses to* C.
The devil turned precision? Rogue, what am I?
Tap. (R.) Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.
Well. (C.) How? dog! [*Raising his cudgel.*
Tap. Advance your Plymouth cloak,
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel, call'd the stocks;
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your threadbare, tatter'd——
Well. Rascal! slave!
Froth. No rage, sir.
Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and other drink, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk
thus!
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.
Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and cloth'd thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are is apparent: but, since you
Talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
Old Sir John Wellborn,
My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And his estate coming to you,
Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—
Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Froth. Very hardly;
You cannot out of your way.
Tap. You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under butler.
O you'd merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses: mistresses,
And other such extravagancies: which
Your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
Resolving not to lose the opportunity,
On statutes, mortgages, and binding bonds,
Awhile supplied your folly, and, having got
Your land, then left you.
Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I've not done yet;
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scap'd you;
Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here—
Well. Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I
Make purses for you? Then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
'Twas I, that, when I heard thee swear if ever

Thou could'st arrive at forty pounds, thou would'st
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir!
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor, like you.
Well. They're well rewarded,
That beggar themselves to make such rascals rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper!
But, since you're grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and beat you into remembrance:
Not leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him over to* L.
Tap. O! O! O!
Froth. Help, help!—

Enter ALLWORTH, R.

Allw. Hold, for my sake, hold;
[*Catches* WELLBORN'S *arm.*
Deny me, Frank? They are not worth your anger.
Well. For once, thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre. [*Shaking his cudgel.*
But let 'em vanish;—
Nay, if you grumble, I revoke my pardon.
[WELL. *and* ALLW. *talk apart.*
Froth. This comes of your prating husband.
Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*Exeunt* TAP. *and* FROTH *into the Alehouse,* L. S. E.
Well. (L.) Sent to your mother?
Allw. (R.) My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
I cannot pay too much observance to her:
There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure and clear.
But, 'pr'ythee, tell me,
Has she no suitors?
Allw. (R.) E'en the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted: such as sue and send,
And send and sue again: but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence;

Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That, I dare undertake, you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment.
Well. (L.) I doubt it not. Now, Allworth, listen to me,
And mark my counsel: I am bound to give it.
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
I will not have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.
Allw. I thank your noble care: but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.
Allw. In love?
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I've heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of cormorant Overreach? Dost blush and start,
To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
Allw. Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and, if ever
The queen of flowers, the boast of spring, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl, her father.
Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?
Allw. And your's too.
Well. I confess it, Allworth.
Or can'st thou think, if self-love blind thee not,
That Sir Giles Overreach, who, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and, I hope, his own too,
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,

And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.
Allw. You have well advis'd me.
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.
Well. No matter, no matter. [*Crosses to* R.
Allw. (L. C.) Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself to help your wants.
[*Offers him money.*
Well. (R. C.) How's this?
Allw. Nay, be not angry.
Well. Money from thee?
From a boy? one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord?
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me,
Though I am rudely thrust out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred—know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy—
Although I thank thee, I disdain thy offer.
No—as I, in my madness, broke my state,
Without th' assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits, I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.
Allw. Fare thee well.
[*Exeunt* ALLWORTH, L. WELLBORN, R.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Lady Allworth's House.—Table, and four Chairs.*

AMBLE, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL, *discovered, in a line across the Stage.*

Ord. (C.) Set all things right; or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office, that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.
Wat. (L.) You are merry,
Good master Steward.

Fur. (L. C.) Let him; I'll be angry.
Amb. (R.) Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taken up; then, 'tis allow'd,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.
Fur. You think you've spoken wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before.
Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.
Fur. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and at all places, I'll be angry:
And, thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.
Amb. There was no hurt meant.
[*Crosses to* FURNACE, *and shakes hands.*
Fur. (L. C.) I'm friends with thee; and yet I will be angry.
Wat. (L.) With whom?
Fur. (C.) No matter whom: yet, now I think on't,
I'm angry with my lady.
Amb. (R.) Heaven forbid, man!
Ord. What cause has she given thee?
Fur. Cause enough, master Steward,
I was entertain'd by her to please her palate.
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
When I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.
Fur. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.
Ord. Justice Greedy?
Fur. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon him;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox;
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave.
[*A knocking without*, L.
Wat. One knocks. [*Exit* WATCHALL, L.

Ord. Our late young master.

Enter WATCHALL *and* ALLWORTH, L. *and salutes them alternately.*

Wat. Welcome, sir. [ALLW. *crosses to* FUR.
Fur. You're welcome:
If you've a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
[ALLW. *crosses to* ORD.
Ord. His father's picture in little. [*Crosses to* AMB.
Amb. We are all your servants.
Allw. At once my thanks to all. [*Crosses to* R.
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?
Ord. Her presence answers for us. [*Retire up on* R.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, ABIGAIL, *and* TABITHA, R.

Lady A. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone:—
[*Exeunt* TABITHA *and* ABIGAIL, R.
And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I'm visited by any, entertain 'em
As heretofore: but say, in my excuse,
I'm indispos'd.
Ord. We shall, madam.
Lady A. (R.) Do, and leave me.
[*Exeunt* WATCHALL, FURNACE, ORDER, *and* AMBLE, L.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.—Tell me, how is't with
Your noble master?
Allw. (L. C.) Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour.
He did command me—pardon my presumption—
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.
Lady A. I'm honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the low countries?
Allw. Constantly, good madam;
But will, in person, first present his service.
Lady A. And how approve you of his course? you're yet,
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable:
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.
Allw. Any form you please
I will put on: but—might I make my choice—

With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.
Lady A. 'Tis well answer'd;
And I commend your spirit: your father, Allworth,
My ever-honour'd husband, some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Did commend you, e'en by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge:
And, therefore, when I speak, you are bound to hear
With such respect, as if he liv'd in me.
Allw. I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, more than a mother to me;
And, with my utmost strength of care and service,
Will labour that you may never repent
Your bounties shower'd upon me.
Lady A. I much hope it.
These were your father's words:—If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him, it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly follow'd: but for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with license practice
Their lawless riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers.
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies:
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat;
To dare boldly
In a fair cause; and, for their country's sake,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
These are the essential parts make up a soldier;
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.
Allw. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle.
Lady A. To conclude:
Beware ill company; for, often, men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn:
Not, 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity:
But that he's in his manners so deprav'd,
And hath in vicious courses lost himself.
'Tis true, your father lov'd him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but, if he had liv'd
To've known him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do. [*Noise without*, L.
Somebody comes. This way:

Follow me to my chamber: you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied
As I hear from you.
Allw. I am still bound to you. [*Exeunt*, R.

Enter ORDER, WATCHALL, SIR GILES OVERREACH, MARRALL, GREEDY, FURNACE, *and* AMBLE, L.—MARRALL *goes behind to* R.

Gree. (L.) Not to be seen!
Sir G. (C.) Still cloister'd up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.
Ord. (R. C.) Sir, 'tis her will;
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute: howe'er, you're nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six day's since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.
Gree. (L. C.) Is it of the right race?
[SIR G. *and* MAR. *converse apart up Stage.*
Ord. Yes, Master Greedy.
Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!
Fur. [*Comes down* L.] I'll make it run and run.
Save your good worship!
Gree. Honest master Cook, thy hand; again: how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.
Fur. If you've a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef well season'd.
Gree. Good.
Fur. A pheasant larded.
Gree. That I might now give thanks for't!
Fur. Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cook'd.
Gree. A stag, man?
Fur. A stag, sir; part of it prepar'd for dinner,
And bak'd in puff-paste.
Gree. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer, too, Sir Giles, and bak'd in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.
Sir G. [*Advancing*, C.] You know, we cannot.

Mar. (R. C.) Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And, if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
Gree. Cause me no causes; I'll prove't, for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.
Sir G. Fie, Master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! We must forget the belly,
When we think of profit.
Gree. Well, you shall o'er-rule me.
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master Cook?
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.
Fur. Will you be so prodigal?
[GREEDY *and* FURNACE *converse apart*, L. *a little up.*
Sir G. [*To* ORD.] Remember me to your lady.

Enter WELLBORN, L.

Whom have we here?
Well. You know me.
Sir G. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. [*Crosses to* L. *followed by* MAR.] Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to cross me more,
I'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd. [*Exit* SIR G. L.
Gree. (L.) I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pye-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt* GREE. *and* MAR. L. MAR. *eyeing* WELL. *contemptuously.*—WELL. *takes a Chair, and sits down in the centre of the Stage.*
Wat. Will you out, sir? [*Going towards* WELL.
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd, among your fellows, from the basket,
But you must press into the hall?
Fur. 'Pr'ythee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pig-stye;
My scullion shall come to thee.
Well. This is rare:

Enter ALLWORTH, R.

O, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
Allw. We must be strangers; [*Crosses to* L.
Nor would I have you seen here for a million. [*Exit*, L.
Well. Better and better:—He contemns me too!

Enter ABIGAIL *and* TABITHA, R. *cross to* L.

Abi. [*Seeing* WELL.] Mercy preserve my sight!
What thing is this?
Tab. A wretched object, truly.
Let's hence, for heaven's sake, or I shall swoon.
[*Crosses to* L.
Abi. I begin to faint already. [*Crosses to* L.
[*Exeunt* ABIGAIL *and* TABITHA, L.
Fur. Will you know your way, sir?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir:
Do you mark? I will not. [*Starts up.*] Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond your master's leaving—who advances?
Who shews me the way? [*Threatening them.*
All the Servants. Help, fellows, help!—Within there!
Ord. Here comes my lady.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, R.

Lady A. How now? What noise is this?
Well. [*Advancing to her.*] Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
Lady A. (R.) To me?
Well. (L.) And, though I've met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage,
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.
Lady A. I'm amaz'd,
To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low, as to exchange words with thee?

Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins: your swelling titles,
Your ample fortune, with your men's observance
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it.
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn
For your late noble husband.

Ord. There he touch'd her. [*Aside.*

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels,
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up,
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Fur. Are we not base rogues,
That could forget this? [*Aside to Servants.*

Well. I confess you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Tho' he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't:
For he'd a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

Lady A. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

Lady A. For what's past excuse me:
I will redeem it. [*Offers him her Pocket-book.*

Well. Madam, on no terms:
I will not beg nor borrow sixpence of you;
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
One only suit I make; pray give me leave.

[LADY A. *signs to the Servants, who retire to the top of Stage.*

I will not tire your patience with relation

Of the bad arts my uncle Overreach
Still forg'd, to strip me of my fair possessions;
Nor how he now shuts door upon my want.
Would you but vouchsafe
To your dear husband's friend—as well you may,
Your honour still let free—but such feign'd grace,
As might beget opinion in Sir Giles
Of a true passion tow'rds me, you would see,
In the mere thought to prey on me again,
When all that's your's were mine, he'd turn my friend;
And, that no rub might stay my course to you,
Quit all my owings, set me trimly forth,
And furnish'd well with gold:—which I should use,
I trust, to your no shame, lady; but live
Ever a grateful debtor to your gentleness.

Lady A. What! nothing else?

[*Offers her Pocket-book again.*

Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants
To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady A. All you demand is yours.

[*She beckons the Servants, who advance a little,* L.

Respect this gentleman,
As 'twere myself. Adieu, dear Master Wellborn—
Pray let me see you with your oftenest means:
I am ever bound to you.

[*Going,* WELLBORN *waiting on her.*

Well. Your honour's servant. [*Kisses her hand.*

[*Exit* LADY A. R.

All the Servants. [*Coming up to* WELL. *with bows and cringes.*] Ah, sweet sir——

Well. (L. C.) Nay, all's forgiven, all forgotten, friends:
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

All the Servants. Agreed, agreed! Still merry, Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all the Servants,* L.

Well. (C.) Faith, a right worthy and a liberal lady,
Who can at once so kindly meet my purposes,
And brave the flouts of censure, to redeem
Her husband's friends!—When, by this honest plot,
The world believes she means to heal my wants
With her extensive wealth, each noisy creditor
Will be struck mute; and I, thus left at large
To practice on my uncle Overreach,
May work, perhaps, the measure to redeem
My mortgag'd fortune; which he stripp'd me of,

When headlong dissipation quell'd my reason.
The fancy pleases: if the plot succeed,
'Tis a New Way to Pay Old Debts, indeed. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of Lady Allworth's Park.*

Enter MARRALL *and* SIR GILES, R.

Sir G. (L.) He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd him.
Mar. (R.) Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air: and yet
The chap-fall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience and his knowledge too,
To the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.
Sir G. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.
Mar. I wonder why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself.
Sir G. Thou art a fool;
In being out of office, I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a præmunire,
And so become a prey to the informer,
No, I'll have none on't: 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word. [*Crosses to* R.

Mar. (R. C.) You are all wisdom.
Sir G. I would be worldly wise; for the other wis
dom,
That does prescribe us a well-goven'd life,
And to do right to others as ourselves,
I value not an'atom.
Mar. What course take you,
To hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Mr. Frugal? As 'tis said,
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.
Sir G. I have thought of't, Marrall;
And it shall take. [*Placing his hand on* MARRALL'S *shoulder.*] I must have all men, sellers,
And I the only purchaser.
Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.
Sir G. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor;
Which done, I'll make my men break ope' his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs;
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expences,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-hand.
Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.
Sir G. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.
Mar. Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.
Sir G. Well thought on,
That varlet, Wellborn, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?
Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I've us'd all means; and, the last night, I caus'd
His host the tapster turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charg'd them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from
starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir

Sir G. That was something, M. I ; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.
Mar. Where and when you please, sir.
Sir G. I'd have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg:
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a hen-roost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows;
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy master-piece.
Mar. I'll do my best, sir.
Sir G. I'm now on my main work, with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular, Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country; and my aims are,
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.
Mar. I have you;
This points at my young mistress.
Sir G. She must part with
That humble title, and be honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter;
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!
I'll have her well-attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That, for cast clothes and meat, will gladly serve her
And 'tis my glory, tho' I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.
Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.
Sir G. And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-maid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry. [*Crosses to* L.C

Enter WELLBORN, R.

Mar. (C.) See, who's here, sir.
Sir G. (L.) Hence, monster! prodigy!
Well. (R.) Call me what you will;—
I am your nephew, sir, your sister's son.
Sir G. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Come hither, Ma[illegible]y s[illegible]-This is the time to work him.
Mar. (L.) I v[illegible]ray you, sir. [*Exit* SIR GILES, L.
Well. (R. C.) B[illegible]s light, I think, he's mad.
Mar. (C.) Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.
Well. You've ta'en a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.
Mar. (R. C.) The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—
Well. (L. C.) By what?
Mar. By my religion.
Well. Thy religion?
The devil's creed!—But what would you have done?
Mar. Had there been but one tree in the whole shire,
Or any hope to compass a single halter,
Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes,
A withe had serv'd my turn to hang myself.
I'm zealous in your cause: 'pray, hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.
Well. I thank you.
Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch?
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?
Or market-woman with eggs that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?
Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Mar. If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some course
For your reputation.
Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetorick the fiend hath taught you,
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live and suddenly, better than ever. [*Crosses to* L. C.
Mar. Ha! ha! these castles, you build in the air,
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well, Nay more, dine gratis.

Mar. (C.) Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders, or gipsies, that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine,
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies?
For, I know, it must be an enchanted dinner.
Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.
Well. Mark there with what respect
I am entertained.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes.
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along then. [*Crosses, and exeunt,* R.

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Lady Allworth's House.*

Enter WATCHALL, FURNACE, ORDER, AMBLE, *and* ALLWORTH, R.

Allw. (L.) Your courtesies o'erwhelm me: I much grieve
To part with such true friends; and yet find comfort.
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.
[WELLBORN *and* MARRALL *without*, L. WELLBORN *knocks—Exit* WATCHALL, L.
Mar. Dar'st thou venture further?
Well. Yes, yes, and knock again. [*Knocks.*
Ord. (C.) 'Tis he; disperse.
Amb. (R. C.) Perform it bravely.
Fur. (L. C.) I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.
[*Exeunt* FURNACE, L. S. E. ORDER *and* AMBLE, R.

Enter WATCHALL, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL, L.

Wat. Beast that I was, to make you stay! Most welcome;
You were long since expected.

Well. (L. C.) Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.
Wat. (R. C.) For your sake, I do, sir.
Mar. (L.) For his sake!
Well. (C.) Mum; this is nothing.
Mar. More than ever
I'd have believ'd, tho' I had found it in my primer.
Allw. (R.) When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, [*Crosses to* C.] in my service
I will deserve it.
Mar. Service! with a vengeance!
Well. I'm satisfied: farewell, Tom.
Allw. All joy stay with you!
[*Crosses, and Exit,* L.

Enter AMBLE, R.

Amb. You're happily encounter'd; I ne'er yet
Presented one so welcome as I know,
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision;
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

Enter FURNACE, L. 3. E.—*Comes between* WELL. *and* MAR.

Fur. I'm glad you're come; until I know your pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?
Well. What's thy will?
Fur. Marry, sir, I have
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
[WELLBORN *whispers* FURNACE *up the Stage.*
Mar. [*Walking about, amazed.*] The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his palate,
That, on my knowledge,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays!

Well. That way I like them best.
Fur. It shall be done, sir.
[*Exit* FURNACE, L. S. E.
Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?
Shall we feed gratis?
Mar. I know not what to think;
'Pray you, make me not mad.

Enter ORDER, R.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
'Pray you, walk, sir, to the dining-room.
Well. I am well here,
'Till her ladyship quits her chamber.
Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday, you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

Enter TABITHA *and* ABIGAIL, R.

Tab. O! you're much wish'd for, sir.
Abi. Last night, my lady
Dreamt of you; and her first command this morning,
Was to have notice, sir, of your arrival.
Wat. See my lady.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, R.—ORDER *bows and exit*, R.

Lady A. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw you—
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend.
Mar. To such a friend! heaven bless me!
Well. I'm wholly your's; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute—
[*Puts* MARRALL *over to* LADY ALLWORTH, R.
Mar. Salute me at his bidding!
[MARRALL *retreats towards the Door*, L.
Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.
Lady A. Your friends are ever welcome to me.
Well. [*Brings* MAR. *back*, L.] Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!
Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of— [*Offers to kiss her Foot.*
Lady A. (R.) Nay, 'pray you, rise;

And, since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to day at mine own table.
Mar. (C.) Your ladyship's table! I'm not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.
Lady A. You are too modest;
I will not be denied.

Enter ORDER, R.

Ord. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.
Lady A. Come, Master Wellborn:—
[*To* MARRALL, *who is retreating again.*
Nay, keep us company.
Mar. I was ne'er so grac'd.
[LADY ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN *take* MARRALL *by the hand—he bowing with the greatest servility—they retire through* M. D. *followed by* ABIGAIL, TABITHA, AMBLE *and* WATCHALL.

Enter FURNACE, L. S. E.

Ord. (R. C.) So, we've play'd our parts, and are come off well:
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, may I perish!
Fur. (C.) Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire—for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.
Wat. (L. C.) What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth; for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high; keeps many servants;
Rich in his habit! vast in his expenses;
Yet he, to admiration, still increases
In wealth and lordships.
Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodg'd so unluckily.

Enter AMBLE, M. D.

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Fur. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney!
Wat. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave feeds so slovenly!
Fur. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please Master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Fur. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his chair, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship—my worship!
All the Servants. Ha! ha! ha!—
Ord. Risen already?
Fur. My lady frowns.
Amb. I shall be chid.
[*Exit* FURNACE, L. S. E.—*Servants all run to* L.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL, M. D.

Lady A. (C.) You attend us well!
Let me have no more of this: I observ'd your leering:
Sir, I will have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table,
When I am present, is not your companion.
Ord. [*Aside.*] Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Lady A. [*To* WELLBORN.] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to inquire your purposes; in a word,
[*Crosses to* R. WELLBORN *following her.*
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.
Well. Mark that. [*To* MARRALL.
Mar. (L.) With reverence, sir,
And it like your worship.

Well. Trouble yourself no further,
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service;
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Master Marrall. [*Crosses to* L.
Mar. I attend your worship.
[*Exeunt* WATCHALL, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL, L.
Lady A. [*To the Servants.*] I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Amble, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Amb. We are ready. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*The open Country.*

Enter WELLBORN *and* MARRALL, L. S. E.

Well. I think I'm in a good way.
Mar. Good, sir! The best way;
The certain best way.
You are worshipful—and I hope you will become right-worshipful.
Well. (R. C.) Is't for your ease
You keep your hat off?
Mar. (L. C.) Ease, and it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.
Well. [*Aside.*] Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future coz'nage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.
Mar. I know your worship's wise and needs no counsel;
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction), I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No; speak freely.
Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,
(Still with your worship's favour), I could wish you
A better habit; for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady

That loves you:
I have twenty pounds here,
Which out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.
Well. But where's the horse?
Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, (as I know you will be),
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd Knave's Acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.
Well. I thank thy love; but will make no use of it.
Did I want clothes, think'st thou I could not have 'em
For one word to my lady?
Mar. As I know not that—
Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we're married
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forc'd
To buy my wedding clothes.—
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,
And so farewell.—For thy suit touching Knave's Acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit* WELLBORN, R.
Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! My master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession. Well, well, Master Wellborn;
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated;
Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you *sans* question shall be,
I'll presently think of the means. [*Musing*, R. C.
Sir G. [*Without.*] Sirrah, take my horse,
I'll walk, to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile;
And exercise will keep me from being pursy.

Enter SIR GILES, L.

Ha! Marrall!—Is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels

Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done.—Marrall! Marrall!
Mar. (R. C.) Sir?
Sir G. (L. C.) How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?
Mar. Never better, sir.
Sir G. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?
Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives, once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.
Sir G. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.
Mar. A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.
Sir G. With him! What lady?
Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.
Sir G. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?
Mar. I speak truth,
And I do so but once a-year, unless
It be to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.
Sir G. His worship!
Mar. As I live, sir,
I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him,
And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too.
Sir G. Why thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain, to see her, though I came——a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!—
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
Sir G. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids;
Or I'll quit you
From my employments.
Mar. Will you credit this yet?

On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Wellborn—
I'd give a crown now I durst say his worship, [*Aside.*
My nag and twenty pounds.
Sir G. Did you so, idiot?
[*Strikes him*—MARRALL *retreats to* R.
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me? [*Beats him.*
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Sir G. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
Mar. He's gone.
Sir G. I've done then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow:
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank 'em.—
There's a piece, for my late blows. [*Crosses to* R.
Mar. [*Aside,* L.] I may yet cry quittance;
There may be a time——
Sir G. (R.) Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt,* R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of Lady Allworth's Park.*

Enter LOVELL *and* ALLWORTH, L.

Lov. [*Speaking as he enters.*] Drive the coach round the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth.
Allw. (D. C.) O, my lord,
What sacrifice of rev'rence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em;

What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me!

Lov. (R.C.) Nay, good youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you've trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

Allw. Still great ones,
Above my merit,
You have been
More like a father to me than a master:
'Pray you, pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it;
And to give you assurance I am pleas'd in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passions.

Allw. 'Tis a conquest
Few men can boast of, when they are tempted.—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchas'd,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to thee, Allworth!

Allw. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain: but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish'em, in plainer language,
That I may understand'em.

Allw. My much-lov'd lord, were Margaret only fair,
You might command your passion;
But, when the well-tun'd accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing,
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.
Allw. Grant all these beat off,
(Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,)
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and as much land
As would tire
A falcon's wings, in one day to fly over.
I here release your trust:
'Tis happiness enough for me, to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.
Lov. Why, shall I swear?
Allw. O, by no means, my lord!
Lov. Suspend
Your judgment to the trial. How far is't
To Overreach's house?
Allw. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.
Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.
Allw. Oh, that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Sir Giles's House.*

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, L. U. E. SIR G. *and* MAR. *remain up stage.*—GREEDY *advances to front.*

Sir G. (C.) Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.
Gree. Store indeed's no sore, sir.
Sir G. That proverb fits your stomach, master Greedy.
Gree. (C.) It does indeed, Sir Giles: I do not like to see a table ill-spread, poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with salads, slic'd beef, giblets, and pig's pettitoes. But the substantials—O, Sir Giles, the substantials! The state of a fat turkey now! the decorum, the grandeur, he marches in with! O, I declare, I do much honour a chine of beef! O, I do reverence a loin of veal!
Sir G. (L. C.) And let no plate be seen, but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That is made of: let my choicest linen

Perfume the room; and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.
Mar. (L.) 'Twill be very chargeable.
Sir G. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
I'st a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.
Call in my daughter. [*Exit* MARRALL, L.
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em——
Gree. As I do indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em.
Sir G. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.
Gree. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions.—
[SIR GILES *retires up the stage.*
Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at least,
Arch-president o'the boil'd, the roast, the bak'd;—
I'd not change my throne for the Great Mogul's;
For which I will eat often; and give thanks,
When my belly's brac'd up like a drum; and that's pure justice. [*Exit* GREEDY, R.
Sir G. [*Advancing.*] It must be so: should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all: she had it not from me,
But from her mother: I was ever forward,
As she must be; and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter MARRALL, *followed by* MARGARET, *and two female Attendants*, L.

Alone, Margaret—
Alone—and let your women wait without.
[*Exit Women and* MAR. L. U. E.
Marg. (L.) Your pleasure, sir?
Sir G. (R.) Ha! this is a neat dressing!
[*Walks round her, and remains on her* L.
These orient pearls and diamonds well plac'd too!
The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?

Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.
Sir G. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?
Marg. I pity her fortune.
Sir G. Pity her! Trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown,
E'en starv'd for very want of food, to serve thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg'd him,
Into the counter, and there let e'em howl together.
Marg. You know your own ways, but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.
Sir G. In birth! Why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my fortunes,
And throw thee from my care: Do not provoke me.
Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

Enter GREEDY, R. *with a napkin round his neck, and a dumpling in his hand.*

Gree. Sir Giles, Sir Giles—
Sir G. How! interrupted? [*Crosses to him.*
Gree. (R.) 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it whole
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it:
And, sir, we wise men know, that without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.
Sir G. (C.) Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! Cook it any way: Pr'ythee, leave me.
Gree. Without order for the dumpling?
Sir G. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.

Gree. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my dumpling. [*Exit* GREEDY, R.
Sir G. But to our business, Meg:—You've heard who dines here?
Meg. (L.) I have, sir.
Sir G. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers; and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY, R. *with a toast and fork.*

Gree. (R.) I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.
Sir G. [*Turning suddenly to him.*] Slight, art thou frantic?
Gree. (R. C.) Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks.—
He has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toasts and butter.
Sir G. [*Crosses to* R. *behind.*] Cook!—rogue, obey him!
I've given the word: pray, now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.
Gree. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.
[*Exit* GREEDY, R.
Sir G. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Sir G. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it;
Be thou no enemy to thyself: my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me:
Remember, he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it;

This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Sir G. Virgin me no virgins!
I'll have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I'll have you private—start not—I say, private:
If you are my true daughter,
You'll venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too:
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I've heard this is the wanton's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
Sir G. (R.) Learn any thing,
And from any creature, that may make thee great;
E'en from the devil himself: stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. (L.) With your leave, sir—in worldly policy,
This is not the way to make me his wife:
My virgin scruples overcome so soon,
Cannot but assure him,
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
When tempted by others; so, in judgment,
If, to obey you, I forget my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Sir G. How! forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? Does there live a man,
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchas'd with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee!—He dares not.
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side, to justify the wrong;
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
I would make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour.
Meg, I have said it. [*Crosses to* L.

Enter MARRALL, *hastily*, L. U. E.

Mar. Sir, sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Sir G. In, there, without reply, and wait my call:
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
[*Exit* MARGARET, R.

What! is the loud music I gave orders for
Ready to receive him?'
Mar. (L.) 'Tis, sir.
Sir G. (R.) Let 'em sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit* MAR. L. U. E.
Roughness, awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me. [*Music.*

Enter MARRALL, LOVELL, *and* ALLWORTH, L. U. E. *preceded and followed by Servants.*

Lov. (L. C.) Sir, you meet your trouble.
Sir G. (R. C.) What you are pleas'd to style so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
Allw. [*Aside.*] Strange! so humble!

Re-enter GREEDY, R. *with a napkin under his chin.*

Sir G. Faugh! [*Points to napkin, which* GREEDY *instantly snatches off, and puts behind him.*] A justice of peace, my lord.
[*Presents* GREEDY *to him.*
Lov. (L.) Your hand, good sir.
Gree. (C.) [*Aside.*] This is a lord: some would think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.
Sir G. (R.) Room for my lord.
Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter,
To crown my welcome.
Sir G. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first; and suddenly
She shall attend, my lord.
Lov. You'll be obey'd, sir.
[*Exeunt all but* SIR GILES, L.
Sir G. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for her.
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!

Re-enter MARGARET, R.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis
For me to say, my honourable daughter.
No more; but be instructed, or expect——
He comes.

Re-enter LOVELL, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, L.

A well form'd girl, my lord.
Lov. [*Crosses to* MARG.] As I live, a rare one!
[*Salutes her.*
Allw. He's ta'en already: I am lost.
Sir G. That kiss
Came twanging off; I like it:—Quit the room.
[*Exeunt* GREEDY, MARRALL, *and* ALLWORTH, R.
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar: but——
Sir G. I am too old to learn,
And therefore leave you to yourselves. [*Crosses to* R.]
Remember! [*Aside to* MARG. *and exit*, R.
Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous,
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
Lov. But o'er your duty.
Marg. (R.) Which, forc'd too much, may break.
Lov. (L.) Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.
Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.
[*They whisper up Stage.*

Re-enter SIR GILES, *listening*, R.

Sir G. Close at it! whispering!—this is excellent!
And by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY, R.

Gree. Sir Giles! Sir Giles!
Sir G. The great fiend stop that clapper!
[*Comes down* R. C.

Gree. (R.) It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The bak'd meats are run out, the roast turn'd powder.
Sir G. (R. C.) Stop your insatiate jaws, or
I shall powder you.
Gree. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.
Sir G. Disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse?
Gree. I'st a time to talk
When we should be munching?
Sir G. Mum, villain; vanish! Shall we break a bargain
Almost made up?
[*Exit, thrusting* GREEDY *off before him*, R.
Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And wish you happy in your choice; believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.
Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.
Lov. I'm in the act rewarded,
Since it is good: howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, till our purpose
Be brought to the wish'd end.
Marg. I'm prone to that.
Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles? [*Coming forward.*

Enter SIR GILES, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, R.—ALLWORTH *crosses behind to* L.

Sir G. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?
Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
Sir G. [*Aside.*] So do I too.
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant: I will confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I shall have
Deliver'd by my page: we must, for form, give way to't.
Sir G. With all my soul. [*Crosses to* ALLW. L.
A towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good Master Allworth: know my house
Is ever open to you.
Allw. [*Aside.*] 'Twas shut till now.

Sir G. [*To* MARG.] Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already; [*Puts* MARG. *over to* ALLW.] know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter!
Marg. [*Crosses to* ALLW.] I shall, with my best care.
Servants. [*Without*, L.] Room, room—make way there for my lady.
Sir G. What noise?
Gree. More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter six Servants, LADY ALLWORTH, *and* WELLBORN, L.

Lady A. (L. C.) [*To* WELL.] If I find welcome,
You shall share in't; if not, I'll back again;
For I come arm'd for all can be objected.
Lov. How! the Lady Allworth? [*Crosses to her.*
Sir G. And thus attended!
[MARRALL *and* SIR GILES *a little up the Stage.*
Mar. No, I am a dolt;
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.
Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.
Lady A. My lord, I laid wait for you; and much hop'd
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore, doubting that you might forget me,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air, in person to invite you.
Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.
Lady A. Good Sir Giles Overreach— [*Bows to him.*
How dost thou, Marrall?—Lik'd you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
Gree. (R.) I will, when you please,
An' it like your ladyship.
Lady A. When you please, Master Greedy;
If meat can do't, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman: howe'er his outside's coarse,
[*Presents* WELLBORN, *who stands* L.
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's:

And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soe'er,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may ere long, with boldness rank himself
With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.

Sir G. My nephew! [*Crosses to* WELL. R.
He has been too long a stranger: faith, you have:
Pray, let it be mended.

[*All converse apart, but* SIR G. *and* MAR.

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
No man of worship,
Much less your nephew.

Sir G. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter. [*Crosses to* R.

Mar. I'll not lose my joke,
Though I be beaten dead for't. [*Retires up the Stage.*

Well. [*Advancing.*] Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself, to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes. [*Aside to* LOV.

Lov. I would hear, and help 'em. [*Bell rings,* R.

Gree. Ah! [*Runs about.*

Sir G. Your dinner waits you.

Lov. Pray you, lead; we follow.

Lady A. Dear Master Wellborn, come:—You are my guest.

[*Takes* WELLBORN'S *hand.—Music.—Exeunt all but* GREEDY, L.

Gree. Dear Master Wellborn! so she said: Heaven, heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I've granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all the prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol! And now, "Dear Master Wellborn!"
And, "My good nephew!"—But I play the fool,
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner. [*Going,* R.

Re-enter MARRALL, R. *meeting* GREEDY.

Are they set, Marrall?

Mar. (R. C.) Long since. [GREE. *going* R. MAR. *prevents him.*] Pray you, a word, sir.

Gree. (L. C.) No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must: my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And wait to sup with him on the cold meat.
Gree. How! no dinner,
After all my care.
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast——
Gree. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commission,
Give place to a tatterdemalion?
Mar. No bug words, sir!
Should his worship hear you——
Gree. Lose my dumpling too,
And butter'd toast and woodcocks?
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your justiceship,
And sit with the maids below there, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and butter'd toast too, by and by.
Gree. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.
Mar. There's your way, sir. [*Exit* MAR. R.
Gree. I fear, we shall have but short commons below. I am no cameleon, to feed on air; nor Frenchman, to feast on a soused frog, or regale on an ounce of beef in a Mediterranean sea of soup: I love to see the board well spread, groaning under its savoury burden, smoking-hot, from spit, furnace, and cauldron.—Ods-me, Sir Giles! [*Exit*, L.

Enter SIR GILES, R.

Sir G. She's caught! O, woman! What, neglect my lord,
And all her compliments apply to Wellborn!
In the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARRALL, R.

Mar. (R. C.) Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Sir G. (L. C.) No matter, I'll excuse it: Pr'ythee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.
Mar. Who! the rogue
The lady scorn'd to look on?
Sir G. Sirrah, sirrah! [*Crosses to meet* LOVELL.

Enter LOVELL, MARGARET, *and* ALLWORTH, R.

Sir G. [*To* LOV. L. C.] My good lord, excuse my manners.
Lov. (C.) There needs none, Sir Giles;
I may ere long say—father, when it please
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.
Sir G. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.
Lady A. [*Without.*] Nay, Master Wellborn—
Sir G. Grosser and grosser!
[*Going* L.—MARRALL *crosses behind to* R. *and* MARG. *goes to* R. *of* ALLWORTH.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and Servants*, R.

Lady A. (R.) Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away;—my thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment. [MAR. *whispers* WELL. R.
Sir G. 'Tis your nobleness,
To think it such.
Lady A. I must do you a further wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.
Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles.
Lady A. Nay, come, Master Wellborn.—
[*Exit* MARRALL, R.
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.
Sir G. [*Crosses to* LADY A. R.] Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once:
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.
Lady A. Stay not so long, sir.
Lov. (C.) Farewell, dear Margaret! You shall every day
Hear from your servant, by my faithful page.
Allw. 'Tis a service I am proud of. [*Music.*
[*Exeunt* LOVELL, LADY ALLWORTH, ALLWORTH, *and Servants*, L. U. E.
Sir G. (L. C.) Daughter, to your chamber.
[*Exit* MARGARET.

You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
Well. (R.) So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.
Sir G. (L.) But I make it no wonder;
And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom;
As I must yield, with you I practis'd it;
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you. This rich lady,
(And I am glad of 't), is enamour'd of you.
Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.
Sir G. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.
Well. [*Aside.*] He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.
Sir G. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem 'em; and, that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have wherewithal to cut 'em off,
And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.
Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—
Sir G. As it is, nephew.
Well. Binds me still your servant.
Sir G. No compliments: you're staid for. Ere you've supp'd
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!
To-morrow I will visit you.
Well. Here's an uncle [*Crosses to* L.
In a man's extremes! How much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted.
Sir G. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report, I weigh not.
[*Exeunt* WELL. L. SIR G. R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* LADY ALLWORTH'S *House,—Table, and two Chairs, Pens, Ink, Paper, Wax, and lighted Taper.*

LOVELL *seated* R. *sealing a Letter, and* ALLWORTH *waiting on him, discovered.*

Lov. (R.) 'Tis well.—May this succeed!
I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs;
I hope they'll prove successful.
Allw. (L.) What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engag'd, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet, if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could—
Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks, to me's, superfluous.
Sir G. [*Without*, L.] Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! O, here's your letter.
[*Takes the Letter from the Table, and gives it* ALLWORTH.]—Let him in.
[ALLWORTH *opens the Door*, L. *and stands retired.*

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, L. D.

Sir G. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Sir G. And reason to attend your lordship.
Lov. (R.) And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!
Gree. (L. C.) In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep: for I've a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour
[*Crosses to* LOVELL, R. C.
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend, Sir Giles.

Lov. Pray you, use your pleasure.
[*Retires up the Stage.*
Gree. (R. C.) How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house to this of my Lady Allworth's?
Sir G. (L. C.) Why, some four mile.
Gree. How! four mile, good Sir Giles—
Upon your reputation, think better;
For four miles' riding
Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me. [*Retiring back.*
Mar. (L.) Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you're that way still provided,
An't please your worship.
Sir G. (*Coming in*, C.) How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no deference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. I may fit you too. [*Exit* MARRALL, L. D.
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Sir G. 'Twill fire her; for she's wholly your's already.
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you should find occasion.
That done, pray, ride to Nottingham, get a licence,
Still by this token.—[*To* Lov.] I will have't dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Gree. [*Stopping* ALLWORTH, *who is crossing towards* L. D.]
Take my advice, young gentleman; get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting; I'll eat with you,
And that abundantly.
Sir G. Some fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
Gree. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of preparative.
Lov. Haste your return.
Allw. I will not fail, my lord. [*Exit* L.
Gree. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer. [*Exit* L.
Sir G. (L.) To my wish [*They sit*]; we're private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter

A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce, all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you: nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long; since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be your's too.

Lov. (B.) You are a right kind father.

Sir G. You shall have reason
To think me such.
How do you like this seat of Lady Allworth's?
It is well wooded and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve, for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile: and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Sir G. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but, let my lord
Say, only that he but likes it, and would have it,
I say ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible!

Sir G. You conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands;—for those, once, Wellborn's,
As, by her dotage on him, I know they will be,
Shall soon be mine;—but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they're yours. [*They rise.*

Lov. (C.) I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than thus to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The public voice.

Sir G. You run, my lord, no hazard.
[*Leans on the back of the Chair.*
Your reputation shall still stand as fair
In all good men's opinions, as now:
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Shall ne'er be sullied with one taint or spot.
All my ambition is, to have my daughter

Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And, might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
[*Paces into* L. *Corner*.
Lov. Are you not mov'd with the sad imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Sir G. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightness.
I'm of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course.
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Sir G. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match, my lord?
Lov. I hope that is past doubt now.
Sir G. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Doubt not my honour, nor my faith to you;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me 'tis equal; so, my lord, good morrow.
[*Exit* Sir Giles, L. D.
Lov. He's gone: I wonder how the earth can bear him!
I, that have liv'd a soldier,

And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this horrid monster, am all bath'd
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
Is no more shaken, than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, M. D.—*advances*, R.

Lady A. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
Lov. (L.) No, good madam;
For your own sake, I'm glad you came no sooner:
Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
Lady A. (R.) I ne'er press'd my lord,
On others' privacy; yet, against my will,
Walking for health's sake, in the gallery here,
I was made,
So loud and vehement he was, partaker
Of his tempting offers.
But, my good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend——
Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.
Lady A. I dare, then, say thus:
However common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims, 'twill not agree
With those of noble blood, of fame, and honour.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd:
But what infer you from it?
Lady A. This, my lord:
I allow the heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, stop their mouths
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's
(How wrung from both, needs now no repetition),
Were real motives that more work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.
Lov. I do, good madam,

And long since have consider'd it.
And 'tis my resolution ne'er to wed
With the rich Margaret, Overreach's daughter.
Lady A. [*Aside.*] I'am glad to hear this.
Why then, my lord, pretend you marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line, by which you hitherto
Have measur'd all your actions.
Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have liv'd a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference; or the favours
Which you so prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Incur not censure?
Lady A. I'm innocent here; and, on my life, I swear,
My ends are good.
Lov. So, on my soul, are mine
To Margaret:
And, since this friendly privacy does serve
As a fair offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other further—you having shewn
Your care of me, I, my respect to you—
Deny me not, I dare not yet say more,
An afternoon's discourse.
Lady A. Affected coyness might deny your suit;
But, such your honour, frankness shall become me,
And bid my tongue avow my honest heart:
I shall attend your lordship.
Lov. My heart thanks you.
[*Exeunt* LOVELL, L. LADY ARLWORTH, R. D.

SCENE II.—*A Village.*

Enter FROTH *and* TAPWELL, *from the House*, L. S. E.

Tap. (L. C.) Undone, undone! This was your counsel, Froth.
Froth. (L.) Mine! I defy thee: did not master Marrall—
He has marr'd all, I am sure—strictly command us,
On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?
Tap. (R. C.) 'Tis true:
But now, he's his uncle's darling; and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,

At his commandment to do any thing.
Woe, woe to us!
Froth. (L. C.) He may prove merciful.
Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Froth. Then, he knows all the passages of our house;
As the receiving of stolen goods, and so forth.
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe him;
And then his information could not hurt us:
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony?
Tap. Undone, undone! Methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart;
And my hand hissing,
If I 'scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.
Froth. 'Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder. As for credit,
We've none to lose; but we shall lose his custom:
There's the devil on't.
Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum;
'Tis said, he has found such a new way
To pay his old debts, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronicled for it.
Froth. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's?—[*Drum—and cry without of*, L. U. E.]—Brave Master Wellborn!
Tap. Hark, I hear him.
Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace. [*Drum—and cry again*, L. U. E.

Enter GREEDY, WELLBORN *in a rich habit*, MARRALL—VINTNER, TAILOR, *with other Creditors*—ORDER, FURNACE, *and* AMBLE, L. U. E.—TAPWELL *and* FROTH, *kneeling, deliver a Petition.*

Well. (C.) How's this? petition'd too!
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals. I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.
Mar. (L. C.) When your worship's married,
You may be—I know; what I hope to see you
Well. Then look thou for advancement.
Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.
Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers: and for my admittance,
[TAPWELL *and* FROTH *flattering* JUSTICE GREEDY, R.
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.
Well. Fear not Sir Giles.
[WELL. *and* MAR. *retire up on* L. C. *and converse apart.*
Gree. [*Bringing* TAP. *and* FROTH *to centre.*] Who?
Tapwell—I remember; thy wife brought me,
Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.
Tap. (C.) And shall do, every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.
Gree. How! with Master Wellborn?
I can do any thing with him, on such terms.
[WELL. *advances* L.
See you this honest couple? [*To* WELL.] They're good souls
As ever drew out spigot. Have they not
A pair of honest faces?
Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promis'd. You are cozen'd in 'em;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base quean and thief, have worst deserv'd me;
And therefore speak not for them. By your place,
You're rather to do me justice. Lend me your ear:
Forget his turkies, and call in his license,
And every season I will send you venison,
To feast a mayor and corporation.
[*Goes a little up, and converses with* MARRALL.
Gree. (L. C.) I'm chang'd o' the sudden in my opinion.—Mum.
Come near; [*To* TAP. *and* FROTH.] nearer, rascal!
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch knave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding Judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.
Tap. and Froth. Worshipful sir—
Gree. No; though the great Turk came, instead of turkies,
To beg my favour, I'm inexorable.
Thou'st an ill name: I here do damn thy licence,

Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For instantly I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do't before I eat.

Froth. (R.) No mercy?

Gree. Vanish!—
If I show any, may my promis'd venison choke me!

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Crosses behind, and exit with* FROTH *into the House.*

Well. (C.) On, Master Greedy: I'll be with you at dinner.

Gree. (R.C.) For heaven's sake, don't stay long;
'Tis almost ready. [*Exit* GREEDY, R.

Well. (C.) Speak: what are you?

Vint. [*Comes down.*] A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thriv'd but that your worship broke me,
With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,
When you lodg'd upon the Bankside.

Well. I remember.

Vint. I've not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir—

Well. Thou art an honest fellow:
I'll set thee up again: [VINTNER *goes up centre.*]—
[*To* MAR.] See his bill paid.
[TAILOR *advances* L.] What are you?

Tai. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I long time gave you credit for rich clothes:
But, you failing in payment,
I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confin'd
Under a stall.

Well. See him paid: [*To* MARRALL, *who is in* C. *a little up.*] and botch no more.

Tai. I ask no interest, sir.

Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,
They're seldom losers. See these men discharg'd.

[MARRALL *motions to the Creditors to imply he will do so.*

And, since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me:
There's something for you all.

[*Throws a purse to the Creditors.*

All the Creditors. Brave Master Wellborn!

[*Drums and shouts.—Exeunt Creditors,* L. U. E.

Well. Leave me, good friends: attend upon your lady.
[*Exeunt* AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* ORDER, R.
Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promis'd to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance;
This only, in a word:—I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For all the money which he now has lent you;
This you must not consent to:
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will;
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land:
I'd a hand in't, I speak it to my shame,
When you were defeated of it.
Well. That's forgiven.
Mar. I shall deserve it—Then urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him;
Which, I know, he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell. I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt* R.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Sir Giles's House.—Table and two Chairs—Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Enter MARGARET, *with a Letter in her Hand, and* ALLWORTH, R.

Allw. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
I yet rest doubtful.
Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.
Allw. 'Tis true, my dearest;
Yet—when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths,
To fill the arms of greatness;
While you, with matchless virtue, thus hold out,
Spurning at honour, when it comes to court you—

I am so tender of your good, that faintly
I wish myself that right, you're pleas'd to do me.
Marg. To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or the smooth brow, and wealth,
Of a pleas'd sire that slaves me to his will;
And, so his vain ambition may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
Allw. But the dangers
That follow the repulse—
Marg. To me they're nothing:
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst—that, in his rage, he kill me,
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die your's;
I then shall rest in peace.
Allw. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour. But, since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between 'em.
Marg. Lord Lovell is our friend;
And, though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter SIR GILES, R. U. E.

The end may yet prove happy.—[*Aside.*]—Now, my Allworth. [*Goes up Stage.*
Allw. [*Aside.*] To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.
Marg. (L.) I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title:
And, when with terms not taking from his honour
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him;
But, in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To fix a time and place, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him. [*Crosses to* R.
Allw. I hope better, good lady.
Marg. (R.) Hope, sir, what you please; for me,
I must take a safe and secure course: I have
A father, and without his full consent,

Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing. [*Crosses to* L.
Sir G. [*Aside, near the centre.*] I like this obedience;
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embrac'd.—[*Advances to centre.*]—Sweet Master Allworth,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord: he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? Are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.
Marg. (L.) A piece of arrogant paper!

[SIR GILES *reads*, &c.]

"Fair mistress, from your servant learn all joys
That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet
A husband that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due."

Sir G. Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? I'the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd, after these two
That are already offered? Marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after:—What would you more?
Marg. (L. C.) Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter;
Not hurried away i'the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited,
To honour the solemnity.
Allw. (R. C.) An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done, brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.
Sir G. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth!
Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Sir G. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? Since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums.
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd Parson Welldo:
'Tis no matter for a licence; [*Crosses to* R.] I'll bear him out in't.
Marg. With your favour, sir—what warrant is your ring? [*Crosses to centre.*
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then, to be refus'd
Were such a stain upon me!—If you pleas'd, sir,
Your presence would do better.
Sir G. Still perverse!
I say again I will not cross my lord:
Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink there.
Allw. Sir, 'tis ready here. [*Goes up to a table.*
Sir G. I thank you.—I can write then to my chaplain. [SIR GILES *sits down and writes.*
Allw. [*Sits.*] Sir, sir,—
You may, if you please, leave out the name of my lord,
In respect he would be private, and only write—
Marry her to this gentleman.
Sir G. Well advis'd—
'Tis done.—Away!—
[*Gives* ALLWORTH *the paper—both rise.*
My blessing? Girl, thou hast it:
Nay, no reply.—Begone, good Master Allworth:—
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
Allw. I hope so, sir. [*Exeunt* MARG. *and* ALLW. L.
Sir G. (c.) Now all's cock-sure.—
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter?—
My ends, my ends are compass'd!—Then, for Wellborn
And the lands—were he once married to the widow—
I have him here.—[*Touching his forehead with his finger.*] I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over! [*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Hall in Lady Allworth's House.—Table and four Chairs.—Screen* R.—LOVELL *and* LADY ALLWORTH *seated at Table.*

Lady A. (R.) By this you know how strong the motives were,
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Lov. (L.) What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment;
But all the arts that I have us'd, to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition: though I hope well;
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise. [*Both rise.*
Lady A. (R. C.) Though my wishes
Are with yours, my lord: yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well-grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
Lov. (L. C.) Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means.
The cunning statesman, that believes, he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.
Lady A. May he be so!—
The young ones have my warmest wishes with them.
Lov. O, gentle lady, prove as kind to me!
You've deign'd to hear, now grant my honest suit;
And, if you may be won to make me happy,
But join your hand to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.
Lady A. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!
Lady A. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.

Enter WELLBORN, L.

You're welcome, sir:
Now you look like yourself. [*Crosses to* WELL.
Well. (L. C.) And will continue
Such, in my free acknowledgment that I am
Your creature, madam—and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.
Lov. (R. C.) It is a thankfulness that well becomes you.
Lady A. (C.) For me, I am happy,
That my endeavours prosper'd.—Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?
Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall. He's grown into strange passions
About his daughter: this last night, he look'd for
Your lordship at his home; but, missing you,
And Margaret not appearing, he is coming
To seek her here at Lady Allworth's house.
His wise head is much perplex'd and troubled.
Lov. I hope my project took.
Lady A. I strongly hope it.
Sir G. [*Without.*] Ha! find my daughter, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.
Well. May it please your lordship, [*Crosses to* LOV.
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.
Lov. You shall direct me. [*Exit* LOVELL, R. S. E.
Sir G. [*Without.*] Idiot! booby! booby!
Mar. [*Without.*] O, O, O!
Sir G. [*Without.*] I shall sol-fa you, rogue!
Mar. [*Without.*] Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Enter SIR GILES, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him*, L.

Sir G. (C.) Cause slave? Why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating.
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing:

Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. (R. C.) [*Aside.*] I may yet cry quittance:
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.

Sir G. Lady, by your leave: did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See you, on her left hand, bending down low,
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

Lady A. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Sir G. When you once see her
Led and supported by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. [*Crosses to* WELL.]—Nephew—

Well. Well?

Sir G. No more!

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Sir G. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent?

Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, pray, unless in years,
More than myself?

Sir G. His fortune swells him:—
'Tis rank,—he's married. [*Crosses to* L.
Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
[*Crosses to* LADY ALLWORTH, ON L.
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage,—do you hear?—of a stolen marriage;
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozen'd;
I name no parties.

Well. (R.) Well, sir, and what follows?
[LADY ALLWORTH *turns away in astonishment.*

Sir G. (C.) Marry this, since you are so peremptory; remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
Some certain monies; put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,

Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol; you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me, in pure love, and no ends else?
Sir G. End me no ends! Engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it: you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in drunken taverns.
Well. And beg after—
Mean you not so?
Sir G. My thoughts are mine and free.
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed, you shall not:
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.—
Your great looks fright not me.
Sir G. But my deeds shall.— [*They both draw.*
Lady A. Help! murder! murder!

Enter AMBLE, WATCHALL, ORDER, *and two Servants with drawn Swords*, R.

Well. Let him come on,
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Sir G. That I had thee
But single in the field!
Lady A. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Sir G. Wer't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.
[LADY ALLWORTH *turns away.*
Mar. [*To* WELLBORN] Now, put him to
The showing of the deed.
Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement;—and—whereas
You charge me with a debt of monies to you—
If there be law, howe'er you have no conscience,
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Sir G. I in thy debt: O impudence; did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land
That had continued in Wellborn's name,

Enter two of SIR GILES'S *Servants with a Box*, L.

Twenty descents, which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of?—O, you're come at last.—
[*To Servants.*
Is not here inclos'd
The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now,— [LADY ALLWORTH *advances.*
Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd o'er
Any such land; I grant, for a year or two,
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law;
Which if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
Lady A. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.
Sir G. Good, good! Conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices? but, when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.
Lady A. Never; do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.
Sir G. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Thy ears to the pillory—[*Two servants place the box on the table*, (L.) SIR GILES *unlocks it, and takes out the Deed.*]
See!—here's that will make
My interest clear.—Ha!
Lady A. (L. C.) [*Looking over his shoulder*] A fair skin of parchment! [*Retreats to* R. C.
Well. (C.) Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax, nor words.—How? thunder-struck!
Is this your precious evidence? this, that makes
Your interest clear!
Sir G. (L.) I am overwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath raz'd out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—

Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle; yes, there is;—
And, now 'tis better thought, for, cheater, know,
This juggling shall not save you.
Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
[*Retires with* LADY ALLWORTH *up the Stage.*
Sir G. Marrall—Marrall—
Mar. Sir?
Sir G. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help'd with an oath or two; and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear any thing, to dash
This cunning sleight;
The deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wast present, will make good my title:—
Wilt thou not swear this?
Mar. I!—No, I assure you: [*Breaks from him.*
I have a conscience, not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.
Sir G. Wilt thou betray me? [*Drawing his sword.*
Mar. Keep him [WELLBORN *opposes him.*
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.
Sir G. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too:
The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
Your drudge can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride; and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
Sir G. O, that I had thee in my gripe, I'd tear thee
Joint after joint.
Mar. I know you are a tearer;
But I'll have first your fangs par'd off, and then
Come nearer to you;—[SIR GILES *retreats in despair*]
when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways
And devilish practices, you us'd to cozen with.
Well. All will come out.
Sir G. [*Advancing.*] But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel, in vain, to die;

These swords that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, coward,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Well. I think so:
You dare do any ill; yet want true valour,
To be honest, and repent.
Sir G. They're words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggars' virtue,
Shall find no harbour here.

Enter two of SIR GILES'S *Servants*, L. *and go up a little.*

Lady A. Whom have we here?
Sir G. After these storms,
At length a calm appears.—My chaplain comes.—

Enter Parson WELLDO, L. *with a letter in his hand.*

Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks!—Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? Say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.
Well. (L.) Married? Yes, I assure you.
Sir G. (L. C.) Then vanish all sad thoughts!
My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Now, you that plot against me,
And hop'd to trip my heels up, that contemn'd me,
Think on't and tremble. [*Music.*

Enter LOVELL *behind*, R. U. E.

They come!—I hear the music.—
A lane there for my lord;—
Well. (L. C.) This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, sir.
Sir G. (C.) Make way there for my lady and my lord.
[*Music.*

Enter two Servants of SIR GILES, MARGARET, *and* ALLWORTH, L.

Marg. (C.) [*Kneels.*] Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I've made.—
Not to dwell
Too long on words—this is my husband.

Sir G. (R. C.) How!
Allw. (L. C.) So, I assure you: all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past;
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.
Sir G. [*Advancing hastily upon* WELLBORN, L.]—
Devil!—Are they married?
Well. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give 'em joy!
Sir G. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead. [*Seizes* WELLDO.
Well. They're married.
Sir G. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these.—My brain turns!
Well. Why this rage to me?—
Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words—
"Marry her to this gentleman."
Sir G. It cannot: [*Crosses to* R.
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not,
That I, who never left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children!
Baffled and foot'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void. [*Crosses to* L.
Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle. [WELLDO *retires*, L.
Sir G. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable; but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*Advancing to kill* MARGARET.

[ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET *cross behind to* R.]

Lov. (C.) [*Stopping him.*] Hold, for your own sake!
If charity to your daughter have quite left you;
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider, at the best, you're but a man;
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.
Sir G. (L. C.) Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee—
And as thou art a soldier—if thy valour
Dares shew itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

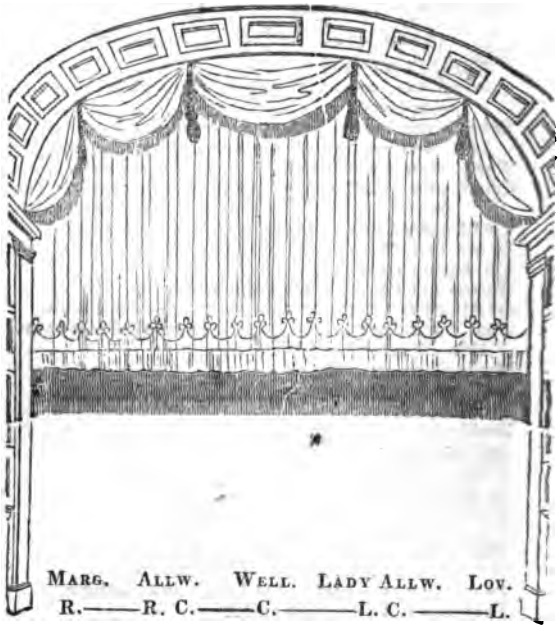
Lov. I am ready.
Lady A. (R. C.) Stay, sir:
Contest with one distracted?
Well. You'll grow like him
Should you answer his vain challenge.
Sir G. Are you pale?
Borrow their helps; though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand 'gainst all, as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Say, there were a squadron
Of pikes, lin'd through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?
No; I'll through the battalia, and, that routed,
I'll fall to execution. [*Crosses to centre.*
[*Attempts to draw his sword.*]
Ha! I'm feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of 't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn.—
Ha! what are these? [*Staggers back towards* L.] Sure, hangmen
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat.—Now, they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield?—No; spite of fate,
I will be forc'd to hell, like to myself?
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.—[*He rushes madly towards his daughter, and falls exhausted on the Stage,* (R. C.) *two servants raise him up—he somewhat recovers, looks wildly round, then fixing his eyes with horrible reproach upon his daughter, drops his head upon his bosom, and is borne off by the two servants,* (L.)
Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An't please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
Well. What arts didst use to raze out the conveyance?
Mar. Certain minerals,
Incorporated in the ink and wax.
Besides he gave me nothing; but still fed me
With hopes and blows.
If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd me
To urge you, or to hang, or drown, yourself:
I 'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal; and he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will very hardly
Be true to any other. Begone,
And look not for
Reward or favour from me, till thou'st learn'd
To mend thy wicked life. [*Exit* MARRALL, R.

ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET *advance.*

Marg. O, my poor father!
Allw. Nay, weep not, dearest;—though it shew your piety
What is decreed by heaven, we cannot alter.
Lov. And heaven here gives a precedent to teach us
That, when men leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them.—Pray you, take comfort;— [*To* MARGARET.
I will endeavour—you shall be his guardians
In his distractions;—and for your land, Wellborn,
I'll be an umpire
Between you and this the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach:—for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on. [*To* LADY ALLWORTH.
Allw. What you shall determine,
My lord, we will allow of.
Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else,
Beside the re-possession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practice:
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.
Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you lov'd for the motion.
Well. Nothing then [*To the audience.*
Now wants but your allowance;—and in that
Our all is comprehended; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's, and our labours, as you may;
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play:
You may expect, the grace you show to-night,
Will teach us how to act, our poets how to write.

POSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.



T. DOLBY Printer, 17, Catherine-street, Strand, London.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

Measure for Measure.

Angelo. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he must die to-morrow.

Act II. Sc. II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

A COMEDY,

In Five Acts.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, EXITS AND ENTRANCES,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now Performed at the

THEATRES-ROYAL LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. WHITE, from a Drawing by Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19. LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

Measure for Measure.

The story of Measure for Measure is taken from George Whetstone's play of *Promos and Cassandra*, published in 1578; which play is itself borrowed from the fifth novel of the Eighth Decade of the Ecatommithi of Giraldi Cinthio. Whetstone, in his comedy, has in several instances departed from the original author. He has changed the brother's crime to seduction; and, instead of making him pay the forfeit of his life, substituted a felon's head for the one required by the magistrate. These alterations have been adopted by Shakspeare, who, in other respects, has deviated from both authors. In adding the character of Mariana, he has avoided the absurdities that occur in Giraldi's novel, and saved the virtue of Isabella; and, as Mr. Dunlop justly remarks, in the fear of Angelo, lest the brother should take revenge "for receiving so dishonoured a life with ransom of such shame," he has given a motive to conduct, which, in his prototype, is attributed to wanton cruelty. The secret superintendance of the duke, which also belongs to Shakspeare, is conducted with infinite skill, and adds greatly to the interest and dignity of this drama. There are other sources from whence Shakspeare *might* have derived his plot: but, convinced as we are that Whetstone's comedy was his primary source, we refer the curious reader to Douce's Illustrations, where they are particularly enumerated and described. Dr. Johnson has observed, that "every reader feels some indignation when he finds Angelo spared;" and Mrs. Lenox has censured the propriety of the *title* of Measure for Measure, "since *justice* is not the virtue it inculcates." Angelo is guilty in *intent*; and, in strict justice, deserved to die;—but the poet had a higher moral in view than the propitiation of justice, from whose stern tribunal he appeals to the divine seat of *mercy*:—

> "For Angelo,
> His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
> And must be bury'd but as intent,
> That perish'd by the way; thoughts are no subjects;
> Intents, but merely thoughts."

Yet, though Angelo is dismissed with life, he does not escape punishment. The mental agony he endures under the mock sentence—the deep shame and humiliation that overwhelm him in the severe reproofs of Escalus and the Duke—may be said almost to expiate his crimes. He is made to feel the horrors of guilt without suffering its extremest penalty, and to taste the bitterness of death by hourly anticipation. In being left to repentance we may esteem his punishment too light, and part with him in indignation; whereas, had his life paid the forfeit of his guilt, he might have excited pity; and thus, by *outmeasuring* Measure, have weakened the moral effect of this fine play.

In no other drama of Shakspeare's, with the exception of Hamlet, are there more profound reflections upon human life, than in Measure

for Measure. What a melancholy, though *true* picture is the following:—

> "Reason thus with life:—
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
> Servile to all the skyey influences
> That do this habitation, where thou keep'st
> Hourly afflict,"—&c. &c.

And, if we can for a moment forget Portia's divine speech on mercy, where shall we find that attribute of Heaven more eloquently enforced than in the scene where Isabella pleads for her brother's life?

> "Alas! Alas!
> Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
> And he that might the vantage best have took,
> Found out the remedy: How would you be,
> If He, who is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made."

It were as vain to seek for a parallel to this sublime image among the *lights of the Church;* as in the page of the *moralist* for a passage of equal truth and beauty to the following:—

> "Oh, it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant,"—&c. &c.

Yet, as his *imagination* was boundless, so was his *humanity;* which embraced every object in creation's ample range; from man, proud man, to the poor beetle that we tread upon—offering a lesson of humility to the one, while asking compassion for the other!

> "Dar'st thou die?
> The sense of death is most in apprehension;
> And the *poor beetle*, that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

For its power of thrilling the soul with supernatural terror, Claudio's reflections on death may vie with anything that the imagination of poet ever conceived.

The comic part of this drama, though tinctured in a more than ordinary degree with the freedom of the age, is exceedingly humorous. Lucio, the fantastic, bears a certain resemblance to Mercutio; and Elbow, the constable, in his whimsical misapplication of terms, brings to our remembrance his worthy compeer, Master Dogberry. This is the first play of Shakspeare's in which a *Clown* makes his appearance. The present one is of the lowest description—a tapster to a bawd; yet he hardly yields to any of his brethren in wit, though its quality savours too much of the grossness of his calling. The radical fault of Measure for Measure is the indelicacy of its plot. The crime of Angelo, the pleading of Isabella for his life, and the terms upon which it is proposed to be granted, though managed with consummate skill, are *caviare* to our juster notions of propriety and good taste. On the *stage*, therefore, where the ignorant and unreflecting are promiscuously addressed, the representation of this drama may be of questionable utility; but to the enlightened mind it will prove a source of instruction and delight. The gayer scenes will charm with their humour, and the curious picture they exhibit of ancient

chasters; and the grave will offer food for reflection, by teaching us how to appreciate life, and how to employ it.

It is but repeating a remark of the ingenious Schlegel, that Shakspeare has not fallen into the vulgar error of painting his *monks* in knavish colours, to show his zeal for the *new religion*, the progress of which was marked by greater sacrilege and as much enormity as the *old*. His love of truth, and reverence for the guardians and depositories of ancient learning, forbade him to repeat the common cant about ignorant and slothful monks; while his enlarged humanity could walk by the light of his own faith, without proscribing that of his ancestors. The monks introduced in Romeo and Juliet, in Much Ado about Nothing, and in Measure for Measure, are employed in kind and beneficent offices. It was not necessary, because they had renounced the world for *themselves*, that they should retire to sullen and useless seclusion, and thereby, as regards doing good, renounce it *for others*. Besides, we have reason to believe that Shakspeare regarded with no favourable eye the growing puritanism of the age. In the picture he has drawn of Angelo, we recognise a perfect likeness of sanctimonious hypocrisy:—

> "Lord Angelo is precise;
> Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
> That his blood flows, or that his appetite
> Is more to bread than stone."

Dr. Farmer points to a direct sarcasm against the puritans, in the Constable's account of Master Froth and the Clown:—"*Precise* villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have."

Mr. Malone has assigned the composition of this play to the latter end of the year 1603.

The part of the Duke is not calculated to call forth any very powerful energies of the actor. It is calm, dignified, and reflective; and was finely sustained by the late Mr. Kemble. It was in this character that Mr. Joseph Paterson, an actor long attached to the Norwich company, of great versatility of talent, and in private life much respected, made his final exit from the stage of life. In October, 1758, he was performing the Duke, which he played in a masterly style; Mr. Moody was the Claudio; and, in the third act, where (as the Friar) he was preparing Claudio for execution the next morning, at these words,—

> "Reason thus with life:
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art——"

Here he passed, and, dropping into Mr. Moody's arms, instantly expired!

Mrs. Siddons, in Isabella, was great indeed. Among her many triumphs of genius, the following noble burst stands pre-eminent:—

> "There spake my brother—there *my father's grave*
> *Did utter forth a voice!*"

That the acting might be perfect in all its parts, Charles Kemble played Claudio, and Emery, Barnardine. The few words put into the mouth of this dissolute prisoner were given with astonishing power by Emery, who, in reality, looked the wretch described by the poet, "Unfit to live or die."

☞ D——G.

Costume.

DUKE.—*First dress*:—Green velvet tunic and cloak, trimmed with ermine, green cap, russet boots and spurs, gauntlets, gold belt round waist. *Second dress*:—Friar's grey gown, with hood up. *Third dress*:—Crimson velvet tunic, richly trimmed with gold, dark purple robe, richly trimmed with gold and ermine, Spanish hat, with coronet and handsome plume of white feathers, white stocking pantaloons, black shoes, slashed. The whole dress very superb.

ANGELO.—Full black gown, across the right shoulder is fastened a scarlet coloured scarf drapery, which nearly reaches the ancle both behind and before; at each end is suspended a large scarlet tassel; white lace collar, black stockings and black shoes, black hat, with square crown, and scarlet pendant.

ESCALUS.—Ibib. Grey hair and beard. No pendant to hat.

CLAUDIO.—Tabbed scarlet jacket, white satin vest, scarlet pantaloons, green silk sash tied behind, scarlet square crowned cap with white plume (all handsomely trimmed and ornamented with silver lace and spangles), lace collar, russet boots.

LUCIO and FREDERICK.—Ibid.

LEOPOLD.—Yellow satin vest, in every other respect as CLAUDIO, but trimmed with gold.

PROVOST.—Full black gown, with black tassels (similar to that worn by a Master of Arts), a point lace collar, black hat, black boots.

FROTH.—Common blue shape, trimmed with brown worsted binding, dark brown hose.

POMPEY.—Plain body of brown serge, slightly puffed, and trimmed with green, red stockings with blue clocks, blue breeches, very short green apron, black shoes with red ties.

FRIAR PETER.—A Grey Friar's gown, cross, and beads; flesh coloured legs and sandals; grey hairs.

ISABELLA.—Plain slate coloured dress, and a long white veil flowing from the head, cross suspended from a crimson and black cord, fastened round the waist by white silk cord.

MARIANA.—White satin dress, and white veil.

FRANCISCA.—A Nun's dress.

MRS. OVERDONE.—Rich light blue satin petticoat, black velvet body, with four long tabs which reach down to the knee, trimmed with small pattern point lace, point lace handkerchief, black velvet head-dress, trimmed with point.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1824.

Duke	Mr. Macready
Angelo	Mr. Terry
Escalus	Mr. Younge
Claudio	Mr. Archer
Lucio	Mr. Liston
Frederick	Mr. Penley
Leopold	Mr. Mercer
Friar Peter	Mr. Pope
Isabella	Mrs. Bunn
Mariana	Miss L. Kelly
Francisca	Miss Smithson
Mrs. Overdone	Mrs. Harlowe

Measure for Measure.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Duke's Palace.*

The DUKE, FREDERICK *and* LEOPOLD, R. *and* ESCALUS, L. *discovered.—The* DUKE, *dressed as for his journey, is seated at* R. *of a table in* R. C. *writing.*—ESCALUS *stands* L. C.—FREDERICK *and* LEOPOLD *wait a little retired,* R.—*Sofa, Books, Chairs, Papers, Tables, Pens, Ink, &c. Green Cloth on Table.*

Duke. (R. C.) Escalus—
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science,
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you:
The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: there is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.
[ESCALUS *kneels, and takes his Commission.*
Call hither, [LEOPOLD *advances,* R.
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
[*Exit* LEOPOLD, R.
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For, you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power:—what think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter LEOPOLD *and* ANGELO, R.—LEOPOLD *goes to his former place.*

Duke. Look, where he comes.
Ang. (R.) Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold:— [*Takes the other Commission.*
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart; old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.
Duke. We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
[ANGELO *kneels, and receives his Commission.*
We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here.—[*Rises, and comes forward.*]—So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it:
I'll privily away.
[*Crosses to* R. *and signs to* LEO. *and* FRED. *to go.*
—*Exeunt* LEO. *and* FRED. R.
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good.—
Once more, fare you well. [*Goes to* R.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. (L. C.) Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!
Duke I thank you:—fare you well. [*Exit,* R.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. (R. C.) 'Tis so with me:—let us withdraw together, [*Crosses to* L.
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Entrance to a Monastery.*

Enter FRIAR PETER *and the* DUKE, L.

Duke. (L.) No, holy father;—throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling darts of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Peter. (R.) May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and costs, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence,)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Peter. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep:
Now—as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use—in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Peter. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny, to strike, and gall them
For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home:
And, to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar.—[*Crosses to* R. C.—PETER *goes up the Stage, on* L. *and opens the Monastery Gates, in* L.]—More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure, shall I render you;
Only this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
[*Goes towards* PETER.
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt, into the Monastery,* L. C.

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter LEOPOLD, LUCIO, *and* FREDERICK, L.

Lucio. (C.) If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

Fred. (C.) Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Leo. (R.) Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Leo. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

Fred. Why, it was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Leo. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

Enter MRS. OVERDONE, R. *crying.*

Fred. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Over. (R.) Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

Lucio. Who's that, I pray thee?

Over. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

Fred. Claudio to prison! it is not so.

Over. Nay, but I know it is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this? [*Crosses to* MRS. OVER.

Over. I am too sure of it: and, they say, it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

[*Crosses to* L. *crying.*

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping. Away: let's go learn the truth.

[*Exeunt with* LEOPOLD *and* FREDERICK, R.

Over. Thus, what with the war, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY, R. *howling.*

How now? what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Over. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No; but there's a woman with maid by him:—You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Over. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Over. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth!—[*Noise without,* R.]—What's to do here

for Measure. What a melancholy, though *true* picture is the following:—

> "Reason thus with life:—
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
> Servile to all the skyey influences
> That do this habitation, where thou keep'st
> Hourly afflict,"—&c. &c.

And, if we can for a moment forget Portia's divine speech on mercy, where shall we find that attribute of Heaven more eloquently enforced than in the scene where Isabella pleads for her brother's life?

> "Alas! Alas!
> Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
> And he that might the vantage best have took,
> Found out the remedy: How would you be,
> If He, who is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made."

It were as vain to seek for a parallel to this sublime image among the *lights of the Church;* as in the page of the *moralist* for a passage of equal truth and beauty to the following:—

> "Oh, it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant,"—&c. &c.

Yet, as his *imagination* was boundless, so was his *humanity;* which embraced every object in creation's ample range; from man, proud man, to the poor beetle that we tread upon—offering a lesson of humility to the one, while asking compassion for the other!

> "Dar'st thou die?
> The sense of death is most in apprehension;
> And the *poor beetle,* that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

For its power of thrilling the soul with supernatural terror, Claudio's reflections on death may vie with anything that the imagination of poet ever conceived.

The comic part of this drama, though tinctured in a more than ordinary degree with the freedom of the age, is exceedingly humorous. Lucio, the fantastic, bears a certain resemblance to Mercutio; and Elbow, the constable, in his whimsical misapplication of terms, brings to our remembrance his worthy compeer, Master Dogberry. This is the first play of Shakspeare's in which a *Clown* makes his appearance. The present one is of the lowest description—a tapster to a bawd; yet he hardly yields to any of his brethren in wit, though its quality savours too much of the grossness of his calling. The radical fault of Measure for Measure is the indelicacy of its plot. The crime of Angelo, the pleading of Isabella for his life, and the terms upon which it is proposed to be granted, though managed with consummate skill, are *caviare* to our juster notions of propriety and good taste. On the *stage,* therefore, where the ignorant and unreflecting are promiscuously addressed, the representation of this drama may be of questionable utility; but to the enlightened mind it will prove a source of instruction and delight. The gayer scenes will charm with their humour, and the curious picture they exhibit of ancient

manners; and the grave will offer food for reflection, by teaching us how to appreciate life, and how to employ it.

It is but repeating a remark of the ingenious Schlegel, that Shakspeare has not fallen into the vulgar error of painting his *monks* in knavish colours, to show his zeal for the *new religion*, the progress of which was marked by greater sacrilege and as much enormity as the *old*. His love of truth, and reverence for the guardians and depositories of ancient learning, forbade him to repeat the common cant about ignorant and slothful monks; while his enlarged humanity could walk by the light of his own faith, without proscribing that of his ancestors. The monks introduced in Romeo and Juliet, in Much Ado about Nothing, and in Measure for Measure, are employed in kind and beneficent offices. It was not necessary, because they had renounced the world for *themselves*, that they should retire to sullen and useless seclusion, and thereby, as regards doing good, renounce it *for others*. Besides, we have reason to believe that Shakspeare regarded with no favourable eye the growing puritanism of the age. In the picture he has drawn of Angelo, we recognise a perfect likeness of sanctimonious hypocrisy:—

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> Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
> That his blood flows, or that his appetite
> Is more to bread than stone."

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Angelo	Mr. Terry
Escalus	Mr. Younge
Claudio	Mr. Archer
Lucio	Mr. Liston
Frederick	Mr. Penley
Leopold	Mr. Mercer
Friar Peter	Mr. Pope
Isabella	Mrs. Bunn
Mariana	Miss L. Kelly
Francisca	Miss Smithson
Mrs. Overdone	Mrs. Harlowe

Measure for Measure.

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SCENE I.—*The Duke's Palace.*

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Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science,
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you:
The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: there is our commission,
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For, you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power:—what think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Angelo's House.—Table and two Chairs.*

Enter ESCALUS, ANGELO, R. *and* PROVOST, *who waits behind*, R.

Ang. (L. C.) We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. (R. C.) Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.
Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the Provost?
Prov. (R.) Here, if it like your honour.
[*Advances*, R.
Ang. See that Claudio [*Crosses to* PROVOST.
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
[*Exit*, L.
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? Hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:

Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to! let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd. [*Crosses to* R.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place; and that with speed.

Enter THOMAS, L.

Tho. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.
Ang. (R.) Hath he a sister?
Prov. (C.) Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit* THOMAS, L.
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA, L.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Exit*, L.
Ang. You are welcome: what's your will?
Isab. [*Crosses to* C.] I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. (C.) There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. (R. C.) Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring*, L. C.

Lucio. (L.) Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold. [*Aside, to* ISABELLA.

Isab. Must he needs die?
[*Advancing rapidly to* ANG.

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. (L. C.) Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. (R. C.) I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipped, like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. 'Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him; [*Falls on her knees.*
He's not prepar'd for death!
Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did infringe the edict
Had answer'd for his deed.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
[*He raises her.*
Isab. So, you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. [*Crosses to* L.
Lucio. That's well said. [*Aside.*
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.—
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle:—O, but man, proud man—
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
[ANGELO *retires and sits* R. C.
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep!
Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent:
He's coming; I perceive it. [*Aside, to* ISABELLA.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
[ANGELO *advances* R. C.
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well. [*Going*, R.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me:—come again to-morrow.
[*Going close to* R.
Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you!
Ang. How! bribe me? [*Returns to* R. C.
Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all else. [*Aside.*
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicated
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe! [*Retires*, L.
Ang. Amen!—for I
Am that way going to temptation
Where prayers cross.
[ISABELLA, *handed on by* LUCIO, *returns, and remains close to* L.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour! [*Exit with* LUCIO, L.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary?
O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire her to speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? This virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter ELBOW, *with Spear or Halbert, and two Tipstaves, with Staves, having hold on* POMPEY *and* FROTH, R.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Enter ESCALUS, *and two Apparitors*, L. *who cross behind to* R.—*The Tipstaves quit* FROTH *and* POMPEY *as* ESCALUS *enters, and cross behind to* L. *where they remain a little retired.*

Escal. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. (C.) If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Escal. (L. C.) Benefactors! Well, what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elb. (R.) If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer. What are you, sir? [*Crosses to* POMPEY.

Elb. (L. C.) He, sir? a tapster, sir; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. (C.) How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour——

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman——

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in adultery, and all uncleanliness, there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, [*Pointing to* FROTH] so she defied him.

Pom. (R. C.) Sir, if it please you honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before this varlet here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Pom. Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes;—sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honour has seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: as I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said—Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. (R.) No, indeed.

Pom. Very well:—you being then——

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to Elbow's wife, once more.

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here—Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O, thou caitiff! O, thou varlet! O, thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it:—what is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. (C.) Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it: [*Crosses to* POMPEY] thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue. [*Retires up.*

Escal. (L. C.) [*Crosses by* ELB.] Come hither to me, Master Froth. [POMPEY *puts* FROTH *next to* ESCALUS.] Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted

with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. (R. C.) I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. (L. C.) Well; no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* FROTH, R.] Come you hither to me, Master Tapster; what's your name, Master Tapster?

Pom. [*Advancing to* R. C.] Pompey.

Escal. I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

[*Follows* POMPEY *to* R. C.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. [*Exit*, R.

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable. [ELBOW *advances to* L. C.] How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. (L. C.) Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. (R. C.) I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: fare you well.

[*Exeunt, with Apparitors*, R. ELBOW *and Tipstaves*, L.

SCENE III.—*Angelo's House, as before.—Table and two Chairs.*

Enter ANGELO, R.

Ang. (C.) When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception.

Enter THOMAS, L.

How now, who's there?
Tho. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* THOMAS, L.
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

Enter ISABELLA, R.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring*, L.
Ang. Yet may he live awhile:—and, it may be,
As long as you, or I:—yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? [*advancing to* L. C.] that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. (R. C.) Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin.
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer

To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself:
But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. (L. C.) Admit no other way to save his life—
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question)—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your person
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. (R. C.) As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That, longing, I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My person up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complections are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words; be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
[*Retreating.*
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
[*Crosses to* R.
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ang. (L. C.) Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;

And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. [*Crosses to* R.] Answer me to-
morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. [*Exit*, R.

Isab. (C.) To whom should I complain? Did I tell
this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof?
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down,
He'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her person stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Prison.*

Enter PROVOST, *the* DUKE *as a Friar, and* CLAUDIO, R.

Duke (C.) So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord
Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die,

Duke (a.) Be absolute for death: either death or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still: thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm:
Happy thou art not;
For, what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st:
Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*Without*, L.] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome. [*Exit*, L.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. [*Without*, L.] My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. [*Without*, L.] And very welcome.

Enter PROVOST *and* ISABELLA, L.

Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be
Conceal'd.—[*Exit with* PROVOST, R. S. E. *where the* DUKE *is seen from time to time listening.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't,)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. (R.) Let me know the point.
Isab. (L.) O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporeal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms.
Isab. (L. C.) There spake my brother! there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice!—Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil.
Claud. The princely Angelo?
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards!—Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield to him my honour up,
Thou might'st be freed?
Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be,
Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,

So to offend him still: this night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. (R. C.) Thou shalt not do't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance,
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. O, Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where!
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death!
Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame?
Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee. [*Crosses to* R.
Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isab. O, fie, fie, fie! [*Crosses to* L.
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going* L.
Claud. O, hear me, Isabella.

Enter the DUKE *as a Friar*, R. S. E. *and advances to* C.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. (L. C.) What is your will?

Duke. (C.) Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; tomorrow you must die: go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. [*Crosses to* ISABELLA, *and kisses her hand*] I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Crosses to* R.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell.—[*Exit* CLAUD. R.]—Provost, a word with you.

Enter PROVOST, R. *who remains close to Entrance.*

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke (R.) Leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit*, R.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding: and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. But O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a re-

medy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love towards her ever most kind and natural; with him her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that, in all reason, should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point:—only refer yourself to this advantage—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience:—this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to

stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.—What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

[*Goes near* L.

Duke. [*Goes close to* ISAB.] It lies much in your holding up: haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Street, as before.*

Enter ELBOW, POMPEY, *and two Tipstaves, with Constables' Staves*, R.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Enter the DUKE *as a Friar*, L.

'Bless you, good father friar!

Duke. And you, good brother father!—What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; he keepeth a naughty house.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! [*Crosses to* POMPEY.

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live:
Go, mend; go, mend.

Pom. Sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,

[*Crosses to* R.

Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir.

Enter LUCIO, L.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? Art going to prison, Pompey? [*Crosses to* POMPEY.

Pom. Yes, 'faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, it is not amiss, Pompey: [*Crosses to* R.] farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey; you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty Pompey.—'Bless you, friar!

Duke. And you!

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go—to kennel, Pompey, go.—[*Exeunt* ELBOW, POMPEY, *and Tipstaves*, L.]—What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. (R. C.) I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. (L. C.) Some say, he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to it.

Duke. He does well in it.

Lucio. A little more lenity to wenching would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirpate it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, to take away the life of a man for—Would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand:—he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. It is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish:—the Duke had crotchets in him:—he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his;—a shy fellow was the Duke:—and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon;—it is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand—the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation: therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not. [*Crosses to* R.

Duke. (L. C.) O, you hope, the Duke will return no

more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. (R. C.) I'll be hanged first. Farewell, good friar;—I pr'ythee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays: and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit*, R.

Duke. (C.) No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The wh'test virtue strikes: what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—
But who comes here? [*Retires* L.

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, *and two Apparitors*, R. *who stand behind in* R. C.

Escal. (C.) Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation.

Prov. [*Crosses to* L.] So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death. [*Exit*, L.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. (L.) Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. (L. C.) Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, lately come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. (R.) What news abroad i'the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it.—I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared: I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now he is resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother-justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well: wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: [*Crosses to* L.] Fare you well.

Duke. (R. C.) Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and Apparitors*, L.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe:
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!—
(C.) Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood, false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Prison, Door in Flat*, R.

Enter PROVOST *with a warrant, and* POMPEY, L.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah:—can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping.

Pom. Sir, I will be content to be a hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON, R.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution.

Abhor. Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. Provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. [*Crosses to* C.] I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* POMPEY, R.

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer.

Enter CLAUDIO, R.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal.—Where's Barnardine?
Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.
Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself.— [*Knock without*, L.
But, hark, what noise?—
Heaven give your spirits comfort!—
[*Knock again*, L.—*Exit* CLAUDIO, R.
By and by:—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter the DUKE *as a Friar*, L. *with a Letter having a large Seal.*

Welcome, father.
Duke. (L.) The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelope you, good Provost!—Who call'd here of late?
Prov. (R.) None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's some in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others.— [*Knock again*, L.
Now are they come.—
[*Crosses to* R.—*Exit* PROVOST, L.
This is a gentle Provost: seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

Enter PROVOST, L. *speaking to one without.*

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. (R.) Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. (L.) None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary:—

Enter THOMAS, L. *with a Letter, having a large Seal.*

This is his lordship's man.
Duke. (R. C.) And here comes Claudio's pardon.
Thomas. My lord hath sent you this note; [*Gives the* PROVOST *the letter, which he reads, while* THOMAS *speaks the rest of his speech*] and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.
Prov. (C.) [*Having read the order.*] I shall obey him. [*Exit* THOMAS, L.
Duke. Now, sir, what news?
Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.
Duke. 'Pray you, let's hear.
Prov. [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril." What say you to this, sir?
Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?
Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.
Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.
Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, this fact, till now, in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.
Duke. Is it now apparent?
Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: to make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. 'Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think, you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet, since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you

know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. Yet you are amazed: but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exit with* PROVOST, R.

Enter POMPEY, L. D. F.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were Mistress Overdone's own house; for here be many of her old customers.

Enter ABHORSON, R.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

[*Crosses to* L.

Pom. (R.) Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

Abhor. (L.) What, ho, Barnardine!

[*Goes up Stage, and opens* R. D. F.

Barn. [*Within*, R. U. E.] A plague o'your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangmen; you must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barn. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. 'Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE, R. D. F. *comes forward between* POMPEY *and* ABHORSON.

Barn. (C.) How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abhor. (L. C.) Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barn. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Pom. (R. C.) O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father:—do we jest now, think you?

Enter the DUKE, *as a Friar*, R.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

[*Crosses to* BARNARDINE.

Barn. (C.) Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. (L. C.) O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barn. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion. [*Crosses to* R. C.

Duke. But hear you——

Barn. Not a word:—if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exeunt all but the* DUKE, R. D. F.

Enter PROVOST, R.

Duke. (L. C.) Unfit to live, or die!

Prov. (R. C.) Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: what, if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?
Duke. Let this be done:—put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio: ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
Prov. I am your free dependant.
Duke. Quick, dispatch,
And bear the head to Angelo. [*Exit* PROVOST, R.
Now will I letters write to Angelo,
Whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
Even at the city's entrance; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter PROVOST, R. *with a bag, and crosses behind to* L.

Prov. 'Tis done, good sir:—I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours. [*Exit* PROVOST, L.
Isab. [*Without*, L.] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—she's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA, L.

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.—
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. (R.) He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. (L.) Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other.—
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
[*Crosses to* R.

Duke. (L. C.) This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:—
Forbear it, therefore; give your cause to heaven.—
Mark what I say; which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity;
The Duke comes home to-morow:—nay, dry your eyes;—
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo:
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path, that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. (R. C.) I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home:—for my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent.—Wend you with this letter:
[ISABELLA *crosses to* L.
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order
If I pervert your course. [*Exit* ISABELLA, L.
Who's here?

Enter LUCIO, L.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where is the Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red:—if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, thy brother had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports: but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well. [*Crosses to* L.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to her.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end:—nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*Angelo's House.*

Enter ESCALUS *and* ANGELO, R. *with Letters.*

Escal. Every letter he hath writ, hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness.—'Pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted!—And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. (L. C.) I guess not.

Ang. (R. C.) And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:—
I'll call you at your house:—
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit*, L.

Ang. This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,

And dull to all proceedings. A defeated maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me?—
He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame.—'Would yet he had liv'd!—
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right!—we would, and we would not.
[*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Gates of Vienna.—Flourish of Trumpets and Drums*, R.—*Shouts.—Two state Chairs ready behind the City Gates.*

Enter, R. *Officer, Standard-bearer, six Soldiers, two and two, two Gentlemen, The* DUKE, FREDERICK, LEOPOLD, PROVOST, *with Wand and Keys, two Gentlemen.—From the City Gates: Officer, Standard-bearer, six Soldiers, two and two,* ANGELO *and* ESCALUS, *with Commissions,* LUCIO, *four Gentlemen, two and two.—From* R.U.E. FRIAR PETER *and* ISABEL.—ANGELO *and* ESCALUS *kneel, and deliver their Commissions to the* DUKE.—*The* DUKE *gives them to Officer, who then retires,* C.—ANGELO *and* ESCALUS *rise.—Drums and Trumpets cease.—The* DUKE *speaks.*

Duke. (*c.*) My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. (R. C.) Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O, your desert speaks loud: give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to let them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus:
[*Crosses to him.*
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Enter FRIAR PETER, *leading* ISABELLA, *from the City,* R. U. E. *they come forward,* L.

Isab. (L. C.) Justice, O, royal Duke!—Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O, worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice!
Duke. (C.) Relate your wrongs: in what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.
Isab. O, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me!
Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice——
Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is
A hypocrite, a virgin violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true: for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her:—poor soul!
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As ne'er I heard in madness.
Isab. O, gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear.
Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd by Angelo
To lose his head;
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to my brother: one Lucio
Was then the messenger:—
Lucio. [R. *taking off his cap to the* DUKE.] That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then;
'Pray you, take note of it: and when you have

A business for yourself, 'pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken. [*To* ANGELO.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length;) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by my unchaste surrender,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
He sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice: first, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain?
Isab. And is this all?
Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience! and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go! [*Going*, L.
Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—an officer!—
[*Apparitors advance a step.*

To prison with her:—shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here.—Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. (R.) My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This, a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: first, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute:
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.—

[*Exit* FRIAR PETER, L.

Take her hence awhile.

[*Exeunt* ISABELLA, *and two Apparitors*, L.

Give us some seats.—[*Two gentlemen* R. *and two gentlemen* L. *fetch two chairs from within the city gates, place them in* C. ANGELO'S *chair a little more forward than the other, and so placed that his face may be inclined towards the* DUKE, *and go back to their former places.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

[*The* DUKE, L. *and* ANGELO, R. *sit.*

Enter MARIANA *veiled, and* FRIAR PETER, L.

Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow then.
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you are nothing then:—
Neither, maid, widow, nor wife.
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk! for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.
Lucio. Well, my lord.—[LUCIO *retires and stands by the back of the* DUKE'S *chair, between the* DUKE *and* ANGELO.
Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms.
Ang. Charges she more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No?—You say, your husband.
Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo.
Ang. This is a strange abuse:—let's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Kneels and unveils.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:

This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: 'twas I
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. [*Coming down on* DUKE'S R. *and leans over his shoulder.*] Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

[*Goes behind to* PETER'S L.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince, [*Kneels.*
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows:
As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument! [*Rises.*

Ang. I did but smile till now;

[*Starts up and goes towards* R.

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.

[*The* DUKE *rises.*

Thou foolish friar—and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, Lord Escalus,

Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. 'Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit* PROVOST, R.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while [*Crosses to* R.
Will leave you; stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.
[*Exit* DUKE, R.—ANGELO *and* ESCALUS *sit.*
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. (L.) *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him.—We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Know you that Friar Lodowick, that he speaks of?

Peter. (L. C.) I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not saucy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport his grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again.
[*Exit a Gentleman,* L.

I would speak with her:—'pray you, my lord, give me leave to question.

Enter the Gentleman, ISABELLA, *and two Apparitors,* L.

Escal. Come on, mistress:—[ISAB. *crosses to* MARI. —*Gents. and Apparitors go to their former places.*]—here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Enter the DUKE, *as a Friar, and* PROVOST, R.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confessed you did.

Duke. (R. c.) 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak.
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—[*Goes forward,* R. c.]—
but, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. (L.) This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man: but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the Duke himself;
To tax him with injustice!—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—we'll touze you joint by joint
But we will know this purpose:—what! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: my business in this state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?—

[*They advance towards each other in* C.

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so?—And do you remember, what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked to, withal:—away with him to prison:—where is the Provost?—away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with these giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The* PROVOST *lays hands on the* DUKE.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir:—why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?—[*Pulls off the Friar's habit, and discovers the* DUKE.—ANGELO *and* ESCALUS *start up from their seats, but do not quit their places.*—LUCIO *goes* L. C. *and stands in amazement and dread.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that ever made a Duke.—
First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:—
Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.
[*The Apparitors seize* LUCIO, *and take him back*, L.
Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.
Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:— [*To* ESCALUS.
We'll borrow place of him:—[ANGELO, *who has supported himself against the chair, moves one step from it—The* DUKE *places his hand on* ANGELO'S *arm, and gently passes him to* R.]—Sir, by your leave.—
[*To* ANGELO, *taking his chair.*—ESCALUS *sits.*
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
Ang. (R. C.) O, my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes: then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.
Duke. Come hither, Mariana:— [MARI. *advances.*
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
Ang. I was, my lord.
Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her instantly.
[ANGELO *crosses to* MARI.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—go with him, Provost.
[PROVOST *crosses behind, from* R.—*Exeunt* MAR. ANG. FRIAR PETER, *and* PROVOST, L.
Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.
Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
[*The* DUKE *and* ESCALUS *rise.*
Isab. [*Crosses to* L. C.] O, give me pardon—
[*She kneels, the* DUKE *raises her.—Two Gentlemen remove the chair in which* ANGELO *sat.*
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel: [*Raises her.*
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Enter MARIANA, *and* ANGELO, L. PROVOST *and* FRIAR PETER *cross behind*, R.

Isab. I do, my lord.
Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose foul imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but, as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal in double violation,
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach),
We do condemn him to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.
Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
His fault thus manifested,
The very mercy of the law cries out,
Even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death."
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.
Mari. Gentle my liege— [*Falls on her knees.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death.
Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:—
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.—
O, Isabel!—Will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: my brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent:
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit* PROVOST, *into the City*, R. U. E.—*When the* PROVOST *goes off, the* DUKE *rises and talks apart with* ISABEL. *in* C.—*While* ANGELO *and* ESCALUS *are speaking, four Gentlemen remove the Chairs.*

Escal. [*Going to* ANGELO.] I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving and I do entreat it.

Enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, *and* CLAUDIO, *muffled*, L. U. E. *from the City.—They advance*, R.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This, my lord.
Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life accordingly. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy, to provide
For better times to come:—*Friar*, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.

[*Exeunt* BARNARDINE *and* FRIAR PETER, R. U. E. *into the City.*—CLAUDIO *advances* R.

What muffled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.
Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd.

[CLAUDIO *discovers himself*—ISABELLA *runs and embraces him*—ANGELO *falls on his knees.*

Isab. (R.) O, my dear brother!
Duke. By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;

[*Two Apparitors bring* LUCIO *forward*, L.

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, sirrah—that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:—
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?
Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.
Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,

If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one),
Let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

[PROVOST *crosses behind to* L.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a punk! your highness said, even now, I made you a Duke; good my lord, do not recompense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.—
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sir—
Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt* LUCIO, *and two Apparitors*, L.

She, Claudio, that thou wrong'd, look you restore:—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
Thanks, Provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
"For thee, sweet saint—if, for a brother sav'd,
From that most holy shrine thou wert devote to,
Thou deign to spare some portion of thy love,
Thy Duke, thy Friar tempts thee from thy vow:

[ISABEL *is falling on her knees, the* DUKE *prevents her—kisses her hand, and proceeds with his speech.*]

In its right orb let thy true spirit shine,
Blessing both prince, and people:—thus we'll reign,
Rich in possession of their hearts, and, warn'd
By the abuse of delegated trust,
Engrave this royal maxim on the mind,
To rule ourselves before we rule mankind."

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

THE END.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

The Jealous Wife.

Harriet. Pray, my dear sir, let us assist her.

Act V. Scene 3.

THE JEALOUS WIFE:

A COMEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. WHITE, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE, CAMDEN TOWN.

REMARKS.

The Jealous Wife.

The Jealous Wife is founded on Fielding's novel of Tom Jones. The incidents commence at the period of Sophia's taking refuge at Lady Bellaston's house; and the characters are but faint copies of the originals in that incomparable work. Much of Mrs. Oakly and her uxorious henpecked husband is derived from the account of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, in Nos. 212 and 216 of the Spectator; and some hints of the lady's character are to be found in one of the latter papers of the Connoisseur. The scene of Charles's intoxication, at the end of the third act, is an imitation of Syrus, in the Adelphi of Terence. If, in addition, we take to account the *acknowledged* obligations of the author to the critical inspection and advice of Garrick, we shall find that he had, perhaps, something more to do with this comedy than he had with *Lear*, *Philaster*, and the *Silent Woman*, that are with such modesty included in the edition of his dramatic works, in four volumes, published in 1777.

The Jealous Wife is dedicated, in a strain of high heroic prose and courtly adulation, to the Earl of Bath, of whom Pope said,—

> "He foams a *patriot*, to subside a *peer*!"

But the queerest part of the dedication is, the praise lavished on his lordship for condescending (*condescending!* "It shakes the sides of splenetic disdain")—for condescending (faith! Mr. Colman, you're a very droll man!) to associate with *Steele*, *Addison*, *Arburthnot*, *Pope*, and the most eminent poets and wits of his day—

> "Making them proud of his humility!"

We are inclined to think that the ingenious dedicator had been reading the following lines, written by *one* of those very wits with whom his patron *condescended* to associate:—

> "His honour's meaning Dulness thus express'd—
> He wins this patron who can *tickle* best!"

Yet, so far from sharing the perverse fate of one of these *ticklers*—

> "Unlucky *Welsted!* thy unfeeling master,
> The more thou ticklest, *gripes his fist* the faster!"

George Colman the Elder found in the Earl of Bath a very grateful and liberal patron.

The chief characters in this comedy, are, a vulgar jockey baronet, a vain dissolute lord, a superannuated widow of *damaged* quality, a wedded shrew, and her silly all-enduring spouse, and an honest plain-spoken military bachelor, whose pleasant receipt for taming a shrew we recommend to the adoption of those husbands who may have the misfortune to be plagued with one. Mr. Colman has also introduced an Irish sea-captain, in a way that does no honour to his

profession or his country. The *Irish* and the *navy* ought, indeed to be much obliged to the dramatist for this *national* picture of a crimp and a bully.

It has been remarked, that the title of this comedy is a *misnomer* Mrs. Oakly possessing none of that *delicate* feeling which is so near akin to jealousy. Mrs. Oakly is a woman of a narrow disingenuous mind; she is a vulgar termagant, exposing herself and husband at all times and places; putting on her fainting-fits and hysterics as regularly as she does her clothes; and, when these artifices no longer avail, recovering, on a sudden, not the use of her *senses*, but her *tongue;* and scolding "like a very drab, a scullion." The meanness of this woman's character renders that of her husband more contemptible, for tamely submitting to such a firebrand. We put no more faith in her repentance, than in those miraculous conversions that ever and anon levy a tax on our credulity in the Methodist Magazine. Another *letter* would set her a-going, and make her outdo termagant as vociferously as ever.

The language of this comedy is not remarkable for wit or elegance. The *damns* had not had their day when it was written. There is some spirit in the scenes where Major Oakly is concerned, and some humour in that between Harriet and Sir Harry Beagle, in the fourth act, where the lady implores her jockey lover to renounce his matrimonial claims. His "*I tell you it's unpossible!*" and "*I can't, dam'me!*" are whimsically characteristic of the ruffianly sportsman. Lady Freelove is hardly *decent*. It speaks well for the *candour* and *judgment* of that manager who could write the Jealous Wife, and yet be troubled with qualms and apprehensions about such a comedy as She Stoops to Conquer; which is as much its superior in wit, elegance, character, originality, and humour, as one drama can possibly be to another.

The Jealous Wife was first acted at Drury Lane, on 12th February, 1761. Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard played Mr. and Mrs. Oakly; Yates, King, Moody, and Mrs. Clive, the Major, Sir Harry Beagle, O'Cutter, and Lady Freelove. It met with great success.

In our day, we have seen it played with considerable effect: Young's Oakly, Fawcett's Sir Harry Beagle, Jones's Lord Trinket, and Terry's Major, were particularly good.

☞ D——G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have been acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observation, during the most recent performances.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* C. D. F. or M. D. *Centre Door in the Flat;* R. D. F. *Right Door in the Flat;* L. D. F. *Left Door in the Flat, or the Scene running across the back of the Stage;* R. S. E. *Right Second Entrance;* R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance;* L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance:* L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* C. *Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre.*

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.*

Costume.

MAJOR OAKLEY.—Military hat and white feathers, blue jacket, with scarlet and gold facings, buff pantaloons, and military boots.

OAKLEY.—Black coat, black waistcoat, black pantaloons, black silk stockings, and shoes.

CHARLES.—Dress hat, blue dress coat, white pantaloons, white silk stockings, and shoes.

LORD TRINKET.—Dress hat, purple velvet and gold coat, with gold spangles. white satin waistcoat, with spangles, white satin breeches, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles, and sword.

CAPTAIN O'CUTTER.—Blue naval uniform, white waistcoat and breeches.

RUSSET.—Drab coat, red waistcoat, and boots.

SIR HARRY BEAGLE.—Grey frock, buff waistcoat, scarlet under ditto, white cord breeches, and boots.

LADY FREELOVE.—Round hat, with white plumes, white satin dress, trimmed with pink and roses.

MRS. OAKLY.—White satin dress, slight trimming of roses round the skirt.

HARRIET.—White, trimmed with lace, and white satin riband.

Cast of the Characters,

At the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1824.

Major Oakly	Mr. Bartley.
Oakly	Mr. Young.
Charles	Mr. Abbot.
Lord Trinket	Mr. Jones.
Captain O'Cutter	Mr. Connor.
Russet	Mr. Blanchard.
Sir Harry Beagle	Mr. Fawcett.
Lady Freelove	Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Oakly	Miss Chester.
Harriet	Miss Love.

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in Oakly's House. Noise heard without* L.

Mrs. O. [*Without.*] Don't tell me—I know it is so—It's monstrous, and I will not bear it.

Oak. [*Without.*] But, my dear!—

Mrs. O. Nay, nay, &c.

Enter MRS. OAKLY, L. *with a letter, crossing, followed by* OAKLY.

Mrs. O. (R. C.) Say what you will, Mr. Oakly, you shall never persuade me but this is some filthy intrigue of your's.

Oak. (C.) I can assure you, my love—

Mrs. O. Your love!—Don't I know your—Tell me, I say, this instant, every circumstance relating to this letter.

Oak. How can I tell you, when you will not so much as let me see it?

Mrs. O. Look you, Mr. Oakly, this usage is not to be borne. You take a pleasure in abusing my tenderness and soft disposition. (R.) To be perpetually running over the whole town, nay, the whole kingdom too, in pursuit of your amours!—[*Returns to* C.]—Did not I discover that you was great with mademoiselle, my own woman?—Did not you contract a shameful familiarity with Mrs. Freeman?—Did not I detect your intrigue with Lady Wealthy?—Was not you—

Oak. (L. C.) Oons! madam, the grand Turk himself has not half so many mistresses—You throw me out of all patience—Do I know any body but our common friends?—Am I visited by any body that does not visit you?—Do I ever go out, unless you go with me?—(C.) And am I not as constantly by your side as if I was tied to your apron-strings?

Mrs. O. (R. C.) Go, go, you are a false man—Have not I found you out a thousand times? And have not I this moment a letter in my hand, which convinces me of your baseness?—Let me know the whole affair, or I will—

Oak. Let you know! Let me know what you would have of me———You stop my letter before it comes to my hands, and then expect that I should know the contents of it!

Mrs. O. (R.) Heaven be praised, I stopped it!—I suspected some of these doings for some time past—But the letter informs me who she is, and I'll be revenged on her sufficiently. [*Crosses.*] Oh, you base man, you!

Oak. I beg, my dear, that you would moderate your passion!—Show me the letter, and I'll convince you of my innocence.

Mrs. O. (L. C.) Innocence!—Abominable!—Innocence!—But I am not to be made such a fool—I am convinced of your perfidy, and very sure that——

Oak. (C.) 'Sdeath and fire! your passion hurries you out of your senses—Will you hear me?

Mrs. O. No, you are a base man: [*Crosses*] and I will not hear you. (R.)

Oak. Why then, my dear, since you will neither talk reasonably yourself, nor listen to reason from me, I shall take my leave till you are in a better humour. So your servant! [*Going up the Stage.*

Mrs. O. [*Turns.*] Ay, go, you cruel man! Go to your mistresses, and leave your poor wife to her miseries.——How unfortunate a woman am I! I could die with vexation——

[*Throwing herself into a Chair, back of* R. C.

Oak. [*Comes down* L.] There it is—Now dare not I stir a step further—If I offer to go, she is in one of her fits in an instant. Never sure was woman at once of so violent and so delicate a constitution! What shall I say to sooth her? [*Aside, goes for a Chair and sits by her* L.] Nay, never make thyself so uneasy, my dear—Come, come, you know I love you.

Mrs. O. I know you hate me; and that your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me. [*Weeps.*

Oak. Do not vex yourself at this rate——I love you most passionately—Indeed I do—This must be some mistake.

Mrs. O. Oh, I am an unhappy woman. [*Weeps.*

Oak. Dry up thy tears, my love, and be comforted! You will find that I am not to blame in this matter—— Come, let me see this letter—nay, you shall not deny me.

[*Takes the Letter.*

Mrs. O. There! take it; you know the hand, I am sure.

Oak. [*Reads.*] "To Charles Oakly, Esq." Hand! 'Tis a clerk-like hand, a good round text! and was certainly never penned by a fair lady.

Mrs. O. Ay, laugh at me, do!

Oak. Forgive me, my love, I did not mean to laugh at you. But what says the letter? [*Rises, advances to the front, and reads.*] "Daughter eloped—you must be privy to it—scandalous—dishonourable—satisfaction—revenge—um, um, um—injured father,

"HENRY RUSSET."

Mrs. O. [*Rising.*] Well, sir—you see I have detected you—Tell me this instant where she is concealed.

Oak. So—so—so——This hurts me—I'm shocked.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. O. [*Standing on his* R. *unnoticed by him.*] What, are you confounded with your guilt? Have I caught you at last?

Oak. O, that wicked Charles! To decoy a young lady from her parents in the country! The profligacy of the young fellows of this age is abominable. [*Aside.*

Mrs. O. [*Aside, and musing.*] Charles! Let me see! Charles!—No! Impossible! This is all a trick.

Oak. He has certainly ruined this poor lady!

[*Aside.*

Mrs. O. Art! art! all art! There's a sudden turn now! You have ready wit for an intrigue, I find.

Oak. Such an abandoned action! I wish I had never had the care of him.

Mrs. O. Mighty fine, Mr. Oakly! Go on, sir! go on! I see what you mean. Your assurance provokes me beyond your very falshood itself. [*He here appears to notice her.*] So you imagine, sir, that this affected concern, this flimsy pretence about Charles, is to bring you off. Matchless confidence! But I am armed against every thing—I am prepared for all your dark schemes: I am aware of all your low stratagems.

Oak. See there now! Was ever any thing so provoking? To persevere in your ridiculous—For heaven's sake, my dear, don't distract me. When you see my mind thus agitated and uneasy, that a young fellow,

whom his dying father, my own brother, committed to my care, should be guilty of such enormous wickedness; I say, when you are witness of my distress on this occasion, how can you be weak enough and cruel enough to——

Mrs. O. Prodigiously well, sir! You do it very well. Nay, keep it up, carry it on; there's nothing like going through with it. O, you artful creature! But, sir, I am not to be so easily satisfied. I do not believe a syllable of all this—Give me the letter—[*Snatches the letter.*] You shall sorely repent this vile business, for I am resolved that I will know the bottom of it.

[*She goes* R. *he follows.*

Oak. [*Returning from* R. *to* C.] This is beyond all patience. Provoking woman! Her absurd suspicions interpret every thing the wrong way. But this ungracious boy! in how many troubles will he involve his own and his lady's family! [*Turns back.*] I never imagined that he was of such abandoned principles.

[*Walks up and down on* R.

Enter MAJOR OAKLY *and* CHARLES, L.

Charles. (L.) Good morrow, sir!

Maj. O. (L. C.) Good morrow, brother, good morrow:—What! you have been at the old work, I find. I heard you—ding! dong! i'faith; she has rung a noble peal in your ears. But how now? (R. C.) Why sure you've had a remarkable warm bout on't—You seem more ruffled than usual.

Oak. (*Comes to* C.) I am, indeed, brother! Thanks to that young gentleman there. Have a care, Charles! you may be called to a severe account for this. The honour of a family, sir, is no such light matter.

Charles. (L. C.) Sir!

Maj. O. Hey-day! What, has a curtain lecture produced a lecture of morality? What is all this?

Oak. (L. C.) To a profligate mind, perhaps, these things may appear agreeable in the beginning. But don't you tremble at the consequences?

Charles. I see, sir, that you are displeased with me; but I am quite at a loss to guess at the occasion.

Oak. Tell me, sir!—where is Miss Harriet Russet?(C.)

Charles. Miss Harriet Russet!—Sir—Explain.

Oak. Have you not decoyed her from her father?

Charles. I!—Decoyed her—Decoyed my Harriet!—

I would sooner die than do her the least injury—What can this mean?

Maj. O. I believe the young dog has been at her, after all.

Oak. I was in hopes, Charles, you had better principles. But there's a letter just come from her father—

Charles. A letter!—what letter?—Dear sir, give it me. Some intelligence of my Harriet, Major!—The letter, sir, the letter this moment; for heaven's sake!

Oak. If this warmth, Charles, tends to prove your innocence—

Charles. Dear sir, excuse me—I'll prove any thing—Let me but see this letter, and I'll—

Oak. Let you see it!—I could hardly get a sight of it myself. Mrs. Oakly has it.

Charles. Has she got it? Major, I'll be with you again directly. [*Runs out*, R.

Maj. O. Hey-day!—the devil's in the boy! What a fiery set of people! By my troth, I think the whole family is made of nothing but combustibles.

Oak. I like this emotion: it looks well: it may serve too to convince my wife of the folly of her suspicions. Would to heaven I could quiet them for ever!

Maj. O. (C.) Why pray now, my dear naughty brother, what heinous offence have you committed this morning? What new cause of suspicion? You have been asking one of the maids to mend your ruffle, I suppose, or have been hanging your head out at the window when a pretty young woman has passed by, or—

Oak. [*Walking about on the* L.] How can you trifle with my distresses, Major? Did I not tell you it was about a letter?

Maj. O. A letter!—hum—A suspicious circumstance to be sure! What, and the seal a true lover's knot now, hey! or a heart transfixed with darts: or possibly the wax bore the industrious impression of a thimble; or perhaps the folds were lovingly connected by a wafer, pricked with a pin, and the direction written in a vile scrawl, and not a word spelt as it should be! ha, ha, ha!

Oak. Pooh! brother—Whatever it was, the letter, you find, was for Charles, not for me—this outrageous jealousy is the devil. [*Crosses to* R.

Maj. O. Mere matrimonial blessings and domestic comfort, brother! jealousy is a certain sign of love.

Oak. (L. C.) Love? it is this very love that hath made us both so miserable. Her love for me has confined me

to my house, like a state prisoner, without the liberty of seeing my friends, or having the use of pen, ink, and paper; while my love for her has made such a fool of me, that I have never had the spirit to contradict her.

Maj. O. (R. C.) Ay, ay, there you've hit it: Mrs. Oakly would make an excellent wife, if you did but know how to manage her.

Oak. You are a rare fellow indeed to talk of managing a wife—a debauched bachelor—a rattle-brained, rioting fellow—who have picked up your common-place notions of women in bagnios, taverns, and the camp; whose most refined commerce with the sex has been in order to delude country girls at your quarters, or to besiege the virtue of abigails, milliners, or mantua-makers' apprentices.

Maj. O. So much the better!—so much the better! women are all alike in the main, brother, high or low, married or single, quality or no quality: I have found them so, from a duchess down to a milk-maid; every woman is a tyrant at the bottom. But they could never make a fool of me.—No, no! no woman should ever domineer over me, let her be mistress or wife.

Oak. Single men can be no judges in these cases. They must happen in all families. But when things are driven to extremities—to see a woman in uneasiness——a woman one loves too—one's wife—who can withstand it? You neither speak nor think like a man that has loved and been married, Major!

Maj. O. I wish I could hear a married man speak my language—I'm a bachelor, it's true; but I am no bad judge of your case for all that. I know your's and Mrs. Oakly's disposition to a hair. She is all impetuosity and fire—a very magazine of touchwood and gunpowder. You are hot enough too, upon occasion, but then it's over in an instant. In comes love and conjugal affection, as you call it; that is, mere folly and weakness—and you draw off your forces just when you should pursue the attack, and follow your advantage. Have at her with spirit, and the day's your own, brother.

Oak. Why, what would you have me do?

Maj. O. Do as you please for one month, whether she likes it or not: and I'll answer for it she will consent you shall do as you please all her life after. In short, do but shew yourself a man of spirit, leave off whining about love and tenderness, and nonsense, and the business is done, brother.

Oak. I believe you are in the right, Major! I see you are in the right. I'll do it—I'll certainly do it.—But then it hurts me to the soul, to think what uneasiness I shall give her. The first opening of my design will throw her into fits, and the pursuit of it, perhaps, may be fatal.

Maj. O. Fits! ha, ha, ha!—I'll engage to cure her of her fits. Nobody understands hysterical cases better than I do; besides, my sister's symptoms are not very dangerous. Did you ever hear of her falling into a fit when you was not by?—Was she ever found in convulsions in her closet?—No, no, these fits, the more care you take of them, the more you will increase the distemper; let them alone, and they will wear themselves out, I warrant you.

Oak. True, very true—you are certainly in the right—I'll follow your advice. Where do you dine to-day?—I'll order the coach, and go with you.

Maj. O. O, brave! keep up this spirit, and you are made for ever.

Oak. You shall see now, Major!—Who's there?

Enter Servant, L.

Order the coach directly. I shall dine out to-day.

Serv. (L.) The coach, sir?—Now, sir?

Oak. (L. C.) Ay, now, immediately.

Serv. Now, sir?—the—the coach, sir?—that is—my mistress—

Maj. O. [*Runs threatening towards Servant.*] Sirrah! do as you are bid. Bid them put to this instant.

Serv. Yes—yes, sir—yes, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Oak. Well, where shall we dine?

Maj. O. [*Returning.*] At the St. Alban's, or where you will. This is excellent, if you will but hold it.

Oak. I will have my own way, I am determined.

Maj. O. (R. C.) That's right.

Oak. I am steel,

Maj. O. Brave!

Oak. Adamant.

Maj. O. Bravissimo!

Oak. Just what you'd have me.

Maj. O. Why that's well said. But will you do it?

Oak. I will.

Maj. O. You won't.

Oak. (C.) I will. I'll be a fool to her no longer. But harkye, Major, my hat and gloves lie in my study;

I'll go and steal them out while she is busy talking with Charles.

Maj. O. (L. C.) Steal them! for shame! Pr'ythee take them boldly; call for them; make them bring them to you here; and go out with spirit in the face of your whole family.

Oak. No, no—you are wrong—let her rave after I am gone, and when I return, you know, I shall exert myself with more propriety, after this open affront to her authority.

Maj. O. Well, take your own way.

Oak. Ay, ay—let me manage it, let me manage it. [*Exit*, R.

Maj. O. (C.) Manage it! ay, to be sure, you are a rare manager! It is dangerous, they say, to meddle between man and wife. I am no great favourite of Mrs. Oakly's already; and in a week's time I expect to have the door shut in my face.

Enter CHARLES, R.

How now, Charles, what news?

Charles. (R. C.) Ruined and undone! She's gone, uncle, my Harriet's lost for ever.

Maj. O. Gone off with a man?—I thought so; they are all alike.

Charles. Oh no! Fled to avoid that hateful match with Sir Harry Beagle.

Maj. O. Faith, a girl of spirit; but whence comes all this intelligence?

Charles. In an angry letter from her father——How miserable I am! If I had not offended my Harriet, much offended her, by that foolish riot and drinking at your house in the country, she would certainly, at such a time, have taken refuge in my arms.

Maj. O. A very agreeable refuge for a young lady, to be sure, and extremely decent!

Charles. What a heap of extravagancies was I guilty of! [*Goes* R. *returns to* C.

Maj. O. Extravagancies with a witness! Ah, you silly young dog, you would ruin yourself with her father, in spite of all I could do. There you sat, as drunk as a lord, telling the old gentleman the whole affair, and swearing you would drive Sir Harry Beagle out of the country, though I kept winking and nodding, pulling you by the sleeve, and kicking your shins under the table, in hopes of stopping you: but all to no purpose.

Charles. What distress may she be in at this instant! Alone and defenceless! [*Walks about,* L.]—Where, where can she be?

Maj. O. What relations or friends has she in town?

Charles. Relations! let me see—Faith, I have it!—If she is in town, ten to one but she is at her aunt's, Lady Freelove's. I'll go thither immediately.

[*Crosses to* L.

Maj. O. (C.) Lady Freelove's: Hold, hold, Charles!—Do you know her ladyship?

Charles. (L. C.) Not much! but I'll break through all, to get to my Harriet.

Maj. O. I do know her ladyship.

Charles. Well, and what do you know of her?

Maj. O. O, nothing!—Her ladyship is a woman of the world, that's all—

Charles. What do you mean?

Maj. O. That Lady Freelove is an arrant——By-the-by, did not she, last summer, make formal proposals to Harriet's father from Lord Trinket?

Charles. Yes; but they were received with the utmost contempt. The old gentleman, it seems, hates a lord, and he told her so in plain terms.

Maj. O. Such an aversion to the nobility may not run in the blood. The girl, I warrant you, has no objection. However, if she's there, watch her narrowly, Charles. Lady Freelove is as mischievous as a monkey, and as cunning too.—Have a care of her, I say, have a care of her.

Charles. (C.) If she's there, I'll have her out of the house within this half hour, or set fire to it. [*Runs,* L.

Maj. O. (L. C.) Nay, now you are too violent—stay a moment, and we'll consider what's best to be done.

Enter OAKLY, R.

Oak. Come, is the coach ready? Let us be gone—Does Charles go with us?

Charles. I go with you!—What can I do! I am so vexed and distracted, and so many thoughts crowd in upon me, I don't know which way to turn myself.

[*Retires back.*

Mrs. O. [*Without,* R.] The coach!—dines out!—Where is your master?

Oak. Zounds, brother! here she is!

Enter MRS. OAKLY, R.

Mrs. O. (R.) Pray, Mr. Oakly, what is the matter you cannot dine at home to-day?

Oak. (C.) Don't be uneasy, my dear!—I have a little business to settle with my brother; so I am only just going to dinner with him and Charles to the tavern.

Mrs. O. Why cannot you settle your business here, as well as at a tavern? but it is some of your ladies' business, I suppose, and so you must get rid of my company. [*Crosses to him*, L]—This is chiefly your fault, Major Oakly!

Maj.O. (L.) Lord, sister, what signifies it whether a man dines at home or abroad? [*Coolly.*

Mrs. O. (L.) It signifies a great deal, sir! and I don't choose——

Maj. O. Phoo! let him go, my dear sister, let him go; he will be ten times better company when he comes back. I tell you what sister—you sit at home till you are quite tired of one another, and then you grow cross, and fall out. If you would but part a little now and then, you might meet again in humour.

Mrs. O. I beg, Major Oakly, that you would trouble yourself about your own affairs; and let me tell you, sir, that I——

Oak. Nay, do not put thyself into a passion with the Major, my dear!—It is not his fault; and I shall come back to thee very soon.

Mrs. O. Come back!—why need you go out?—I know well enough when you mean to deceive me; for then there is always a pretence of dining with Sir John, or my lord, or somebody; [*Crossing.*] but when you tell me that you are going to a tavern, it's such a barefaced affront.— [*Crosses to* R.

Oak. This is so strange now! Why, my dear, I shall only just——

Mrs.O. (R.) Only just go after the lady in the letter, I suppose.

Oak. Well, well, I wont go then.—Will that convince you?—I'll stay with you, my dear.—Will that satisfy you?

Maj. O. For shame! hold out, if you are a man. [*Apart.*

Oak. She has been so much vexed this morning, already, I must humour her a little now. [*Apart.*

Maj. O. Fie! fie! go out, or you are undone. [*Apart.*

Oak. [*Going* R.] You see it's impossible [*Apart to* MAJOR O.]—I'll dine at home with thee, my love.—
[*Apart to* MRS. OAKLY.

Mrs. O. Ay, ay, pray do, sir.—Dine at a tavern indeed! [*Going.*

Oak. [*Returning from* R.] You may depend on me another time, Major.

Maj. O. (L. C.) Steel and adamant!——Ah!

Mrs. O. [*Returning.*] Mr. Oakly!

Oak. [*Turns after her.*] O, my dear!—
[*Exit with* MRS. OAKLY, R.

Maj. O. (C.) Ha, ha, ha! there's a picture of resolution! there goes a philosopher for you!—ha! Charles!

Charles. [*Coming down.*] O, uncle! I have no spirits to laugh now.

Maj. O. So! I have a fine time on't between you and my brother. Will you meet me to dinner at the St. Alban's by four? We'll drink her health, and think of this affair.

Charles. Don't depend on me. I shall be running all over the town in pursuit of my Harriet; at all events I'll go directly to Lady Freelove's. If I find her not there, which way I shall direct myself, heaven knows.

Maj. O. Harkye, Charles! If you meet with her, you may be at a loss. Bring her to my house; I have a snug room, and—

Charles. Phoo! Pry'thee, uncle, don't trifle with me now.

Maj. O. Well, seriously then, my house is at your service.

Charles. I thank you; but I must be gone.

Maj. O. Ay, ay, bring her to my house, and we'll settle the whole affair for you. You shall clap her into a post-chaise, take the chaplain of our regiment along with you, wheel her down to Scotland, and when you come back, send to settle her fortune with her father; that's the modern art of making love, Charles!
[*Exeunt,* L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the George and Blue Boar.*

Enter SIR HARRY BEAGLE *and* TOM, R.

Sir H. (R.) Ten guineas a mare, and a crown the man? hey, Tom!

Tom. (R.) Yes, your honour.

Sir H. (C.) And are you sure, Tom, that there is no flaw in his blood?

Tom. (R. C.) He's a good thing, sir, and as little beholden to the ground, as any horse that ever went over the turf upon four legs. Why here's his whole pedigree, your honour!

Sir H. Is it attested?

Tom. Very well attested; it is signed by Jack Spur and my Lord Startal. [*Giving the Pedigree.*

Sir H. Let me see. [*Reads.*] "Tom-come-tickle-me was out of the famous Tantwivy mare, by Sir Aaron Driver's chesnut horse, White Stockings. White Stockings, his dam, was got by Lord Hedge's South Barb, full sister to the Proserpine Filly, and his sire Tom Jones; his grandam was the Irish Duchess, and his grandsire Squire Sportley's Trajan; his great and great great grandam were Newmarket Peggy and Black Moll; and his great grandsire and great great grandsire, were Sir Ralph Whip's Regulus, and the famous Prince Anamaboo.

his
JOHN ⋈ SPUR.
mark.
STARTAL.

Tom. All fine horses, and won every thing! a foal out of your honour's bald-fac'd Venus, by this horse, would beat the world.

Sir H. Well then, we'll think on't.—But, plague on't, Tom, I have certainly knocked up my little roan gelding in this damn'd wild-goose chase of threescore miles an end.

Tom. He's deadly blown, to be sure, your honour; and I am afraid we are upon a wrong scent after all.

Madam Harriet certainly took across the country, instead of coming on to London.

Sir H. No, no, we traced her all the way up. But d'ye hear, Tom, look out among the stables and repositories here in town, for a smart road nag, and a strong horse to carry a portmanteau.

Tom. Sir Roger Turf's horses are to be sold—I'll see if there's ever a tight thing there——but I suppose, sir, you would have one somewhat stronger than Snip ——I don't think he's quite enough of a horse for your honour.

Sir H. Not enough of a horse! Snip's a powerful gelding; master of two stone more than my weight. If Snip stands sound, I would not take a hundred guineas for him. Poor Snip! go into the stable, Tom, see they give him a warm mash, and look at his heels and his eyes.—But where's Mr. Russet all this while?

Tom. I left the squire at breakfast on a cold pigeon pie, and inquiring after madam Harriet, in the kitchen. I'll let him know your honour would be glad to see him here.

Sir H. Ay, do; but harkye, Tom, be sure you take care of Snip.

Tom. I'll warrant your honour.

Sir H. I'll be down in the stables myself by-and-by. [*Exit* Tom, R.] Let me see——out of the famous Tantwivy by White Stockings? White Stockings, his dam, full sister to the Proserpine Filly; and his sire—plague on't, how unlucky it is that this damned accident should happen in the Newmarket week!——Ten to one I lose my match with Lord Chokejade, by not riding myself, and I shall have no opportunity to hedge my bets neither——what a damned piece of work have I made on't—I have knocked up poor Snip, shall lose my match, and as to Harriet, why the odds are that I lose my match there too——a skittish young tit! If I once get her tight in hand, I'll make her wince for it.——Her estate, joined to my own, I would have the finest stud and the noblest kennel in the whole country.——But here comes her father, puffing and blowing, like a broken-winded horse up hill.

Enter Russet, R.

Rus. (R.) Well, Sir Harry, have you heard any thing of her?

Sir H. (*c.*) Yes, I have been asking Tom about her, and he says you may have her for five hundred guineas.

Rus. (*R. c.*) Five hundred guineas! how d'ye mean? where is she? which way did she take?

Sir H. Why first she went to Epsom, then to Lincoln, then to Nottingham, and now she is at York.

Rus. Impossible! she could not go over half the ground in the time. What the devil are you talking of?

Sir H. Of the mare you was just now saying you wanted to buy.

Rus. The devil take the mare!——who would think of her, when I am mad about an affair of so much more consequence?

Sir H. You seemed mad about her a little while ago. She's a fine mare, and a thing of shape and blood.

Rus. Damn her blood!——Harriet! my dear, provoking Harriet! Where can she be? Have you got any intelligence of her?

Sir H. No, faith, not I: we seem to be quite thrown out here—but, however, I have ordered Tom to try if he can hear any thing of her among the ostlers.

Rus. Why don't you inquire after her yourself? why don't you run up and down the whole town after her?——t'other young rascal knows where she is, I warrant you.——What a plague it is to have a daughter! When one loves her to distraction, and has toiled and laboured to make her happy, the ungrateful slut will sooner go to hell her own way—but she shall have him—I will make her happy, if I break her heart for it.—A provoking gipsy—to run away, and torment her poor father, that dotes on her! I'll never see her face again.—Sir Harry, how can we get any intelligence of her? Why don't you speak? why don't you tell me?——Zounds! you seem as indifferent as if you did not care a farthing about her.

Sir H. Indifferent! you may well call me indifferent!——this damned chase after her will cost me a thousand: if it had not been for her, I would not have been off the course this week to have saved the lives of my whole family——I'll hold you six to two that——

Rus. Zounds! hold your tongue, or talk more to the purpose——I swear she is too good for you—you don't deserve such a wife—a fine, dear, sweet, lovely, charming girl!—She'll break my heart.—How shall I find her out?——Do, pr'ythee, Sir Harry, my dear honest friend, consider how we may discover where she is fled to.

Sir H. Suppose you put an advertisement into the newspapers, describing her marks, her age, her height, and where she strayed from. I recovered a bay mare once by that method.

Rus. Advertise her!—What! describe my daughter, and expose her, in the public papers, with a reward for bringing her home, like horses stolen or strayed!——recovered a bay mare!——the devil's in the fellow!——he thinks of nothing but racers, and bay mares, and stallions.——'Sdeath I wish your——

Sir H. I wish Harriet was fairly pounded; it would save us both a deal of trouble.

Rus. Which way shall I turn myself?—I am half distracted. If I go to that young dog's house, he has certainly conveyed her somewhere out of my reach—if she does not send to me to-day, I'll give her up for ever—perhaps, though, she may have met with some accident, and has nobody to assist her.—No, she is certainly with that young rascal. I wish she was dead, and I was dead. I'll blow young Oakly's brains out.

[*Goes back.*

Re-enter TOM, R.

Sir H. Well, Tom, how is poor Snip?

Tom. (R.) A little better, sir, after his warm mash: but Lady, the pointing bitch that followed you all the way, is deadly foot-sore.

[RUSSET *comes down hastily*, R.

Rus. Damn Snip and Lady!——have you heard any thing of Harriet?

Tom. Why, I came on purpose to let my master and your honour know, that John Ostler says as how, just such a lady as I told him madam Harriet was, came here in a four-wheeled chaise, and was fetched away soon after by a fine lady in a chariot.

Rus. (R. C.) Did she come alone?

Tom. Quite alone, only a servant maid, please your honour.

Rus. And what part of the town did they go to?

Tom. John Ostler says as how they bid the coachman drive to Grosvenor-Square.

Sir H. Soho! puss—Yoics!

Rus. She is certainly gone to that young rogue—he has got his aunt to fetch her from hence—or else she is with her own aunt, Lady Freelove—they both live in that part of the town. I'll go to the house, and in the

mean while, Sir Harry, you shall step to Lady Freelove's. We'll find her, I warrant you. I'll teach my young mistress to be gadding. She shall marry you to-night. Come along, Sir Harry, come along; we won't lose a minute. Come along.

Sir H. Soho! hark forward! wind 'em and cross 'em! hark forward! Yoics! Yoics! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Oakly's House.*

Enter MRS. OAKLY, R.

Mrs. O. (R.) After all, that letter was certainly intended for my husband. I see plain enough they are all in a plot against me. (C.) My husband intriguing, the Major working him up to affront me, Charles owning his letters, and so playing into each other's hands. They think me a fool, I find—but I'll be too much for them yet. I have desired to speak with Mr. Oakly, and expect him here immediately. His temper is naturally open; and if he thinks my anger abated and my suspicions laid asleep, he will certainly betray himself by his behaviour. I'll assume an air of good humour, pretend to believe the fine story they have trumped up, throw him off his guard, and so draw the secret out of him.—Here he comes. How hard it is to dissemble one's anger! Oh! I could rate him soundly; but I'll keep down my indignation at present, though it chokes me.

[*She assumes an air of tenderness, and goes to meet him.*

Enter OAKLY, L.

O, my dear! I am very glad to see you. Pray sit down. [*They sit, he with his back toward her.*] I longed to see you. It seemed an age till I had an opportunity of talking over the silly affair that happened this morning. [*Mildly.*

Oak. Why really, my dear— [*Gradually turning.*

Mrs. O. Nay, don't look so grave now. Come—its all over. Charles and you have cleared up matters. I am satisfied.

Oak. Indeed! [*Takes her hand.*] I rejoice to hear it! You make me! I am happy beyond my expectation. This disposition will ensure our felicity. Do but lay

aside your cruel, unjust suspicion, and we should never have the least difference.

Mrs. O. Indeed I begin to think so. I'll endeavour to get the better of it. And really sometimes it is very ridiculous. My uneasiness this morning, for instance, ha, ha, ha! To be so much alarmed about the idle letter, which turned out quite another thing at last—was not I very angry with you? ha, ha, ha!

[*With affected gaiety.*

Oak. Don't mention it. Let us both forget it. Your present cheerfulness makes amends for every thing.

Mrs. O. I am apt to be too violent; I love you too well to be quite easy about you. [*Fondly tapping his chin.*] Well—no matter—what is become of Charles?

Oak. Poor fellow! he is on the wing, rambling all over the town, in pursuit of this young lady.

Mrs. O. Where is he gone, pray?

Oak. First of all, I believe to some of her relations.

Mrs. O. Relations! Who are they? Where do they live?

Oak. There is an aunt of her's lives just in the neighbourhood; Lady Freelove.

Mrs. O. Lady Freelove! Oho! gone to Lady Freelove's, is he?—and do you think he will hear any thing of her?

Oak. I don't know; but I hope so, with all my soul.

Mrs. O. Hope! with all your soul; do you hope so? [*Alarmed—they part a little.*

Oak. Hope so! ye—yes—why, don't you hope so?

Mrs. O. Why—yes.—[*Close again—recovering.*]—O, ay, to be sure. I hope it of all things. You know, my dear, it must give me great satisfaction, as well as yourself, to see Charles well settled.

Oak. I should think so; and really I don't know where he can be settled so well. She is a most deserving young woman, I assure you.

Mrs. O. You are well acquainted with her then?

Oak. To be sure, my dear; after seeing her so often last summer, at the Major's house in the country, and at her father's.

Mrs. O. So often!

Oak. Ay—very often—Charles took care of that—almost every day.

Mrs. O. Indeed? But pray—a—a—I say—a—a—

[*Confused.*

Oak. What do you say, my dear?

Mrs. O. I say—a—a—[*Stammering*] Is she handsome?

Oak. Prodigiously handsome, indeed.

Mrs. O. Prodigiously handsome! and is she reckoned a sensible girl?

Oak. A very sensible, modest, agreeable young lady as ever I knew. You would be extremely fond of her, I am sure.

Mrs. O. O, I dare say I shall.

Oak. You can't imagine how happy I was in her company. Poor Charles! she soon made a conquest of him, and no wonder, she has so many elegant accomplishments! such an infinite fund of cheerfulness and good humour. Why, she's the darling of the whole country.

Mrs. O. Lord! you seem quite in raptures about her!

Oak. Raptures!—not at all. I was only telling you the young lady's character. I thought you would be glad to find that Charles had made so sensible a choice, and was so likely to be happy.

Mrs. O. Oh, Charles? True, as you say, Charles will be mighty happy.

Oak. Don't you think so?

Mrs. O. I am convinced of it. Poor Charles! I am much concerned for him. He must be very uneasy about her. I was thinking whether we could be of any service to him in this affair.

Oak. Was you, my love? that is very good of you.—Why, to be sure, we must endeavour to assist him. Let me see—How can we manage it? 'Gad! I have hit it.—The luckiest thought! and it will be of great service to Charles.

Mrs. O. Well, what is it? [*Eagerly.*]—You know I would do any thing to serve Charles, and oblige you. [*Mildly.*

Oak. That is so kind! Lord, my dear, if you would but always consider things in this proper light, and continue this amiable temper, we should be the happiest people—

Mrs. O. I believe so; but what's your proposal?

Oak. I'm sure you'll like it.—Charles, you know, may perhaps be so lucky as to meet with this lady—

Mrs. O. True.

Oak. Now I was thinking, that he might, with your leave, my dear—

Mrs. O. Well!

Oak. Bring her home here—

Mrs. O. How!

Oak. Yes, bring her home here, my dear;—it will make poor Charles's mind quite easy; and you may take her under your protection till her father comes to town.

Mrs. O. [*Start asunder.*] Amazing! this is even beyond my expectation.

Oak. Why!—what!—

Mrs. O. Was there ever such assurance! [*Both rise.*] Take her under my protection! What! would you keep her under my nose? [*Goes up Stage.*

Oak. (L.C.) Nay, I never conceived—I thought you would have approved—

Mrs. O. What! make me your convenient woman?—No place but my own house to serve your purposes? [*Comes down* R.

Oak. (C.) Lord, this is the strangest misapprehension! I am quite astonished.

Mrs. O. (R. C.) Astonished! yes—confused, detected, betrayed, by your vain confidence of imposing on me. Why, sure you imagine me an ideot, a driveller. Charles, indeed! yes, Charles is a fine excuse for you. The letter this morning, the letter, Mr. Oakly!

Oak. The letter! why sure that—

Mrs. O. Is sufficiently explained. You have made it very clear to me. Now I am convinced. I have no doubt of your perfidy. But I thank you for some hints you have given me, and you may be sure I shall make use of them: nor will I rest till I have full conviction, and overwhelm you with the strongest proof of your baseness towards me.

Oak. Nay, but—

Mrs. O. Go, go! I have no doubt of your falsehood: away! [*Exit*, R.

Oak. (C.) Was there ever any thing like this? Such unaccountable behaviour! angry I don't know why! jealous of I know not what!—Hints!—hints I have given her!—What can she mean?

Enter TOILET, *crosses the Stage from* R. *to* L.

Toilet! where are you going?

Toil. To order the porter to let in no company to my lady to day. She won't see a single soul, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Oak. What an unhappy woman! Now will she sit all day feeding on her suspicions, till she has convinced herself of the truth of them.

Enter JOHN, *crossing the Stage from* R. *to* L.

Well, sir, what's your business?

John. Going to order the chariot, sir!—my lady's going out immediately. [*Exit*, L.

Oak. Going out! what is all this?—But every way she makes me miserable. Wild and ungovernable as the sea or the wind! made up of storms and tempests?—I can't bear it: and one way or other I will put an end to it. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*Lady Freelove's House.*

Enter LADY FREELOVE, R. *with a card; a Servant following.*

Lady F. (R.) [*Reading as she enters.*]—"And will take the liberty of waiting on her ladyship en cavalier, as she comes from the menége." (C.) Does any body wait that brought this card?

Serv. (R.) Lord Trinket's servant is in the hall, madam.

Lady F. My compliments, and I shall be glad to see his lordship.—Where is Miss Russet?

Serv. In her own chamber, madam.

Lady F. What is she doing?

Serv. Writing, I believe, madam.

Lady F. Oh, ridiculous!—scribbling to that Oakly, I suppose. [*Apart.*]—Let her know, I should be glad of her company here. [*Exit* SERVANT, L.] It is a mighty troublesome thing to manage a simple girl, that knows nothing of the world. Harriet, like all other girls, is foolishly fond of this young fellow of her own choosing, her first love; that is to say, the first man that is particularly civil; and the first air of consequence which a young lady gives herself. Poor silly soul!—But Oakly must not have her, positively. A match with Lord Trinket will add to the dignity of the family. I must bring her into it. (R. C.) But here she comes.

Enter HARRIET, L.

Well, Harriet, still in the pouts! nay, pr'ythee, my dear little runaway girl, be more cheerful! your everlasting melancholy puts me into the vapours.

Har. (C.) Dear madam, excuse me. How can I be cheerful in my present situation? I know my father's

temper so well, that I am sure this step of mine must almost distract him. I sometimes wish that I had remained in the country, let what would have been the consequence.

Lady F. Why, it is a naughty child, that's certain; but it need not be so uneasy about papa, as you know that I wrote, by last night's post, to acquaint him that his little lost sheep was safe, and that you were ready to obey his commands in every particular, except marrying that oaf, Sir Harry Beagle.—Lord! Lord! what a difference there is between a country and a town education! Why, a London lass would have jumped out of a window into a gallant's arms, and without thinking of her father, unless it were to have drawn a few bills on him, been a hundred miles off in nine or ten hours, or perhaps out of the kingdom in twenty-four.

Har. I fear I have already been too precipitate. I tremble for the consequences.

Lady F. I swear, child, you are a downright prude. Your way of talking gives me the spleen; so full of affection, and duty, and virtue, 'tis just like a funeral sermon. And yet, pretty soul! it can love.—Well, I wonder at your taste; a sneaking simple gentleman, without a title! and when to my knowledge you might have a man of quality to-morrow.

Har. Perhaps so. Your ladyship must excuse me, but many a man of quality would make me miserable.

Lady F. Indeed, my dear, these antidiluvian notions will never do now-a-days; and at the same time too, those little wicked eyes of your's speak a very different language. Indeed you have fine eyes, child! and they have made fine work with Lord Trinket.

Har. Lord Trinket! [*Contemptuously.*

Lady F. Yes, Lord Trinket; you know it as well as I do; and yet, you ill-natured thing, you will not vouchsafe him a single smile. But you must give the poor soul a little encouragement, pr'ythee do.

Har. Indeed I can't, madam, for of all mankind, Lord Trinket is my aversion.

Lady F. Why so, child? He is counted a well-bred, sensible, young fellow, and the women all think him handsome.

Har. Yes, he is just polite enough to be able to be very unmannerly, with a great deal of good breeding; is just handsome enough to make him most excessively vain of his person; and has just reflection enough to

finish him for a coxcomb; qualifications which are all very common among those whom your ladyship calls men of quality.

Lady F. A satirist, too! Indeed, my dear, this affectation sits very awkwardly upon you. There will be a superiority in the behaviour of persons of fashion. (C.)

Har. (R. C.) A superiority, indeed! for his lordship always behaves with so much insolent familiarity, that I should almost imagine he was soliciting me for other favours, rather than to pass my whole life with him.

Lady F. Innocent freedoms, child, which every fine woman expects to be taken with her, as an acknowledgment of her beauty.

Har. They are freedoms which I think no innocent woman can allow.

Lady F. Romantic to the last degree!—Why, you are in the country still, Harriet!

Enter a Servant, L.

Serv. (L.) My Lord Trinket, madam.

[*Exit*, L.—HARRIET *retires back* R.

Lady F. I swear now I have a good mind to tell him all that you have said. (C.)

Enter LORD TRINKET, L.

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

Lord T. (L. C.) Your ladyship does me too much honour. Here I am en bottine as you see—just come from the menége.

Lady F. (L. C.) Your lordship is always agreeable in every dress.

Lord T. (C.) Vastly obliging, Lady Freelove. Miss Russet, I am your slave. I declare it makes me quite happy to find you together. [*Applying his Eye-glass to* HAR.] 'Pon honour, ma'am, I begin to conceive great hopes of you; and as for you, Lady Freelove, I cannot sufficiently commend your assiduity with your fair pupil. She was before possessed of every grace that nature could bestow on her, and nobody is so well qualified as your Ladyship to give her the bon ton.

Har. (R.) Compliment and contempt all in a breath!—My lord, I am obliged to you. But, waving my acknowledgments, give me leave to ask your lordship, whether nature and the bon ton (as you call it) are so different, that we must give up one in order to obtain the other?

Lord T. Totally opposite, madam. The chief aim of the bon ton is to render persons of family different from the vulgar, for whom, indeed, nature serves very well. For this reason it has, at various times, been ungenteel to see, to hear, to walk, to be in good health, and to have twenty other horrible perfections of nature. Nature, indeed, may do very well sometimes. It made you, for instance, and it then made something very lovely; and if you would suffer us of quality to give you the ton, you would be absolutely divine: but now—me—madam—me——nature never made such a thing as me.

Har. Why, indeed, I think your lordship has very few obligations to her.

Lord T. Then you really think it's all my own? I declare now that is a mighty genteel compliment: nay, if you begin to flatter already, you improve apace. 'Pon honour, Lady Freelove, I believe we shall make something of her at last.

Lady F. No doubt on't. It is in your lordship's power to make her a complete woman of fashion at once.

Lord T. Hum! Why, ay—

Har. Your lordship must excuse me. I am of a very tasteless disposition. I shall never bear to be carried out of nature.

Lady F. You are out of nature, now, Harriet! I am sure no woman but yourself ever objected to being carried among persons of quality. Would you believe it, my lord? here has she been a whole week in town, and would never suffer me to introduce her to a rout, an assembly, a concert, or even to court, or the opera; nay, would hardly so much as mix with a living soul that has visited me.

Lord T. No wonder, madam, you do not adopt the manners of persons of fashion, when you will not even honour them with your company. Were you to make one in our little coteries, we should soon make you sick of the boors and bumpkins of the horrid country. By-the-by, I met a monster at the riding-house this morning, who gave me some intelligence that will surprise you, concerning your family.

Har. What intelligence?

Lady F. Who was this monster, as your lordship calls him? a curiosity, I dare say.

Lord T. This monster, madam, was formerly my head groom, and had the care of all my running-horses;

but growing most abominably surly and extravagant, as you know all these fellows do, I turned him off; and ever since my brother, Slouch Trinket, has had the care of my stud, rides all the principal matches himself, and——

Har. Dear, my lord, don't talk of your groom and your brother, but tell me the news. Do you know any thing of my father?

Lord T. Your father, madam, is now in town.—— This fellow, you must know, is now groom to Sir Harry Beagle, your sweet rural swain, and informed me that his master and your father were running all over the town in quest of you; and that he himself had orders to inquire after you: for which reason, I suppose, he came to the riding-house stable to look after a horse, thinking it, to be sure, a very likely place to meet you. Your father, perhaps, is gone to seek you at the Tower, or Westminster Abbey, which is all the idea he has of London: and your faithful lover is probably cheapening a hunter, and drinking strong beer, at the Horse and Jockey in Smithfield.

Lady F. The whole set admirably disposed of!

Har. Did not your lordship inform him where I was?

Lord T. Not I, 'pon honour, madam; that I left to their own ingenuity to discover.

Lady F. And pray, my lord, where in this town have this polite company bestowed themselves?

Lord T. They lodge, madam, of all places in the world, at the George and Blue Boar, in Holborn.

Lady F. Ha, ha, ha! The George and Blue Boar! incomparable! What, have they brought any hay or cattle to town?

Lord T. Very well, Lady Freelove, very well, indeed! There they are, like so many graziers; and there it seems they have learned that this lady is certainly in London.

Har. (C.) Do, dear madam, send a card directly to my father, informing him where I am, and that your ladyship would be glad to see him here. For my part, I dare not venture into his presence, till you have in some measure pacified him; but for heaven's sake, desire him not to bring that wretched fellow along with him.

[*Retires into back ground.*

Lord T. (R. C.) Wretched fellow! Oho! Courage, Milor Trinket! [*Aside.*

Lady F. (L.) I'll send immediately. Who's there?

Re-enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. [*Apart to* LADY F.] Sir Harry Beagle is below, madam.

Lady F. [*Apart to Serv.*] I am not at home.—Have they let him in?

Serv. Yes, madam.

Lady F. How abominably unlucky this is! Well, then show him into my dressing-room, I will come to him there. [*Exit Servant*, L.

Lord T. (L. C.) Lady Freelove! no engagement, I hope? We wont part with you, 'pon honour.

Lady F. (L.) The worst engagement in the world—A pair of musty old prudes! Lady Formal and Miss Prate.

Lord T. (C.) O the beldams! As nauseous as ipecacuanha, 'pon honour.

Lady F. (L.) Lud, lud, what shall I do with them? why do these foolish women come troubling me now? I must wait on them in the dressing-room, and you must excuse the card, Harriet, till they are gone; I'll dispatch them as soon as I can, but heaven knows when I shall get rid of them, for they are both everlasting gossips! though the words come from her ladyship one by one, like drops from a still, while the other tiresome woman overwhelms us with a flood of impertinence. Harriet, you'll entertain his lordship till I return. [*Exit*, L.

Lord T. Gone!——'Pon honour, I am not sorry for the coming in of these old tabbies, and am much obliged to her ladyship for leaving us to such an agreeable tête-a-tête.

Har. [*Comes down* R. C.] Your lordship will find me extremely bad company.

Lord T. (C.) Not in the least, my dear! We'll entertain ourselves one way or other, I'll warrant you.—[*Nearer.*]—'Egad, I think it a mighty good opportunity to establish a better acquaintance with you.

Har. I don't understand you.

Lord T. No?——Why then I'll speak plainer.—[*Pausing and surveying her full in the face with his glass.*] You are an amazing fine creature, 'pon honour.

Har. If this be your lordship's polite conversation, I shall leave you to amuse yourself in soliloquy. [*Going*, R.

Lord T. No, no, no, madam, that must not be. [*Stopping her.*] This place, my passion, the opportunity, all conspire—

Har. How, sir! you don't intend to do me any violence?

Lord T. 'Pon honour, ma'am, it will be doing great violence to myself, if I do not. You must excuse me.

[*Struggling with her*, R.

Har. Help! help! murder! help!

Lord T. Your yelping will signify nothing—nobody will come. [*Struggling.*

Har. For heaven's sake!—Sir!—My lord—

[*Noise without*, L.

Lord T. Plague on't, what a noise!—Then I must be quick. [*Still struggling.*

Har. Help! murder! help! help!

Enter CHARLES, *hastily*, L.

Charles. What do I hear? My Harriet's voice calling for help!—Ha! [*Seeing them.*] Is it possible?—Turn, ruffian! I'll find you employment. [*Drawing.*

Lord T. You are a most impertinent scoundrel, and I'll whip you through the lungs, 'pon honour.

[*They fight.* HARRIET *runs out*, (R.) *screaming help, &c.*

Re-enter LADY FREELOVE, *with* SIR HARRY BEAGLE *and Servants*, L.

Lady F. How's this?—Swords drawn in my house!—Part them—[*They are parted.*] This is the most impudent thing—

Lord T. (R.) Well, rascal, I shall find a time; I know you, sir!

Charles. (R. C.) The sooner the better: I know your lordship too.

Sir H. (R. C.) I'faith, madam, [*To* LADY FREELOVE] we had like to have been in at the death.

Lady F. (L. C.) What is all this? Pray, sir, what is the meaning of your coming hither to raise this disturbance? Do you take my house for a brothel?

[*To* CHARLES.

Charles. (L.) Not I, indeed, madam; but I believe his lordship does.

Lord T. Impudent scoundrel!

Lady F. Your conversation, sir, is as insolent as your behaviour. Who are you? What brought you here?

Charles. I am one, madam, always ready to draw my sword in defence of innocence in distress, and more especially in the cause of that lady I delivered from his lordship's fury: in search of whom I troubled your ladyship's house.

Lady F. Her lover, I suppose: or what?

Charles. At your ladyship's service; though not quite so violent in my passion, as his lordship there.

Lord T. Impertinent rascal!

Lady F. You shall be made to repent of this insolence.

Lord T. Your ladyship may leave that to me.

Charles. Ha, ha! [*Retires back*, L.

Sir H. But, pray what is become of the lady all this while? Why, Lady Freelove, you told me she was not here; and i'faith, I was just drawing off another way, if I had not heard the view-halloo.

Lady F. You shall see her immediately, sir! Who's there?

Enter SERVANT, L.

Where is Miss Russet?

Serv. (R.) Gone out, madam.

Lady F. Gone out?—Where?

Serv. I don't know, madam: but she ran down the back stairs, crying for help, crossed the servants' hall in tears, and took a chair at the door.

Lady F. Blockheads! to let her go out in a chair alone! Go and inquire after her immediately.

[*Exit* SERV. L.

Sir H. (R.) Gone! When I had just run her down, and is the little puss stole away at last?

Lady F. Sir, if you will walk in [*To* SIR HARRY] with his lordship and me, perhaps you may hear some tidings of her; though it is most probable she may be gone to her father. I don't know any other friend she has in town.

Charles. [*Comes down*, L.] I am heartily glad she is gone. She is safer any where than in this house.

Lady F. Mighty well, sir! My lord, Sir Harry, I attend you.

Lord T. You shall hear from me, sir!

[*To* CHARLES.

Charles. Very well, my lord.

Sir H. Stole away!—plague on't—stole away!

[*Exeunt* SIR HARRY *and* LORD TRINKET, R.

Lady F. (R.) Before I follow the company, give me leave to tell you, sir, that your behaviour here has been so extraordinary——

Charles. (L.) My treatment here, madam, has indeed been very extraordinary.

Lady F. Indeed! Well, no matter; permit me to acquaint you sir, that there lies your way out, [*Points* L.] and that the greatest favour you can do me, is to leave the house immediately.

Charles. That your ladyship may depend on. Since you have put Miss Russet to flight, you may be sure of not being troubled with my company. I'll after her immediately.

Lady F. If she has any regard for her reputation, she'll never put herself into such hands as yours.

Charles. O, madam, there can be no doubt of her regard for that, by her leaving your ladyship.

Lady F. Leave my house.

Charles. Directly—a charming house; and a charming lady of the house too! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. Vulgar fellow!

Charles. Fine lady!

[*Exeunt* LADY F. R. CHARLES, L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lady Freelove's House.*

Enter LADY FREELOVE *and* LORD TRINKET, R.

Lord T. *Doucement, doucement,* my dear Lady Freelove!——Excuse me, I meant no harm, 'pon honour.

Lady F. (R. C.) Indeed, indeed, my Lord Trinket this is absolutely intolerable! What, to offer rudeness to a young lady in my house! What will the world say of it?

Lord T. (L. C.) Just what the world pleases.——It does not signify a doit what they say. However, I ask pardon; but, egad, I thought it was the best way. Devil take Sir Harry, and t'other scoundrel too! That they should come driving hither just at so critical an instant! And that the wild little thing should take wing, and fly away the Lord knows whither!

Lady F. Come, come, my lord, a truce with your reflections on my niece! Let us consider what is best to be done.

Lord T. E'en just what your ladyship thinks proper. For my part, I am entirely *dérangée.*

Lady F. Will you submit to be govern'd by me, then?

Lord T. I'll be all obedience——your ladyship's slave, 'pon honour.

Lady F. Why then, as this is rather an ugly affair in regard to me, as well as your lordship, and may make some noise, I think it absolutely necessary, that you should wait on her father, palliate matters as well as you can, and make a formal repetition of your proposal of marriage.

Lord T. Your ladyship is perfectly in the right.——You are quite *au fait* of the affair. It shall be done immediately, and then your reputation will be safe, and my conduct justified to all the world. But should the old rustic continue as stubborn as his daughter, your ladyship, I hope, has no objections to my being a little *rusée*, for I must have her, 'pon honour.

Lady F. Do what you will, I wash my hands of it. She's out of my care now, you know. But you must beware of your rivals. One, you know, is in the house with her, and the other will lose no opportunities of getting to her.

Lord T. As to the fighting gentleman, I shall cut out work for him in his own way. I'll send him a *petit billet* to-morrow morning, and then there can be no great difficulty in outwitting her bumpkin father, and the baronet.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Captain O'Cutter, to wait on your ladyship.

Lady F. O, the hideous fellow! the Irish sailor-man for whom I prevailed on your lordship to get the post of regulating captain. I suppose he is come to load me with his odious thanks. I won't be troubled with him now.

Lord T. Let him in, by all means. He is the best creature to laugh at in nature. He is a perfect sea-monster, and always looks and talks as if he was upon deck. Besides, a thought strikes me—he may be of use.

Lady F. Well—send the creature up then. [*Exit* SERVANT, L.] But what fine thought is this?

Lord T. A *coup de maitre*, 'pon honour! I intend ——but, hush! here the porpus comes.

Enter CAPTAIN O'CUTTER, L.

Lady F. Captain, your humble servant! I am very glad to see you.

O'Cut. (L.) I am much obliged to you, my lady! Upon my conscience, the wind favours me at all points. I had no sooner got under weigh, to tank your ladyship, but I have borne down upon my noble friend, his lordship too. I hope your lordship's well?

Lord T. Very well, I thank you, captain. But you seem to be hurt in the service: what is the meaning of that patch over your right eye?

O'Cut. Some advanced wages from my new post, my lord! This pressing is hot work, though it entitles us to smart money.

Lady F. (C.) And pray in what perilous adventure did you get that scar, captain?

O'Cut. Quite out of my element, indeed, my lady, I got in an engagement by land. A day or two ago, I spied three stout fellows, belonging to a merchantman. They made down Wapping. I immediately gave my lads the signal to chase, and we bore down right upon them. They tacked, and lay to—We gave them a thundering broadside, which they resaved like men; and one of them made use of small arms, which carried off the weathermost corner of Ned Gage's hat; so I immediately stood in with him, and raked him, but resaved a wound on my starboard eye, from the stock of the pistol. However we took them all, and they now lie under the hatches, with fifty more, aboard a tender off the Tower.

Lord T. Well done, noble captain! But, however, you will soon have better employment, for I think the next step to your present post, is commonly a ship.

O'Cut. The sooner the better, my lord! Honest Terence O'Cutter shall never flinch, I warrant you; and has seen as much sea-sarvice as any man in the navy.

Lord T. (L. C.) You may depend on my good offices, captain! [LADY F. *goes* R.] But in the mean time, it is in your power do me a favour.

O'Cut. A favour, my lord? your lordship does me honour. I would go round the world, from one end to the other, by day or by night, to sarve your lordship, or my good lady there.

Lord T. Dear madam, the luckiest thought in nature! [*Apart to* LADY F.] The favour I have to ask of you, captain, need not carry you so far out of your way. The whole affair is, that there are a couple of impudent fellows at an inn in Holborn, who have affronted me, and you would oblige me infinately, by pressing them into his majesty's service.

Lady F. Now I understand——Admirable! [*Apart.*

O'Cut. With all my heart, my lord, and tank you too, 'fait. But, by-the-by, I hope they are not house-keepers, or freemen of the city. There's the devil to pay in meddling with them. They boder one so about liberty, and property, and stuff.—It was but t'other day, that Jack Trowser was carried before my lord mayor, and lost above a twelvemonth's pay for nothing at all, at all.

Lord T. I'll take care you shall be brought into no trouble. These fellows were formerly my grooms. If you'll call on me in the morning, I'll go with you to the place.

O'Cut. I'll be with your lordship, and bring with me four or five as pretty boys as you'll wish to clap your two lucking eyes upon of a summer's day.

Lord T. I am much obliged to you.—But captain, I have another little favour to beg of you.

O'Cut. Upon my shoul I'll do it.

Lord T. What, before you know it?

O'Cut. Fore and aft, my lord!

Lord T. A gentleman has offended me in a point of honour——

O'Cut. Shoot him!

Lord T. Will you carry him a letter from me?

O'Cut. Indeed and I will:—and I'll take you in tow too; and you shall engage him yard-arm and yard-arm.

Lord T. Why then, captain, you'll come a little earlier to-morrow morning than you proposed, that you may attend him with my billet, before you proceed on the other affair.

O'Cut. Never fear it, my lord——Your sarvant!—My ladyship, your humble sarvant!

Lady F. (L.) Captain, your's—Pray give my service to my friend Mrs. O'Cutter. How does she do?

O'Cut. I tank your ladyship's axing——The dear creature is purely tight and well.

Lord T. (C.) How many children have you, captain?

O'Cut. Four and please your lordship, and another upon the stocks.

Lord T. When it is launched, I hope to be at the christening.—I'll stand godfather, captain.

O'Cut. Your lordship's very good. [*Turns himself to* LADY F.] I beg pardon, but two godfathers will be wanted, would your ladyship like to be the other?

Lord T. Well, you'll come to-morrow.

O'Cut. Ay, my lord, and every day next week.—Little Terence O'Cutter never fails, fait, when a troat is to be cut. [*Exit*, L.

Lady F. Ha, ha, ha! But sure you don't intend to ship off both her father and her country lover for the Indies?

Lord T. O, no! Only let them contemplate the inside of a ship, for a day or two; and in the meanwhile measures may be concerted to carry off the girl.

Re-enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. (L.) Mrs. Oakly, madam, is at the door, in her chariot, and desires to have the honour of speaking to your ladyship on particular business.

Lord T. (C.) Mrs. Oakly! what can that jealous-pated woman want with you?

Lady F. (C.) No matter what.—I hate her mortally.—Let her in. [*Exit* SERVANT, L.

Lord T. What wind blows her hither?

Lady F. A wind that must blow us some good.

Lord T. How?—I was amazed you chose to see her.

Lady F. How can you be so slow of apprehension!——She comes, you may be sure, on some occasion relating to this girl: in order to assist young Oakly,

perhaps, to sooth me, and gain intelligence, and so forward the match; but I'll forbid the banns, I warrant you.———Whatever she wants, I'll draw some sweet mischief out of it.———But away! away!—I think I hear her—slip down the back stairs—or—stay, now I think on't, go out this way—meet her—and be sure to make her a very respectful bow, as you go out.

Lord T. Hush! here she is!

Enter MRS. OAKLY, L. (LORD TRINKET *bows formally and exit*, L.)

Mrs. O. I beg pardon, for giving your ladyship this trouble.

Lady F. I am always glad of the honour of seeing Mrs. Oakly. [*Both sit* C.

Mrs. O. There is a letter, madam, just come from the country, which has occasioned some alarm in our family. It comes from Mr. Russet———

Lady F. Mr. Russet!

Mrs. O. Yes, from Mr. Russet, madam; and is chiefly concerning his daughter. As she has the honour of being related to your ladyship, I took the liberty of waiting on you.

Lady F. She is indeed, as you say, madam, a relation of mine; but after what has happened, I scarce know how to acknowledge her.

Mrs. O. Has she been so much to blame then?

Lady F. So much, madam!———Only judge for yourself.———Though she had been so indiscreet, not to say indecent in her conduct, as to elope from her father, I was in hopes to have hushed up that matter, for the honour of our family.—But she has run away from me too, madam:—went off in the most abrupt manner, not an hour ago.

Mrs. O. You surprise me. Indeed, her father, by his letter, seems apprehensive of the worst consequences. —But does your ladyship imagine any harm has happened?

Lady F. I can't tell—I hope not———But indeed she's a strange girl. You know, madam, young women can't be too cautious in their conduct. She is, I am sorry to declare it, a very dangerous person to take into a family.

Mrs. O. Indeed! [*Alarmed.*

Lady F. If I was to say all I know———

Mrs. O. Why sure your ladyship knows of nothing

that has been carried on clandestinely between her and Mr. Oakly? [*In disorder.*

Lady F. Mr. Oakly?

Mrs. O. Mr. Oakly—no, not Mr. Oakly—that is, not my husband—I don't mean him—not him, but his nephew—young Mr. Oakly.

Lady F. Jealous of her husband! So, so! now I know my game. [*Aside.*

Mrs. O. But pray, madam, give me leave to ask, was there any thing very particular in her conduct while she was in your ladyship's house?

Lady F. Why, really, considering she was here scarce a week, her behaviour was rather mysterious!—letters and messages, to and fro, between her and I don't know who.—I suppose you know that Mr. Oakly's nephew has been here, madam?

Mrs. O. I was not sure of it. Has he been to wait on your ladyship already on this occasion?

Lady F. To wait on me?—The expression is much too polite for the nature of his visit.—My Lord Trinket, the nobleman whom you met as you came in, had, you must know, madam, some thoughts of my niece, and, as it would have been an advantageous match, I was glad of it: but I believe, after what he has been witness to this morning, he will drop all thoughts of it.

Mrs. O. I am sorry that any relation of mine should so far forget himself—

Lady F. It's no matter—his behaviour indeed, as well as the young lady's, was pretty extraordinary—and yet, after all, I don't believe he is the object of her affections.

Mrs. O. Ha! [*Much alarmed.*

Lady. F. She has certainly an attachment somewhere, a strong one; but his lordship, who was present all the time, was convinced as well as myself, that Mr. Oakly's nephew was rather a convenient friend, a kind of go-between, than the lover.——Bless me, madam, you change colour!—you seem uneasy! What's the matter?

Mrs. O. Nothing——madam——nothing——a little shocked, that my husband should behave so.

Lady F. Your husband, madam!

Mrs. O. His nephew, I mean.——His unpardonable rudeness—But I am not well——I am sorry I have given your ladyship so much trouble—I'll take my leave.

Lady F. I declare, madam, you frighten me. Your being so visibly affected makes me quite uneasy. I hope

I have not said any thing——I really don't believe your husband is in fault. Men, to be sure, allow themselves strange liberties—But I think, nay, I am sure, it cannot be so—It is impossible! Don't let what I have said have any effect on you.

Mrs. O. No, it has not—I have no idea of such a thing. [*Rise*] Your ladyship's most obedient—[*Going, returns.*] But sure, madam, you have not heard—or don't know any thing——

Lady F. [*Takes her hand.*] Come, come, Mrs. Oakly. I see how it is, and it would not be kind to say all I know. I dare not tell you what I have heard. Only be on your guard—there can be no harm in that. Do you be against giving the girl any countenance, and see what effect it has.

Mrs. O. I will———I am much obliged———But does it appear to your ladyship then that Mr. Oakly—

Lady F. No, not at all—nothing in't, I dare say—I would not create uneasiness in a family—but I am a woman myself, have been married, and can't help feeling for you, but don't be uneasy; there's nothing in't, I dare say.

Mrs. O. I think so.——Your ladyship's humble servant.

Lady F. Your servant, madam.——Pray don't be alarmed: I must insist on your not making yourself uneasy.

Mrs. O. Not at all alarmed—not in the least uneasy—your most obedient. O, Mr. Oakly! [*Exit*, L.

Lady F. Ha, ha, ha! There she goes, brimful of anger and jealousy, to vent it all on her husband.—Mercy on the poor man!

Re-enter LORD THINKET, D. S. E.

Bless me, my lord, I thought you was gone!

Lord T. Ha, ha! Only in the next room. My curiosity would not let me stir a step further. I heard it all, and was never more diverted in my life, 'pon honour. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. How the silly creature took it.—Ha, ha, ha!

Lord T. Ha, ha, ha!—My dear Lady Freelove, you have a deal of ingenuity, a deal of esprit, 'pon honour.

Lady F. A little shell thrown into the enemy's works, that's all.

Both. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. But I must leave you—I have twenty visits to pay. You'll let me know how you succeed in your secret expedition.

Lord T. That you may depend on.

Lady F. Remember then that to-morrow morning I expect to see you. At present, your lordship will excuse me. [*Exeunt* LORD T. L. LADY FREE. R.

SCENE II.—*Mr. Oakly's House.*

Enter HARRIET, L. *following* WILLIAM.

Har. (L. C.) Not at home! Are you sure that Mrs. Oakly is not at home, sir?

Wil. She is just gone out, madam.

Har. I have something of consequence——If you will give me leave, sir, I will wait till she returns.

Wil. You would not see her, if you did, madam. She has given positive orders not to be interrupted with any company to-day.

Har. Sure, sir, if you was to let her know that I had particular business——

Wil. I should not dare to trouble her, indeed, madam.

Har. How unfortunate this is! What can I do?—Pray, sir, can I see Mr. Oakly, then?

Wil. Yes, madam: I'll acquaint my master, if you please.

Har. Pray do, sir.

Wil. Will you favour me with your name, madam?

Har. Be pleas'd, sir, to let him know that a lady desires to speak with him.

Wil. I shall, madam. [*Exit*, R.

Har. I wish I could have seen Mrs. Oakly. What an unhappy situation am I reduced to by my father's obstinate perseverance to force me into a marriage which my soul abhors.

Enter OAKLY, R.

Oak. [*At entering.*] Where is this lady? [*Seeing her.*]—Bless me, Miss Russet, is it you?——Was ever any thing so unlucky? [*Aside.*] Is it possible, madam, that I see you here?

Har. It is too true, sir; and the occasion on which I am now to trouble you, is so much in need of an apology, that——

Oak. Pray make none, madam.——If my wife should return before I get her out of the house again! [*Aside.*

Har. I dare say, sir, you are not quite a stranger to the attachment your nephew has professed to me.

Oak. I am not, madam. I hope Charles has not been guilty of any baseness towards you. If he has, I'll never see his face again.

Har. I have no cause to accuse him—But——

Oak. But what, madam? Pray be quick?——The very person in the world I would not have seen! [*Aside.*

Har. You seem uneasy, sir!

Oak. No, nothing at all—Pray go on, madam.

Har. I am at present, sir! through a concurrence of strange accidents, in a very unfortunate situation, and do not know what will become of me without your assistance.

Oak. [*Looking about, alarmed and agitated.*] I'll do every thing in my power to serve you, I know of your leaving your father, by a letter we have had from him. Pray let me know the rest of your story.

Har. My story, sir, is very short. When I left my father's, I came immediately to London, and took refuge with a relation; where, instead of meeting with the protection I expected, I was alarmed with the most infamous designs upon my honour. It is not an hour ago since your nephew rescued me from the attempts of a villain. I tremble to think that I left him actually engaged in a duel.

Oak. He is very safe. He has just sent home the chariot from the St. Alban's tavern, where he dines to-day. ——But what are your commands for me, madam?

Har. The favour, sir, I would now request of you is, that you would suffer me to remain, for a few days, in your house.

Oak. Madam!

Har. And that, in the mean time, you will use your utmost endeavours to reconcile me to my father, without his forcing me into a marriage with Sir Harry Beagle.

Oak. This is the most perplexing situation!——Why did not Charles take care to bestow you properly!

Har. It is most probable, sir, that I should not have consented to such a measure myself. The world is but too apt to censure, even without a cause: and if you are so kind as to admit me into your house, I must desire not to consider Mr. Oakly in any other light than as your nephew.

Oak. What an unlucky circumstance!—Upon my soul, madam, I would do any thing to serve you—but being in my house creates a difficulty, that——

Har. I hope, sir, you do not doubt the truth of what I have told you?

Oak. I religiously believe every tittle of it, madam; but I have particular family considerations that——

Har. Sure, sir, you cannot suspect me to be base enough to form any connections in your family contrary to your inclinations, while I am living in your house!

Oak. Such connections, madam, would do me and all my family great honour. I never dreamt of any scruples on that account.—What can I do? Let me see—let me see—suppose—— [*Pausing.*

Enter MRS. OAKLY, M. D.

Mrs. O. I am sure I heard the voice of a woman, conversing with my husband—Ha! [*Seeing* HARRIET.] It is so indeed! Let me contain myself. I'll listen.

[*Aside, stands in back ground.*

Har. (c.) I see, sir, you are not inclined to serve me. Good heaven! what am I reserved to?—Why, why did I leave my father's house, to expose myself to greater distresses? [*Ready to weep.*

Oak. (c.) I would do any thing for your sake, indeed I would. So pray be comforted, and I'll think of some proper place to bestow you in.

Mrs. O. So! so!

Har. What place can be so proper as your own house?

Oak. My dear madam, I—I—

Mrs. O. My dear madam!—Mighty well! [*Exit, M. D.*

Oak. Hush!—hark!—what noise?

Har. I heard no noise.

Oak. But I did tho'; [*Goes back and listens*] no, nothing. [*Comes forward again.*] But I'll be plain with you, madam; we may be interrupted. The family consideration I hinted at is nothing else than my wife. She is a little unhappy in her temper, madam; and if you were to be admitted into the house, I don't know what would be the consequence.

Mrs. O. [*Peeping in again.*] Very fine! [*Aside.*

Har. My behaviour, sir!—

Oak. My dear life, it would be impossible for you to behave in such a manner as not to give her suspicion.

Har. But if your nephew, sir, took every thing upon himself—

Oak. Still that would not do, madam. Why, this very morning, when the letter came from your father, though I positively denied any knowledge of it, and Charles owned it, yet it was almost impossible to pacify her.

Har. What shall I do?—What will become of me?

Oak. Why, lookye, my dear madam, since my wife is so strong an objection, it is absolutely impossible for me to take you into the house. Nay, if I had not known she was gone out, just before you came, I should be uneasy at your being here, even now. So we must manage as well as we can. I'll take a private lodging for you a little way off, unknown to Charles, or my wife, or any body; and if Mrs. Oakly should discover it at last, why the whole matter will light upon Charles, you know.

Mrs. O. Upon Charles!

Har. How unhappy is my situation! [*Weeping.*] I am ruined for ever.

Oak. Ruined! not at all. Such a thing as this has happened to many a young lady before you, and all has been well again.—Keep up your spirits! I'll contrive, if I possibly can, to visit you every day.

Mrs. O. [*Advances between them.*] Will you so? O, Mr. Oakly, have I discovered you at last? I'll visit you, indeed. And you, my dear madam, I'll—

Har. Madam, I don't understand—

Mrs. O. I understand the whole affair, and have understood it for some time past.—You shall have a private lodging, miss!—It is the fittest place for you, I believe. —How dare you look me in the face?

Oak. For heaven's sake, my love, don't be so violent.—You are quite wrong in this affair—you don't know who you are talking to. This lady is a person of fashion.

Mrs. O. Fine fashion, indeed! to seduce other women's husbands.

Har. Dear madam, how can you imagine—

Oak. I tell you, my dear, this is the young lady that Charles—

Mrs. O. Mighty well! but that won't do, sir!—Did not I hear you lay the whole intrigue together: Did not I hear your fine plot of throwing all the blame upon Charles?

Oak. Nay, be cool a moment. You must know, my dear, that the letter which came this morning related to this lady—

Mrs. O. I know it.

Oak. And since that, it seems, Charles has been so fortunate as to—

Mrs. O. O, you deceitful man!—That trick is too stale to pass again with me. It is plain now what you meant by your proposing to take her into the house this morning.—But the gentlewoman could introduce herself, I see.

Oak. Fie! fie! my dear, she came on purpose to inquire for you.

Mrs. O. For me?—better and better!—Did not she watch her opportunity, and come to you just as I went out? But I am obliged to you for your visit, madam. It is sufficiently paid. Pray, don't let me detain you.

Oak. For shame! for shame! Mrs. Oakly! How can you be so absurd! Is this proper behaviour to a lady of her character?

Mrs. O. I have heard her character. Go, my fine, runaway madam! Now you have eloped from your family, and run away from your aunt! Go!—You shan't stay here, I promise you.

Oak. Pr'ythee be quiet. You don't know what you are doing. She shall stay.

Mrs. O. She shan't stay a minute.

Oak. She shall stay a minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year!—'Sdeath, madam, she shall stay for ever, if I choose it.

Mrs. O. How!

Har. For heaven's sake, sir, let me go. I am frightened to death.

Oak. Don't be afraid, madam!—She shall stay, I insist upon it.

Rus. [*Within.*] I tell you, sir, I will go up. I am sure the lady is here, and nothing shall hinder me.

Har. O, my father! my father! [*Faints.*

Oak. See! she faints. [*Catches her.*] Ring the bell! Who's there?

Mrs. O. What! take her into your arms too!—I have no patience.

Enter RUSSET, L.

Rus. Where is this—ha! fainting! [*Runs to her.*] O, my dear Harriet! my child! my child!

Oak. Your coming so abruptly shocked her spirits.—But she revives. How do you do, madam?

Har. (L. C.) [*To* RUSSET.] O, sir!

Rus. (L. C.) O, my dear girl! how could you run away

from your father, that loves you with such fondness?—But I was sure I should find you here.

Mrs. O. (R.) There—there!—sure he should find her here! Did I not tell you so?—Are you not a wicked man, to carry on such base underhand doings with a gentleman's daughter?

Rus. Let me tell you, sir, whatever you may think of the matter, I shall not easily put up with this behaviour. How durst you encourage my daughter to an elopement, and receive her into your house?

Mrs. O. There, mind that!—the thing is as plain as the light.

Oak. I tell you, you misunderstand—

Rus. Look you, Mr. Oakly, I shall expect satisfaction from your family for so gross an affront.—Zounds, sir, I am not to be used ill by any man in England.

Har. My dear sir, I can assure you—

Rus. Hold your tongue, girl! You'll put me in a passion.

Oak. Sir, this is all a mistake.

Rus. A mistake! Did not I find her in your house?

Oak. Upon my soul she has not been in my house above——

Mrs. O. Did not I hear you say, you would take her a lodging, a private lodging?

Oak. Yes, but that——

Rus. Has not this affair been carried on a long time, in spite of my teeth?

Oak. Sir, I never troubled myself——

Mrs. O. Never troubled yourself! Did not you insist on her staying in the house, whether I would or no?

Oak. No.

Rus. Did not you send to meet her, when she came to town?

Oak. No.

Mrs. O. Did not you deceive me about the letter this morning?

Oak. No—no—no—I tell you, no.

Mrs. O. Yes—yes—yes—I tell you, yes.

Rus. Shan't I believe my own eyes?

Mrs. O. Shan't I believe my own ears?

Oak. I tell you, you are deceived.

Rus. Zounds, sir, I'll have satisfaction.

Mrs. O. I'll stop these fine doings, I warrant you.

Oak. 'Sdeath, you will not let me speak—and you are

both alike, I think. I wish you were married to one another, with all my heart.

Mrs. O. Mighty well! mighty well!

Rus. I shall soon find a time to talk with you.

Oak. Find a time to talk! you have talked enough now for all your lives.

Mrs. O. Very fine! Come along, sir. Leave that lady with her father. Now she is in the properest hands. [*Exit*, R.

Oak. I wish I could leave you in his hands. [*Going, returns.*] One word with you, sir! The height of your passion, and Mrs. Oakly's strange misapprehension of this whole affair, makes it impossible to explain matters to you at present. I will do it when you please, and how you please. [*Exit*, R.

Rus. Yes, yes; I'll have satisfaction.—[*Crosses to* R.]—So, madam! I have found you at last. You have made a fine confusion here.

Har. I have indeed been the innocent cause of a great deal of confusion.

Rus. (C.) Innocent!—What business had you to be running hither after——

Har. My dear sir, you misunderstand the whole affair. I have not been in this house half an hour.

Rus. Zounds, girl, don't put me in a passion!—You know I love you—but a lie puts me in a passion.—But come along—we'll leave this house directly. [CHARLES *sings without*, L.] Hey-day! what now?

Enter CHARLES, *drunk*, L.

Charles. [*Sings.*] "But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing."
What's here? a woman? Harriet! impossible! My dearest, sweetest Harriet! I have been looking all over the town for you, and at last——when I was tired—and weary—and disappointed—why then the honest Major and I sat down together to drink your health in pint bumpers. [*Running to her.*

Rus. Stand off! How dare you take any liberties with my daughter before me? Zounds, sir, I'll be the death of you.

Charles. Ha! 'Squire Russet too!—You jolly old cock, how do you do?—But, Harriet! my dear girl! [*Taking hold of her.*] My life, my soul, my——

Rus. Let her go, sir—come away, Harriet!—Leave him this instant, or I'll tear you asunder.

[*Pulling her.*

Har. There needs no violence to tear me from a man who could disguise himself in such a gross manner, at a time when he knew I was in the utmost distress.

[*Disengages herself, leaves her scarf in* CHARLES'S *hand, and exit with* RUS. L.

Charles. [*Still grasping the Scarf.*] Only hear me, sir—madam—my dear Harriet—Mr. Russet—gone!—she's gone!—and, 'egad, in very ill humour, and in very bad company!——I'll go after her—but hold!—I shall only make it worse—as I did, now I recollect, once before. How the devil came they here? Who would have thought of finding her in my own house?—My head turns round with conjectures.—I believe I am drunk—very drunk—so, 'egad, I'll e'en go and sleep myself sober, and then inquire the meaning of all this. For

"I love Sue, and Sue loves me," &c.

[*Exit singing,* R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Oakly's House.*

Enter CHARLES *and* MAJOR OAKLY, L.

Maj. O. Poor Charles! What a scene of confusion! I would give the world to have been there.

Charles. And I would give the world to have been any where else. May wine be my poison, if ever I am drunk again! [*Crosses to* L.

Maj. O. Ay, ay, so every man says the next morning.

Charles. Where, where can she be? Her father would hardly carry her back to Lady Freelove's, and he has no house in town himself, nor Sir Harry—I don't know what to think—I'll go in search of her, though I don't know where to direct myself.

Enter WILLIAM, L.

Wil. A gentleman, sir, that calls himself Captain O'Cutter, desires to speak with you.

Charles. Don't trouble me—I'll see nobody—I'm not at home——

Wil. The gentleman says he has very particular business, and he must see you.

Charles. What's his name? Who did you say?

Wil. Captain O'Cutter, sir.

Charles. Captain O'Cutter! I never heard of him before. Do you know any thing of him, Major?

Maj. O. (R.) Not I—but you hear he has particular business. I'll leave the room.

Charles. He can have no business that need be a secret to you. Desire the Captain to walk up.

[*Exit* WILLIAM, L.

Enter CAPTAIN O'CUTTER, L.

O'Cut. (L.) Jontlemen, your sarvant. Is either of your names Charles Oakly, Esq.?

Charles. (C.) Charles Oakly, sir, is my name, if you have any business with it.

O'Cut. Avast, avast, my dear! I have a little business with your name; but as I was to let nobody know it, I can't mention it till you clear the decks, fait.

[*Pointing to the* MAJOR.

Charles. This gentleman, sir, is my most intimate friend, and any thing that concerns me may be mentioned before him.

O'Cut. O, if he's your friend, my dear, we may do all above board. It's only about your deciding a deferance with my Lord Trinket. He wants to show you a little warm work; and, as I was steering this way, he desired me to fetch you this letter. [*Gives a letter.*

Maj. O. (R.C.) How, sir, a challenge!

O'Cut. (C.) Yes, fait, a challenge. I am to be his lordship's second; and if you are fond of a hot birth, and will come along with that jontleman, we'll all go to it together, and make a little line of battle a-head of our own, my dear.

Charles. [*Reads.*] Ha! what's this? This may be useful. [*Aside.*

Maj. O. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.—A rare fellow this! [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, I'll meet all the good company. I'll be there in my waistcoat and pumps, and take a morning's breathing with you. Are you very fond of fighting, sir?

O'Cut. Indeed and I am; I love it better than grog.

Maj. O. But pray, sir, how are you interested in this difference? Do you know what it is about?

O'Cut. O, the devil burn me, not I. What signifies what it's about, you know? so we do but tilt a little.

Maj. O. What, fight, and know not for what?

O'Cut. When the signal's out for engaging, what signifies talking?

Maj. O. I fancy, sir, a duel's a common breakfast with you. I'll warrant now, you have been engaged in many such affairs.

O'Cut. Upon my shoul, and I have: sea or land, it's all one to little Terence O'Cutter. When I was last in Dublin, I fought one jontleman for cheating me out of a thousand pounds; I fought two of the Mermaid's crew about Sally Maguire; tree about politics; and one about the play-house in Smock Alley. But upon my fait, since I am in England, I have done nothing at all, at all.

Charles. This is lucky—but my transport will discover me. [*Aside.*] Will you be so kind, sir, [*To* O'CUTTER] as to make my compliments to his lordship, and assure him, that I shall do myself the honour of waiting on him.

O'Cut. Indeed and I will. Arrah, my dear, won't you come to? [*To* MAJOR OAKLY.

Maj. O. Depend upon it, Captain.—A very extraordinary fellow! [*Aside.*

Charles. (C.) Now to get my intelligence. [*Aside.*] I think, the time, sir, his lordship appoints in his letter, is—a——

O'Cut. (L. C.) You say right——Six o'clock.

Charles. And the place—a—a—is—I think, behind Montague House?

O'Cut. No, my dear! Avast, by the ring in Hyde-park, 'fait; I settled it there myself, for fare of interruption.

Charles. True, as you say, the ring in Hyde-park—I had forgot—Very well, I'll not fail you, sir.

O'Cut. Devil burn me, nor I. Upon my shoul, little Terence O'Cutter will see fair play, or he'll know the reason. And so, my dear, your sarvant. You'll not forget to come, my dear? [*Exit*, L.

Maj. O. Ha, ha, ha! What a fellow! He loves fighting like a game cock.

Charles. O, uncle, the luckiest thing in the world!

Maj. O. What, to have the chance of being run through the body? I desire no such good fortune.

Charles. Wish me joy, wish me joy! I have found her, my dear girl, my Harriet! She is at an inn in Holborn, Major!

Maj. O. Ay! how do you know?

Charles. Why, this dear, delightful, charming, blundering captain has delivered me a wrong letter.

Maj. O. A wrong letter!

Charles. Yes, a letter from Lord Trinket to Lady Freelove.

Maj. O. The devil! What are the contents?

Charles. The news I told you just now, that she's at an inn in Holborn; and, besides, an excuse from my lord, for not waiting on her ladyship this morning according to his promise, as he shall be entirely taken up with his design upon Harriet.

Maj. O. So! so!—A plot between the lord and the lady.

Charles. There! read, read, man!

[*Gives the Letter.*

Maj. O. [*Reading.*] Um—um—um—Very fine!—— What do you propose doing?

Charles. To go thither immediately.

Maj. O. Then you shall take me with you. Who knows what his lordship's designs may be. I begin to suspect foul play.

Charles. No, no; pray mind your own business. If I find there is any need of your assistance, I'll send for you.

Maj. O. You'll manage this affair like a boy, now. Go on rashly, with noise, and bustle, and fury, and get yourself into another scrape.

Charles. No, no. Let me alone; I'll go incog. Leave my chariot at some distance; proceed prudently, and take care of myself, I warrant you. I did not imagine that I should ever rejoice at receiving a challenge, but this is the most fortunate accident that could possibly have happened. B'ye, b'ye, uncle!

[*Exit hastily*, L.

Maj. O. I don't half approve of this; and yet I can hardly suspect his lordship of any very deep designs neither. Charles may easily outwit him. Harkye, William! [*At seeing* WILLIAM.

Re-enter WILLIAM, L. *crossing.*

Wil. (C.) Sir!
Maj. O. Where's my brother?
Wil. In his study, sir.
Maj. O. Is he alone?
Wil. Yes, sir.
Maj. O. And how is he, William?
Wil. Pretty well, I believe, sir.
Maj O. Ay, ay, but is he in good humour, or——
Wil. I never meddle in family affairs, not I, sir.
[*Exit*, R.

Maj. O. Well said, William! No bad hint for me, perhaps! What a strange world we live in! No two people in it love one another better than my brother and sister, and yet the bitterest enemies could not torment each other more heartily. However, yesterday, to give him his due, he behaved like a man. Keep it up, brother! keep it up! or it's all over with you. Since mischief is on foot, I'll even set it forwards on all sides. I'll into him directly, read him one of my morning lectures, and persuade him, if I possibly can, to go out with me immediately; or work him to some open act of rebellion against the sovereign authority of his lady wife. Zounds, brother! rant, and roar, and rave, and turn the house out of the window. If I was a husband! 'Sdeath, what a pity it is that nobody knows how to manage a wife but a bachelor. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*The George and Blue Boar Inn.*

Enter HARRIET, L.

Har. (L.) What will become of me? Among all my distresses, I must confess that Charles's behaviour yesterday is not the least. So wild! so given up to excesses! And yet, (L. C.) I am ashamed to own it even to myself, I love him: and death itself shall not prevail on me to give my hand to Sir Harry—But here he comes! What shall I do with him?

Enter SIR HARRY BEAGLE, R.

Sir H. (R.) Your servant, miss. What! Not speak! Bashful, mayhap—Why then I will—Lookye, miss, I am a man of few words. (C.) What signifies haggling? It looks just like a dealer. What d'ye think of me for a husband? I am a tight young fellow—sound wind and limb—free from all natural blemishes—Rum all over, dam'me.

Har. Sir, I don't understand you. Speak English, and I'll give you an answer.

Sir H. English! Why so I do——and good plain English too. What d'ye think of me for a husband? That's English—a'nt it? I know none of your French lingo, none of your parlyvoos, not I. What d'ye think of me for a husband? The squire says you shall marry me.

Har. (L. C.) What shall I say to him? I had best be civil. [*Aside.*] I think, sir, you deserve a much better wife, and beg——

Sir H. Better! No, no, though you're so knowing, I'm not to be taken in so. You're a fine thing—Your points are all good.

Har. Sir Harry! Sincerity is above all ceremony. Excuse me, if I declare, I never will be your wife.

Sir H. Hey! how! what! be off! Why, it's a match, miss! It's done and done on both sides.

Har. For heaven's sake, sir, withdraw your claim to me. I never can be prevailed on—indeed I can't—

Sir H. What, make a match and then draw stakes! That's doing of nothing—Play or pay all the world over.

Har. I am determined not to marry you, at all events.

Sir H. But your father's determined you shall, miss—so the odds are on my side.—I am not quite sure of my horse, but I have the rider hollow.

Har. Your horse! sir, d'ye take me for—but I forgive you. I beseech you, come into my proposal: it will be better for us both in the end.

Sir H. I can't be off.

Har. Let me entreat you!

Sir H. I tell you, it's impossible.

Har. Pray, pray do, sir!

Sir H. I can't, dam'me.

Har. I beseech you! [SIR H. *whistles.*] How! laughed at?

Sir H. Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally Croker? [*Singing.*

Har. Marry you! I had rather be married to a slave—a wretch. You! [*Walks about.*

Sir H. A fine going thing—she has a deal of foot—treads well upon her pasterns—goes above her ground——

Har. Peace, wretch! Do you talk to me as if I were your horse?

Sir H. Horse! Why not speak of my horse? If your fine ladies had half as many good qualities, they would be much better bargains.

Har. And if their wretches of husbands liked them half so well as they do their horses, they would lead better lives.

Sir H. Mayhap so. But what signifies talking to you? The squire shall know your tricks—he'll doctor you—I'll go and talk to him.

Har. Go any where, so that you go from me.

Sir H. He'll break you in; if you won't go in a snaffle, you must be put in a curb. He'll break you, dam'me. [*Exit,* R.

Har. A wretch! But I was to blame to suffer his brutal behaviour to ruffle my temper: I could expect nothing else from him, and he is below my anger.

Enter RUSSET, R.

Rus. Are you not a sad girl? a perverse, stubborn, obstinate——

Har. My dear sir——

Rus. Lookye, Harriet, don't speak: you'll put me in a passion. Will you have him? Why don't the girl speak? Will you have him?

Har. Dearest sir, there is nothing in the world else—

Rus. Why there—there—lookye there! Zounds, you shall have him: hussy, you shall have him; you shall marry him to-night. Did not you promise to receive him civilly? How came you to affront him?

Har. Sir, I did receive him very civilly; but his behaviour was so insolent and insupportable——

Rus. Insolent! Zounds, I'll blow his brains out! Insolent to my dear Harriet! A rogue, a villain, a scoundrel! I'll—but it's a lie—I know it's a lie—he durst not behave insolent! Will you have him? Answer me that. Will you have him? Zounds, you shall have him.

Har. If you have any love for me, sir——

Rus. Love for you! You know I love you: you know your poor fond father dotes on you to madness. I would not force you, if I did not love you! Don't I want you to be happy? But I know what you would have. You want young Oakly, a rake-helly, drunken——

Har. Release me from Sir Harry, and if I ever marry against your consent, renounce me for ever.

Rus. I will renounce you, unless you'll have Sir Harry.

Har. Consider, my dear sir, you'll make me miserable. Absolve me from this hard command, and in every thing else it will be happiness to obey you.

Rus. You'll break my heart, Harriet, you'll break my heart. Make you miserable! Don't I want to make you happy? Is not he the richest man in the county? That will make you happy. Don't all the pale-faced girls in the country long to get him? And yet you are so perverse, and wayward, and stubborn. Zounds, you shall have him!

Har. For heaven's sake, sir——

Rus. Hold your tongue, Harriet! I'll hear none of your nonsense. You shall have him, I tell you, you shall have him; he shall marry you this very night; I'll go for a license and a parson immediately. Zounds, why do I stand arguing with you? An't I your father? Have not I a right to dispose of you? You shall have him.

Har. Sir——

Rus. I wont hear a word. You shall have him.——

[*Exit*, R.

Har. (R.) Sir, hear me: but one word! He will not hear me, and is gone to prepare for this odious marriage. I will die before I consent to it.

Enter CHARLES, L.

Ha! What do I see? [*Screaming.*

Charles. (L.) Peace, my love! My dear life, make no noise! I have been hovering about the house this hour. I just now saw your father and Sir Harry go out, and have seized this precious opportunity to throw myself at your feet.

Har. (R.) You have given yourself, sir, a great deal of needless trouble. I did not expect or hope for the favour of such a visit.

Charles. (R.) O, my Harriet, upbraid me, reproach me, do any thing but look and talk with that air of coldness and indifference. Let me, while their absence allows it, convey you from the brutal violence of a constrained marriage.

Har. No, I will wait the event, be it what it may. O, Charles, I am too much inclined——They sha'n't force me to marry Sir Harry. But your behaviour—not half an hour ago, my father reproached me with the looseness of your character. [*Weeping.*

Charles. I see my folly, and am ashamed of it; you have reclaimed me, Harriet, on my soul you have. If all women were as attentive as yourself to the morals of their lovers, a libertine would be an uncommon character. But let me persuade you to leave this place while you may. Major Oakly will receive us at his house with pleasure. I am shocked at the thoughts of what your stay here may reserve you to.

Har. No, I am determined to remain. To leave my father again, to go off openly with a man of whose libertine character he has himself so lately been a witness, would justify his anger, and impeach my reputation.

Enter CHAMBERMAID, R.

Chamb. O law, ma'am! Such a terrible accident! As sure as I am here, there's a pressgang has seized the two gemmin, and is carrying them away, thof so be as one an 'em says as how he's a knight and baronight, and that t'other's a squire and a housekeeper.

Har. Seized by a pressgang—impossible!

Charles. Oh, now the design comes out; but I'll baulk his lordship.

Chamb. Lack-a-daisy, ma'am, what can we do? There is master, and John Ostler, and Bootcatcher, all gone a'ter 'em. There is such an uproar as never was. [*Exit,* R.

Har. If I thought this was your contrivance, sir, I would never speak to you again.

Charles. I would sooner die than be guilty of it! This is Lord Trinket's doing, I am sure. I knew he had some scheme in agitation, by a letter I intercepted this morning. Ha! here he comes. Nay, then, it's plain enough. Don't be frightened, my love! I'll protect you! But now I must desire you to follow my directions.

Enter LORD TRINKET, L.

Lord T. Now, madam. Plague on't, he here again! Nay then, [*Draws.*] come, sir. You're unarm'd, I see. Give up the lady: give her up, I say, or I am through you in a twinkling. [*Going to make a pass at* CHARLES.

Charles. [R. *with* HARRIZT.] Keep your distance, my lord—I have arms. [*Produces a pistol.*] If you come a foot nearer, you have a brace of balls through your lordship's head.

Lord T. (L.) How! what's this? pistols!

Charles. At your lordship's service. Sword and pistol, my lord. Those, you know, are our weapons. If this misses, I have the fellow to it in my pocket. Don't be frightened, madam; his lordship has removed your friends and relations, but he will take great care of you. Shall I leave you with him?

Har. Cruel Charles! you know I must go with you now.

Charles. A little way from the door, if your lordship pleases. [*Waves his hand.*

Lord T. Sir! 'Sdeath! Madam!——

Charles. A little more round, my lord. [*Waves.*

Lord T. But sir!—Mr. Oakly!

Charles. I have no leisure to talk with your lordship now. A little more that way, if you please. [*Waves.*] You know where I live. If you have any commands for Miss Russet, you will hear of her too at my house. Nay, keep back, my lord. [*Presents.*] Your lordship's most obedient, humble servant.——

[*Exit with* HARRIET, L.

Lord T. [*Looks at them, and pauses for a short time.*] I cut a mighty ridiculous figure here, 'pon honour. [*Exit,* L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Lady Freelove's House.*

Enter LORD TRINKET, LADY FREELOVE, *with a letter, and* CAPTAIN O'CUTTER, R.

Lord T. (C.) Was ever any thing so unfortunate! Plague on't, captain, how could you make such a strange blunder?

O'Cut. (L.) I never thought of a blunder. I was to deliver two letters; and if I gave them one a-piece, I thought it would do.

Lady F. (R.) And so, my lord, the ingenious captain gave the letter intended for me to young Oakly, and here has brought me a challenge.

Lord T. Ridiculous! Never was any thing so mal-apropos. Did you read the direction, captain?

O'Cut. Who—me? Devil burn me, not I—I never rade at all.

Lord T. 'Sdeath! how provoking! When I had secured the servants, and got all the people out of the way—when every thing was *en train.*

Lady F. Nay, never despair, my lord. I've hit upon a method to set every thing to rights again.

Lord T. How—how, my dear Lady Freelove, how?

Lady F. Suppose, then, your lordship was to go and deliver these country gentlemen from their confinement; make them believe it was a plot of young Oakly's to carry off my niece; and so make a merit of your own services with the father.

Lord T. Admirable! I'll about it immediately.

O'Cut. Has your lordship any occasion for my service in this expedition?

Lord T. O, no.—Only release me these people, and then keep out of the way, dear captain.

O'Cut. With all my heart, 'fait. But you are all wrong:—this will not signify a brass farding. If you would let me alone, I would give him a salt eel, I warrant you. But, upon my credit, there's nothing to be done without a little tilting. [*Exit,* L.

Lord T. But where shall I carry them, when I have delivered them?

Lady F. To Mr. Oakly's, by all means; you may be sure my niece is there.

Lord T. To Mr. Oakly's! Why, does your ladyship consider? 'Tis going directly in the fire of the enemy—throwing the dementi full in their teeth.

Lady F. So much the better. Face your enemies; nay, you shall outface them too. I'll certainly meet you there. It's hard indeed, if two persons of condition can't bear themselves out against such trumpery folks as the family of the Oakly's.

Lord T. Odious, low people! But I lose time—I must after the captain; and so, till we meet at Mr. Oakly's, I kiss your ladyship's hands—you won't fail me.

Lady F. You may depend on me. [*Exit* LORD TRINKET, L.] So here is fine work! this artful little hussy has been too much for us all. Well, what's to be done? Why, when a woman of fashion gets into a scrape, nothing but a fashionable assurance can get her out of it again. I'll e'en go boldly to Mr. Oakly's, as I have promised, and if it appears practicable, I will forward Lord Trinket's match; but if I find that matters have taken another turn, his lordship must excuse me. In that case, I'll fairly drop him; seem a perfect stranger to all his intentions, and give my visit an air of congratulation to my niece and any other husband which fortune, her wise father, or her ridiculous self has provided for her. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*Mrs. Oakly's Dressing-Room.*

MRS. OAKLY *discovered sitting.*

Mrs. O. This is worse and worse! He never held me so much in contempt before—To go out without speaking to me, or taking the least notice. I am obliged to the Major for this. [*Rises.*] How could he take him out! and how could Mr. Oakly go with him!——

Enter TOILET, L.

Well, Toilet.

Toil. My master is not come back yet, ma'am.

Mrs. O. Where is he gone?

Toil. I don't know, I can assure your ladyship.

Mrs. O. Why don't you know? You know nothing. But I warrant you know well enough, if you would

tell. You shall never persuade me but you knew of Mr. Oakly's going out to-day.

Toil. I wish I may die, ma'am, upon my honour, and I protest to your ladyship, I knew nothing in the world of the matter, no more than the child unborn. There is Mr. Paris, my master's gentleman, knows——

Mrs. O. What does he know?

Toil. That I knew nothing at all of the matter.

Mrs. O. Where is Paris? What is he doing?

Toil. He is in my master's room, ma'am.

Mrs. O. Bid him come here.

Toil. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. O. He is certainly gone after this young flirt. His confidence and the Major's insolence provoke me beyond expression.

Re-enter TOILET *with* PARIS, L.

Where's your master?

Par. Il est sorti. He is gone out.

Mrs. O. Where is he gone?

Par. Ah, madame, *je n'en scai rien.* I know nothing of it.

Mrs. O. Nobody knows any thing. Why did not you tell me he was going out?

Par. I dress him—*Je ne m'en soucie pas du plus*—He go where he will—I have no business with it.

Mrs. O. Yes, you should have told me—that was your business—and if you don't mind your business better, you sha'n't stay here, I can tell you, sir.

Par. Voila! quelque chose d'extraordinaire!

Mrs. O. Don't stand jabbering and shrugging your shoulders, but go and inquire—go—and bring me word where he is gone!

Par. I don't know what I am to do.

Mrs. O. Bid John come to me.

Par. De tout mon cœur. Jean—ici—Jean! speak my lady. [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. O. Impudent fellow! His insolent gravity and indifference is insupportable. Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am.

Mrs. O. Where's John? Why don't he come? Why do you stand with your hands before you? Why don't you fetch him?

Toil. Yes, ma'am, I'll go this minute. O—here, John—my lady wants you.

Enter JOHN, L.

Mrs. O. Where's your master?

John. Gone out, madam.

Mrs. O. Why did not you go with him?

John. Because he went out in the Major's chariot, madam.

Mrs. O. Where did they go to?

John. To the Major's, I suppose, madam.

Mrs. O. Suppose! Don't you know?

John. I believe so, but can't tell for certain, indeed, madam.

Mrs. O. Believe and suppose: and don't know, and can't tell! You are all fools! Go about your business. [JOHN *going.*] Come here! [*Returns.*] Go to the Major's—no—it does not signify: go along! [JOHN *going.*] Yes, harkye, [*Returns*] go to the Major's, and see if your master is there.

John. Give your compliments, madam?

Mrs. O. My compliments, blockhead! Get along. [JOHN *going.*] Come hither! [*Returns.*] Can't you go to the Major's, and bring me word if Mr. Oakly is there, without taking any further notice?

John. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. O. Well, why don't you go then? And make haste back: and, d'ye hear, John?

[JOHN *going, returns.*

John. Madam!

Mrs. O. Nothing at all: go along. [JOHN *goes.*] How uneasy Mr. Oakly makes me! Harkye, John!

[JOHN *returns.*

John. Madam!

Mrs. O. Send the porter here.

John. Yes, madam. [*Exit,* L.

Toil. So, she's in a rare humour! I shall have a fine time on't. [*Aside.*] Will your ladyship choose to dress?

Mrs. O. [*Sits at a table,* C.] Pr'ythee, creature, don't tease me with your fiddle-faddle stuff: I have a thousand things to think of. Where is the porter? why has not that booby sent him? What is the meaning——

Re-enter JOHN, L.

John, Madam, my master is this moment returned, with Major Oakly, and my young master, and the lady that was here yesterday.

Mrs. O. Very well. [*Exit.* JOHN, L.] Returned! yes, truly he is returned, and in a very extraordinary manner. This is setting me at open defiance. [*Rises.*] But I'll go down, and show them I have too much spirit to endure such usage. [*Going* R.] Or, stay: I'll not go amongst his company: I'll go out. Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am.

Mrs. O. Order the coach; I'll go out. [TOILET *going.*] Toilet, stay: I'll e'en go down to them. No, Toilet! (L.)

Toil. Ma'am.

Mrs. O. Order me a boiled chicken: I'll not go down to dinner: I'll dine in my own room, and sup there: I'll not see his face these three days. [*Exeunt,* R.

SCENE III.—*A large Room in Oakly's House.*

Enter OAKLY, MAJOR OAKLY, CHARLES, *and* HARRIET, L.

Charles. (L. C.) My dear Harriet, do not make yourself so uneasy.

Har. (C.) Alas! I have too much cause for my uneasiness. Who knows what that vile lord has done with my father?

Oak. (R.) Be comforted, madam; we shall soon hear of Mr. Russet, and all will be well, I dare say.

Har. You are too good to me, sir; I shall never forgive myself for having disturbed the peace of such a worthy family.

Maj. O. (L.) Don't mind that, madam; they'll be very good friends again. This is nothing among married people. 'Sdeath, here she is! No: it's only Mrs. Toilet.

Re-enter TOILET, R.

Oak. Well, Toilet, what now? [TOILET *whispers him.*] Not well? Can't come down to dinner? Wants to see me above?—Harkye, brother, what shall I do?

Maj. O. (C.) If you go, you are undone.

Har. Go, sir, go to Mrs. Oakly; indeed you had better.

Maj. O. 'Sdeath, brother, don't budge a foot. This is all fractiousness and ill-humour.

Oak. No, I'll not go. Tell her I have company, and we shall be glad to see her here.

[*Exit* TOIL. R. CHARLES *and* HAR. *confer in the back ground.*

Maj. O. That's right.

Oak. (R. C.) Suppose I go and watch how she proceeds?

Maj. O. What d'ye mean? You would not go to her? Are you mad?

Oak. By no means go to her: I only want to know how she takes it. I'll lie perdue in my study, and observe her motions.

Maj. O. I don't like this pitiful ambuscade work: this bush-fighting. Why can't you stay here? Ay, ay! I know how it will be. She'll come bounce in upon you with a torrent of anger and passion, or, if necessary, a whole flood of tears, and carry all before her at once.

Oak. You shall find that you are mistaken, Major. Now I am convinced I'm in the right, I'll support that right with ten times your steadiness.

Maj. O. You talk this well, brother.

Oak. I'll do it well, brother.

Maj. O. If you don't, you are undone.

Oak. Never fear, never fear. [*Exit*, R.

Maj. O. Well, Charles.

[CHARLES *and* HAR. *advance.*

Charles. I can't bear to see my Harriet so uneasy: I'll go immediately in quest of Mr. Russet. Perhaps I may learn at the inn where his lordship's ruffians have carried him.

Rus. [*Without*, L.] Here! Yes, yes, I know she's here well enough. Come along, Sir Harry, come along.

Har. He's here! My father; I know his voice. Where is Mr. Oakly? O, now, good sir, [*To the* MAJOR] do but pacify him, and you'll be a friend indeed.

Enter RUSSET, LORD TRINKET, *and* SIR HARRY BEAGLE, L.

Lord T. (L. C) There, sir—I told you it was so!

Rus. (L.) Ay, ay, it is too plain. O, you provoking slut! Elopement after elopement! And at last to have your father carried off by violence! to endanger my life! Zounds! I am so angry I dare not trust myself within reach of you.

Charles. (L. C.) I can assure you, sir, that your daughter is entirely——

Rus. You assure me! You are the fellow that has perverted her mind—That has set my own child against me——

Charles. If you will but hear me, sir——

Rus. (C.) I won't hear a word you say. I'll have my daughter—I won't hear a word.

Maj. O. (R. C.) Nay, Mr. Russet, hear reason. If you will but have patience——

Rus. I'll have no patience, I'll have my daughter, and she shall marry Sir Harry to-night.

Lord T. That is dealing rather too much *en cavalier* with me, Mr. Russet, 'pon honour. You take no notice of my pretensions, though my rank and family——

Rus. What care I for rank and family? I don't want to make my daughter a rantipole woman of quality. I'll give her to whom I please. Take her away, Sir Harry; she shall marry you to-night.

Maj. O. Only three words, Mr. Russet——

Rus. Why don't the booby take her?

Sir H. (L.) Hold hard! Hold hard! You are all on a wrong scent. Hold hard! I say, hold hard!—Harkye, Squire Russet.

Rus. Well, what now?

Sir H. It was proposed, you know, to match me with Miss Harriet—But she can't take kindly to me.—When one has made a bad bet, it's best to edge off, you know—and so I have e'en swapped her with Lord Trinket here for his brown horse, Nabob.

Rus. Swapped her! Swapped my daughter for a horse! Zounds, sir, what d'ye mean?

Sir H. Mean? Why I mean to be off, to be sure—it won't do—I tell you it won't do.—First of all I knocked up myself and my horses, when they took for London—and now I have been stewed aboard a tender—I have wasted three stone at least—If I could have rid my match it would not have grieved me—And so as I said before, I have swapped her for Nabob.

Rus. The devil take Nabob, and yourself, and Lord Trinket, and——

Lord T. Pardon! je vous demande pardon, Monsieur Russet, 'pon honour.

Rus. Death and the devil! I shall go distracted! My daughter plotting against me—the——

Maj. O. [*Crosses from* R. C.] Come, come, Mr. Russet, I am your man after all. Give me but a moment's hearing, and I'll engage to make peace between you and

your daughter, and throw the blame where it ought to fall most deservedly.

Sir H. Ay, ay, that's right. Put the saddle on the right horse, my buck.

Rus. Well, sir—What d'ye say?—Speak—I don't know what to do.

Maj. O. I'll speak the truth, let who will be offended by it. I have proof presumptive and positive for you, Mr. Russet. From his lordship's behaviour at Lady Freelove's, when my nephew rescued her, we may fairly conclude that he would stick at no measures to carry his point—there's proof presumptive. But, sir, we can give you proof positive too—proof under his lordship's own hand, that he likewise was the contriver of the gross affront that has just been offered you.

Rus. Hey! how?

Lord T. (L.) Every syllable romance, 'pon honour.

Maj. O. Gospel, every word on't.

Charles. [*Crosses from* R.] This letter will convince you, sir. In consequence of what happened at Lady Freelove's, his lordship thought fit to send me a challenge; but the messenger blundered, and gave me this letter instead of it. [*Giving the Letter.*] I have the case which enclosed it in my pocket.

Lord T. Forgery from beginning to end, 'pon honour.

Maj. O. Truth, upon my honour. But read, read, Mr. Russet, read, and be convinced.

Rus. Let me see—let me see—[*Reads.*]—Um—um—um—um—so, so—um—um—um—damnation!—"Wish me success—obedient slave—TRINKET."——Fire and fury! How dare you do this?

Lord T. When you are cool, Mr. Russet, I will explain this matter to you.

Rus. Cool! 'Sdeath and hell! I'll never be cool again—I'll be revenged—So my Harriet, my dear girl, is innocent at last. [CHARLES *goes and conducts her from* R.] Say so, my Harriet; tell me you are innocent. [*Embraces, &c.*

Har. (C.) I am indeed, sir; and happy beyond expression at your being convinced of it.

[LORD TRINKET *and* SIR HARRY *confer in back ground.*

Rus. (C.) I am glad on't—I am glad on't—I believe you, Harriet! You was always a good girl.

Maj. O. So she is, an excellent girl! Worth a regi-

ment of such lords and baronets. Come, sir, finish every thing handsomely at once. Come, Charles will have a handsome fortune.

Rus. Marry!—she durst not do it.

[CHARLES *goes* R.

Maj. O. Consider, sir, they have long been fond of each other—old acquaintance—faithful lovers—turtles—and may be very happy.

Rus. Well, well—since things are so—I love my girl. Harkye, young Oakly, if you don't make her a good husband, you'll break my heart, you rogue.

Maj. O. I'll cut his throat if he don't.

Charles. Do not doubt it, sir! my Harriet has reformed me altogether.

Rus. Has she?—Why then [*Leads her* R. *to* CHAR.] there, heaven bless you both—there—now there's an end on't.

Sir H. [*Comes forward*, L.] So, my lord, you and I are both distanced—A hollow thing, damme.

Lord T. *N'importe.*

Sir H. Now this stake is drawn, my lord may be for hedging off, mayhap. Ecod! I'll go to Jack Speed's, secure Nabob, and be out of town in an hour.

[*Aside, and exit*, L.

Enter LADY FREELOVE, L.

Lady F. My dear Miss Russet, you'll excuse——

Charles. Mrs. Oakly, at your ladyship's service.

Lady F. Married?

Har. Not yet, madam; but my father has been so good as to give his consent.

Lady F. I protest I am prodigiously glad of it. My dear, I give you joy—and you, Mr. Oakly. I wish you joy, Mr. Russet, and all the good company; for I think the most of them are parties concerned.

[CHARLES, HAR. *and* RUSS. *retire back.*

Maj. O. (R.) How easy, impudent, and familiar.

[*Aside.*

Lady F. (L.C.) Lord Trinket here too! I vow I did not see your lordship before.

Lord T. Your ladyship's most obedient slave.

[*Bowing.*

Lady F. You seem grave, my lord! Come, come, I know there has been some difference between you and Mr. Oakly. You must give me leave to be a mediator in this affair.

Lord T. Here has been a small *fracas*, to be sure, madam! We are all blown, 'pon honour.

Lady F. Blown! what do you mean, my lord?

Lord T. Nay, your ladyship knows that I never mind these things, and I know that they never discompose your ladyship. But things have happened a little *en travers*. [RUS. *advances.*] The little billet I sent your ladyship has fallen into the hands of that gentleman—[*Pointing to* CHARLES]—and so there has been a little *brouillerie* about it—that's all.

Lady F. You talk to me, my lord, in a very extraordinary style—If you have been guilty of any misbehaviour, I am sorry for it; but your ill conduct can fasten no imputation on me. Miss Russet will justify me sufficiently.

Maj. O. Had not your ladyship better appeal to my friend Charles here? The letter, Charles! Out with it this instant!

Charles. [*Leading* HARRIET *forward*, R. C.] Yes, I have the credentials of her ladyship's integrity in my pocket. Mr. Russet, the letter you read a while ago, was inclosed in this cover, which also I now think it my duty to put into your hands.

Rus. [C. *Reading.*] "To the Right Honourable Lady Freelove"—'Sdeath and hell! and now I recollect, the letter itself was pieced with scraps of French, and madam, and your ladyship—Fire and fury! madam, how came you to use me so? I am obliged to you, then, for the insult that has been offered me!

Lady F. What is all this? Your obligations to me, Mr. Russet, are of a nature, that——

Rus. Fine obligations! I dare say, I am partly obliged to you too for the attempt on my daughter, by that thing of a lord yonder, at your house. Zounds, madam! these are injuries never to be forgotten—They are the grossest affronts to me and my family. All the world shall know them. Zounds! I'll——

Lady F. Mercy on me! how boisterous are these country gentlemen! Why, really, Mr. Russet, you rave like a man in Bedlam—I am afraid you'll beat me; and then you swear most abominably. How can you be so vulgar? I see the meaning of this low malice—But the reputations of women of quality are not so easily impeached. My rank places me above the scandal of little people, and I shall meet such petty insolence with the greatest ease and tranquillity. But you and your simple

girl will be the sufferers. I had some thoughts of introducing her into the first company; but now, madam, I shall neither receive nor return your visits, and will entirely withdraw my protection from the ordinary part of the family. [*Exit*, L.

Rus. Zounds, what impudence! that's worse than all the rest.

Lord T. Fine presence of mind, faith! The true French *nonchalance*. But, good folks, why such a deal of rout and *tapage* about nothing at all? If Mademoiselle Harriet had rather be Mrs. Oakly than Lady Trinket—why—I wish her joy—that's all. Mr. Russet, I wish you joy of your son-in-law. Mr. Oakly, I wish you joy of the lady. And you, madam, [*To* HARRIET] of the gentleman. And, in short, I wish you all joy of one another, 'pon honour. [*Exit*, L.

Rus. There's a fine fellow of a lord now! The devil's in your London folks of the first fashion, as you call them. They will rob you of your estate, debauch your daughter, or lie with your wife—and all as if they were doing you a favour—'pon honour.

Maj. O. Hey! what now? [*Bell rings violently.*

[RUSS. CHAR. *and* HAR. *in back ground.*

Re-enter OAKLY, R.

Oak. (R.) D'ye hear, Major, d'ye hear?

Maj. O. (C.) Zounds! what a clatter! She'll pull down all the bells in the house.

Oak. (R. C.) My observations since I left you have confirmed my resolution. I see plainly that her good humour, and her ill humour, her smiles, her tears, and her fits, are all calculated to play upon me.

Maj. O. Did not I always tell you so? It's the way with them all—they will be rough and smooth, and hot and cold, and all in a breath. Any thing to get the better of us.

Oak. She is in all moods at present, I promise you. There has she been in her chamber, fuming and fretting, and dispatching a messenger to me every two minutes—servant after servant—now she insists on my coming to her—now again she writes a note to entreat—then Toilet is sent to let me know she is ill, absolutely dying—then the very next minute, she'll never see my face again—she'll go out of the house directly. [*Bell rings.*] Again! now the storm rises!

Maj. O. It will soon drive this way then—now, brother, prove yourself a man. You have gone too far to retreat.

Oak. Retreat! Retreat! No, no! I'll preserve the advantage I have gained, I am determined.

Maj. O. Ay, ay! keep your ground! fear nothing—up with your noble heart! Good discipline makes good soldiers; stick close to my advice, and you may stand buff to a tigress.

Oak. Here she is, by heavens! now, brother!

Maj. O. And now, brother! (L. C.) Now or never!

Re-enter Mrs. OAKLY, R.

Mrs. O. (R.) I think, Mr. Oakly, you might have had humanity enough to have come to see how I did. You have taken your leave, I suppose, of all tenderness and affection—but, I'll be calm—I'll not throw myself into a passion—you want to drive me out of your house—I see what you aim at, and will be aforehand with you—let me keep my temper! I'll send for a chair, and leave the house this instant.

Oak. (C.) True, my love: I knew you would not think of dining in your chamber alone, when I had company below. You shall sit at the head of the table, as you ought, to be sure, as you say, and make my friends welcome.

Mrs. O. Excellent raillery! Lookye, Mr. Oakly, I see the meaning of all this affected coolness and indifference.

Oak. My dear, consider where you are—

Mrs. O. You would be glad, I find, to get me out of your house, and have all your flirts about you.

Oak. Before all this company! Fie!

Mrs. O. But I'll disappoint you, for I shall remain in it, to support my due authority—[*Goes fiercely to* MAJOR O. L. C.]—as for you, Major Oakly—

Maj. O. Hey-day! What have I done?

Mrs. O. (C.) I think you might find better employment, than to create divisions between married people—and you, sir!

Oak. (R. C.) Nay but, my dear!—

Mrs. O. Might have more sense, as well as tenderness, than to give ear to such idle stuff.

Oak. Lord, Lord!

Mrs. O. You and your wise counsellor there, I suppose, think to carry all your points ith me—

Oak. Was ever any thing—

Mrs. O. But it won't do, sir. You shall find that I will have my own way, and that I will govern my own family.

Oak. You had better learn to govern yourself, by half. Your passion makes you ridiculous. Did ever any body see so much fury and violence; affronting your best friends, breaking my peace, and disconcerting your own temper. And all for what! For nothing. 'Sdeath, madam! at these years, you ought to know better.

Mrs. O. At these years! Very fine! Am I to be talked to in this manner?

Oak. Talked to!—Why not?—You have talked to me long long enough—almost talked me to death—and I have taken it all, in hopes of making you quiet—but all in vain. Patience, I find, is all thrown away upon you; and henceforward, come what may, I am resolved to be master of my own house.

Mrs. O. So, so!—Master indeed!—Yes, sir; and you'll take care to have mistresses enough too, I warrant you.

Oak. Perhaps I may; but they shall be quiet ones, I can assure you.

Mrs. O. Indeed!—And do you think I am such a tame fool, as to sit quietly and bear all this? You shall know, sir, that I will resent this behaviour—you shall find that I have a spirit—

Oak. Of the devil.

Mrs. O. Intolerable!—you shall find then that I will exert that spirit. I am sure I have need of it. As soon as the house is once cleared again, I'll shut my doors against all company. You shan't see a single soul for this month.

Oak. 'Sdeath, madam, but I will! I'll keep open house for a year. I'll send cards to the whole town—Mr. Oakly's rout!—All the world will come—and I'll go among the world too—I'll be mewed up no longer.

Mrs. O. Provoking insolence! This is not to be endured—Lookye, Mr. Oakly.

Oak. And lookye, Mrs. Oakly, I will have my own way.

Mrs. O. Nay, then let me tell you, sir—

Oak. And let me tell you, madam, I will not be crossed—I won't be made a fool.

Mrs. O. Why, you won't let me speak.

Oak. Because you don't speak as you ought. Madam, madam! you shan't look, nor walk, nor talk, nor think, but as I please.

Mrs. O. Was there ever such a monster! I can bear this no longer. [*Bursts into tears.*] O you vile man! I can see through your design—you cruel, barbarous, inhuman—such usage to your poor wife!—you'll be the death of her.

Oak. She shan't be the death of me, I am determined.

Mrs. O. That it should ever come to this! To be contradicted—[*Sobbing.*]—insulted—abused—hated—'tis too much—my heart will burst with—oh—oh!——

[*Runs to a Chair, &c. and falls into a fit.* HARRIET, CHARLES, *&c. run to her assistance, but* OAKLY *and the* MAJOR *meet them, and drive them back.*

Oak. [*Interposing.*] Let her alone.

Har. Sir, Mrs. Oakly——

Charles. For heaven's sake, sir, she will be——

Oak. Let her alone—let her alone.

Har. Pray, my dear sir, let us assist her. She may——

Oak. I don't care. Let her alone, I say.

Mrs. O. [*Rising.*] O, you monster! you villain! you base man! Would you let me die for want of help? would you—

Oak. Bless me! madam, your fit is very violent—take care of yourself.

Mrs. O. Despised, ridiculed—but I'll be revenged—you shall see, sir——

Oak. Tol-de-rol lol-de-rol lol-de-rol-lol. [*Singing.*

Mrs. O. What, am I made a jest of? Exposed to all the world? If there's law or justice——

Oak. Tol-de-rol lol-de-rol lol-de-rol-lol. [*Singing.*

Mrs. O. I shall burst with anger. Have a care, sir; you may repent this. Scorned and made ridiculous! No power on earth shall hinder my revenge! [*Going.*

Har. [*Interposing.*] Stay, madam.

Mrs. O. Let me go—I cannot bear this place!

Har. Let me beseech you, madam.

Maj. O. Courage, brother—you have done wonders! [*Apart.*

Oak. I think she'll have no more fits. [*Apart.*

Har. Stay, madam; pray stay one moment. I have been a painful witness of your uneasiness, and in great part the innocent occasion of it. Give me leave, then——

Mrs. O. [*Going* R.] I did not expect, indeed, to have found you here again. But however——

Har. (R.) I see the agitation of your mind, and it makes me miserable. Suffer me to tell the real truth—I can explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Mrs. O. (R.) May be so—I cannot argue with you.

Charles. (R. C.) Pray, madam, hear her, for my sake, for your own, dear madam!

Mrs. O. Well, well; proceed.

Har. I understand, madam, that your first alarm was occasioned by a letter from my father to your nephew.

Rus. [*Goes to her.*] I was in a swinging passion to be sure, madam! The letter was not over civil, I believe. I did not know but the young rogue had ruined my girl. But it's all over now, and so——

Mrs. O. You was here yesterday, sir?

Rus. Yes, I came after Harriet. I thought I should find my young madam with my young sir, here.

Mrs. O. With Charles, did you say, sir?

Rus. Ay, with Charles, madam. The young rogue has been fond of her a long time, and she of him it seems.

Mrs. O. (C.) I fear I have been to blame. [*Aside.*

Rus. I ask pardon, madam, for the disturbance I made in your house.

Har. And the abrupt manner in which I came into it demands a thousand apologies. But the occasion must be my excuse.

Mrs. O. How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*] But did not I overhear you and Mr. Oakly——

[*To* HARRIET.

Har. Dear madam, you had but a partial hearing of our conversation. It related entirely to this gentleman.

Charles. To put it beyond doubt, madam, Mr. Russet and my guardian have consented to our marriage; and we are in hopes that you will not withhold your approbation.

Mrs. O. I have no further doubt—I see you are innocent, and it was cruel to suspect you. You have taken a load of anguish off my mind—and yet your kind interposition comes too late; Mr. Oakly's love for me is entirely destroyed. [*Weeping.*

Oak. [*With* MAJOR. L. C.] I must go to her! [*Apart.*

Maj. O. Not yet—not yet! [*Detaining him—Apart.*

Har. Do not disturb yourself with such apprehen-

sions; I am sure Mr. Oakly loves you most affectionately.

Oak. [*Breaks away.*] I can hold no longer. [*Going to her.*] My affection for you, madam, is as warm as ever. My constrained behaviour has cut me to the soul—for it was all constrained—and it was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to support it.

Mrs. O. O, Mr. Oakly, how have I exposed myself! What low arts has my jealousy induced me to practise! I see my folly, and fear that you can never forgive me.

Oak. Forgive you! This change transports me!—Brother—Mr. Russet—Charles—Harriet—give me joy!—I am the happiest man in the world!

Maj. O. Joy, much joy to you both!—though, by-the-by, you are not a little obliged to me for it. Did not I tell you I would cure all the disorders in your family? I beg pardon, sister, for taking the liberty to prescribe for you. My medicines have been somewhat rough, I believe, but they have had an admirable effect, and so don't be angry with your physician.

Mrs. O. I am indeed obliged to you, and I feel——

Oak. Nay, my dear, no more of this. All that's past must be utterly forgotten.

Mrs. O. I have not merited this kindness, but it shall hereafter be my study to deserve it. Away with all idle jealousies! and since my suspicions have hitherto been groundless, I am resolved for the future never to suspect at all.

Position of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.

Rus.	Char.	Har.	Mrs. O.	Mr. O.	Major O.
R.	R. C.	C.	C.	L. C.	L.

THE END.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. LLOYD, SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

The Jealous Wife! A Comedy! Poor Man!
A charming subject; but a wretched plan.
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime!
'Tis passion, pathos, character sublime!
What round big words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen!
Then might distraction rend her graceful hair,
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Drawcansir Death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *hah!* and *ho!*
But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the gen'ral eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store;
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakspeare has done it, and the *Grecian* stage
Caught truth of character from *Homer's* page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,
And, borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew,
He brings more forward in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.
But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace;
If an invader upon others' land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do justice on him!——as on fools before,
And give to *blockheads* past one *blockhead* more.

EPILOGUE.

Ladies! I've had a squabble with the poet—
About his characters, and you shall know it.
"Young man," said I, "restrain your saucy satire!
My part's ridiculous—false—out of nature.
Fine draughts indeed of ladies! sure you hate 'em?
Why, sir!—My part is *scandalum magnatum*."
"Lord, ma'am," said he, "to copy life my trade is,
And poets ever have made free with ladies.
One Simon—the deuce take such names as these!—
A hard Greek name——O—ay—Simonides—
He show'd our freaks, this whim, and that desire,
Rose first from earth, sea, air, nay, some from fire;
Or that we owe our persons, minds, and features,
To birds forsooth, and filthy four-legg'd creatures.
"The dame, of manners various, temper fickle,
Now all for pleasure, now the conventicle!
Who prays, then raves, now calm, now all commotion,
Rises another Venus from the ocean.
"Constant at ev'ry sale, the curious fair
Who longs for Dresden and old China ware;
Who dotes on pagods, and gives up vile man
For niddle-noddle figures from Japan;
Critic in jars and josses, shows her birth
Drawn, like the brittle ware itself, from earth.
"The flaunting she, so stately, rich, and vain,
Who gain'd her conquests by her length of train;
While all her vanity is under sail,
Sweeps a proud peacock, with a gaudy tail.

"Husband and wife, with sweets! and dears! and loves!
What are they but a pair of cooing doves?
But seiz'd with spleen, fits, humours, and all that,
Your dove and turtle turn to dog and cat.
"The gossip, prude, old maid, coquette, and trapes,
Are parrots, foxes, magpies, wasps, and apes;
But she, with ev'ry charm of form and mind,
Oh! she's—sweet soul—the phœnix of her kind."
This his apology!—'Tis rank abuse—
A fresh affront, instead of an excuse!
His own sex rather such description suits:
Why don't he draw their characters—the brutes!
Ay, let him paint those ugly monsters, men!
Mean time—mend we our lives, he'll mend his pen.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

The Tempest.

Antonio. **Is not this Stephano, our drunken master!**

Act V. Scene 2.

THE TEMPEST:

A PLAY,

In Five Acts,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING.

By Mr. White, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE, CAMDEN TOWN.

REMARKS.

The Tempest.

THE eulogium of Doctor Johnson is all too weak to characterize the genius that produced The Tempest and The Midsummer Night's Dream:—

> "Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new."

But Shakspeare not only *imagined* worlds, but *peopled* them with a race of beings wonderfully conceived and appropriated: he unites, with the rarest skill, invisible agency and human affairs; he leads our delighted fancy through regions of fairy enchantment, and melts our hearts with sympathetic woe. His scenes are the rocky promontory—the desart cave—the troubled waters—and the world of spirits. We listen alternately to the wild uproar of the tempest—to the solemn voice of the magician—to the ethereal warblings of the delicate spirit Ariel—and to the revengeful curses of the monster Caliban. We are relieved by the artless simplicity of Miranda, by the coarse jests of the seaman, and by the grotesque whimsicalities of the fool. Antiquity never produced a drama in which the incidents are more coherent—the plot more whole and integral—and the unities preserved with greater correctness.

Whether this excellence be the effect of design or chance, is of little importance. It is sufficient that Shakspeare has produced a dramatic poem so perfect, as to put to silence the cavils of criticism. His muse soars to a height at which ordinary genius would turn giddy and amazed, and stoops with dignity to those limits which could neither repress her fancy nor control her flight. Her communion is with spirits,—

> "In fire, air, flood, or under ground."

Her space is amplitude itself—her depth is all that can be imagined of the profound. If we would contemplate nature in her loveliest form, let us follow Miranda in her interviews with Ferdinand; if philosophic grandeur have a charm, we cannot miss it in the cave of Prospero; while a spirit more highly informed and sublimated than Ariel, never entered into the heart of poet to conceive.

The various superstitions that prevailed in the time of Elizabeth are finely illustrated by the genius of Shakspeare. Touched by his magic wand, innumerable spirits arise, whose dominion over the material world is proportioned to their different natures, attributes, and powers. As, in the heathen mythology—

> "Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
> The source of evil one, and one of good,"

the superstition of later times has its benevolent and malignant spirits, from whom all good and evil are supposed to proceed. It has its guardian angels—its spirits of mischief, like the fairy's midwife, Queen Mab; its magicians, necromancers, wizards, and witches; its Cabilists and Rosicrusians; its professors of astrology and alchymy.

who undertook not only to raise Lucifer in *propria personâ*, but to bind him by the force of their night-spells and enchantments. Of the sportive and mischievous order of spirits, is *Puck*, in The Midsummer Night's Dream. Of the foul and malignant, are the Weird Sisters in Macbeth. The offices of Ariel class him among the benevolent; for though, as the minister of Prospero, he is commissioned to unloose the tempest, it is so ordered,—

> "That not so much perdition as a hair
> Shall 'tide to any creature in the vessel."

And Prospero, in reference to the Witch Sycorax, thus distinguishes him:—

> "And, for thou wast a spirit *too delicate*
> To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands."

The professors of the magic art were divided into two distinct classes. The first of which were the magicians (and there were magicians of a higher and of an inferior order), who held control over immaterial agencies, and commanded them to do their bidding. The second were distinguished by the title of necromancers and wizards, and were those who, having entered into a compact with the powers of darkness, or, in the homely phrase, having sold themselves to the devil, were, at the expiration of a given period, consigned to everlasting perdition. Prospero is a magician, and of the highest order; his very garments bear a charm about them, while his book and staff are the potent spells by which he rules the powers of the invisible world. Ariel is his attendant spirit, whom his magical art had released from a thrall the most terrible and maddening. Confined by the foul witch Sycorax, within a cloven pine, where his groans—

> "Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the hearts
> Of ever-angry bears,"

the art of Prospero emancipated him, and for a certain period bound him to his service. His business was,—

> "To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
> ——— to dive into the fire; to ride
> On the curl'd clouds."

That period of servitude expired, he was promised his freedom. And, when Prospero is restored to his rightful dignities, when the guilty are punished, and the virtuous made happy, this beautiful spirit receives his joyful dismissal:—

> "Away, and to the elements be free;
> Farewell!"

And, bursting forth into a strain of unbounded ecstasy, takes his flight:—

> "Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
> Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

It has been suggested by Mr. Steevens, that Shakspeare borrowed his idea of Sycorax, from Dionyse Settle's "*Reporte of the Last Vpyage of Captaine Frobisher, published in* 1577." And Dr. Farmer refers to Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577, for an allusion to her god, Setebos. It is not improbable that Shakspeare owes something to both these channels; but he has added a conception, in the Monster Caliban, for which no hint has hitherto been discovered. This hideous savage, in whatever light we contemplate him, is darkly

romantic and poetically grotesque. His very curses pour forth a stream of unearthly imagery, and his nature, brutal as it is, seems not wholly incapable of human impressions—

> " I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
> And I'll kiss thy foot—
> I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,—
> I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough."

It is true, the monster is in his cups when he makes these promises to Stephano and Trinculo.

Various authorities have been quoted, as having given rise to this play: the publication of Raleigh's "Discoverie of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana," 1596; and May's description of Bermuda, on which island he was shipwrecked, published in Hacklu yt's Voyages, 1600. But the research of Malone has pointed to the true source, viz. Jourdan's Account of the Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divils, by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, Captayne Newport, and divers others. However probable it is that Shakspeare may have referred to the two former works, it is quite certain that the opening of his drama, and many of the magical incidents, are suggested by this narrative. Jourdan says, "These islands of Bermudas have ever been accounted as an *inchanted pile of rocks*, and a desert *inhabitation for divils*." The storm that wrecked Sir George Sommers on one of the Bermuda Islands happened in July, 1609; and the date of The Tempest is ascertained to be between the end of the year 1610, and the autumn of 1611. When, therefore, Mr. Chalmers refers us to "*A Plaine Description of the Bermudas, now called Sommer Islands*," as a source whence Shakspeare borrowed some of his ideas—his sagacity only points to the *second edition*, with some unimportant variations, of the *same authority!*

The unities of time and place are strictly preserved in this drama. The former exceeds not three hours; the latter is confined to a small island, and chiefly to the cave of Prospero.

Of the Tempest, it is difficult to speak in terms of adequate praise. Its gems are so numerous and sparkling, that the ignorant cannot fail to be dazzled with their lustre; while the skilful, who are able to appreciate their value, will hardly know which to admire most, their surpassing richness, or their exquisite polish. The language is strictly appropriate—every one speaks in character. The material agents are gifted with passions and sentiments incident to humanity; but Ariel is purely spiritual—his voice is "no sound that the earth owes;" his presence is sylph-like, and ethereal—his footsteps are music—

> " And as he walk'd along th' enamell'd bed,
> Of flow'rs dispos'd in many a fairy ring,
> Celestial music answer'd to his tread,
> As if his feet had touch'd some hidden spring
> Of harmony—so soft the airs did breathe
> In the charm'd ear—around, above, beneath." *

The lyrical portion of this drama is thrown off in the poet's most inspired moments. "*Where the Bee sucks*," "*Come unto these yellow Sands*;" and "*Full Fathom five thy Father lies*," are models of fancy, delicacy, and feeling. Nor is the scene of this fairy

* The Editor.

tale less beautifully painted. Caliban describes the Enchanted Island, as being,

> " Full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
> That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
> Will make me sleep again."

Among the many passages of particular merit, are the minute and curious list of plagues which Prospero threatens to inflict on Caliban for his disobedience; the monster's reply to the magician's reproach, that he had taken pains to make him speak, which is wonderfully characteristic of his quickness and ferocity

> " You taught me language; and my profit on't
> Is, to know how to curse."

Miranda's opening description of the Tempest—her exclamation when she first beholds Ferdinand, and believes him to be a Spirit—and that burst of nature and tenderness, when he almost sinks beneath his burthen—

> " If you'll sit down,
> I'll bear your logs the while: pray give me that
> I'll carry 't to the pile."

For a group of sublime and magnificent images, nobly conceived and expressed, what will stand comparison with Prospero's description of the dissolution of all things?

> " The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

Of the baser metal incorporated with the gold of Shakspeare, we may speak with tenderness, since it bears the impress of *Dryden*. We lament that this great poet should have descended to the employment of the lowest theatrical retainer, to render Shakspeare palatable to the mob, at the expense of beauty and propriety. To such officious presumption we may imagine the immortal bard making this indignant reply:—

> " 'Begone, ye blockheads!' Heraclitus cries,
> And leave my labours to the learn'd and wise;
> By wit, by knowledge studious to be read,
> I scorn the multitude, alive or dead!'"

The Tempest was revived by the late Mr. Kemble with extraordinary magnificence. Prospero he assigned to himself; and a more impressive performance the stage never witnessed. He realized all that can be conceived of the Magi—of one who held in dominion the spirits of the elements. His reproaches of Caliban were in a tone of stern authority, mingled with pity for his debasement—his behests to Ariel were chastened by a tender regard for so graceful and exquisite a being. In delivering the following threat to Caliban,

> " I'll rack thee with old cramps;
> Fill all thy bones with *aches;* make thee roar,"

Mr. Kemble pronounced "*aches*" as a word of *two* syllables. To this, the mob of small critics dissented, and, as became their vulgar wisdoms, converted the theatre into a bear-garden. If patriotism be the last refuge of a scoundrel, the word *pedantry* is the *dernier resort* of the illiterate, who apply this favourite term to whatever is too recondite for their worshipful comprehensions. As Mr. Kemble could not be persuaded to surrender his judgment, he gave up the *line* altogether, and retired from a contest, where victory over *such opponents* could confer no honour, and collision would be certain to inflict disgrace.

Munden and Fawcett were excellent in Stephano and Trinculo; and Emery's Caliban was every way worthy of that great and original actor. The succeeding candidates for Prospero's wand are Mr. Young and Mr. Macready: but the cabalistic symbols of this sublime magician are as *yet* unappropriated.—Prospero has kept his word:

> "I'll break my *staff*,
> Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
> And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
> I'll drown my *book*."

☞ D——G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Costume.

PROSPERO.—Long green velvet tunic, slightly trimmed with orange binding, and a row of brass buttons entirely down the front; mantle with light Grecian border; flesh legs and sandals, iron-gray hairs; gold foil band round head.

HIPOLITO.—Crimson tunic, trimmed with blue and silver; white pantaloons, trimmed down seams with blue silk ribbon and silver buttons; red morocco boots, cap to match tunic, and feathers.

ALONZO.—Crimson velvet shape, with gold leather and spangles; large crimson robe, trimmed with ermine.

ANTONIO.—Black velvet shape, trimmed with scarlet silk and gold spangles; white silk pantaloons, and russet boots; black velvet hat and feathers.

GONZALO.—Black velvet shape, trimmed with gold leather and spangles; white stocking pantaloons and russet boots.

CALIBAN.—Entire dress of goat's skin; long claws on the fingers; very dark flesh legs; the hair long, wild, and ragged.

FERDINAND.—Black velvet tunic, with scarlet trimming, ornamented with gold spangled clasps; white pantaloons, trimmed down the seams with gold.

STEPHANO.—Scarlet striped shirt; blue jacket without sleeves; duck trousers and russet shoes.

TRINCULO.—As Motley, in Castle Spectre. Parti-coloured shape of yellow, blue, and red; on the right leg an orange-coloured stocking, and a blue one on the left leg; russet shoes.

ARIEL.—Flesh arms and legs; white shirt, showered with silver stars and spangles; light blue drapery; the entire dress richly ornamented with paste.

MIRANDA and DORINDA.—White dress, trimmed with several rows of scarlat ribbon round bottom; large mantle, of leopard-skin pattern; coral ornaments round head, waist, arms, &c.

Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	Drury Lane, 1824.	*Covent Garden,* 1827.
Prospero - -	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Warde.
Alonzo - - - -	Mr. Archer.	Mr. Egerton.
Hipolito - - -	Miss S. Booth.	Mr. Duruset.
Antonio - - -	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
Ferdinand - -	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Raymond.
Gonzalo - -	Mr. Mercer.	Mr. Fitzharris.
Caliban - - -	Mr. Brown.	Mr. Evans.
Stephano - - -	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. W. Farren.
Trinculo - - -	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Blanchard.
Miranda - - -	Miss Povey.	Miss Hammersley.
Dorinda - -	Miss Stephens.	Miss Paton.
Ariel -	Madame Vestris.	Miss H. Cause.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Cell of Prospero.—Caliban's Cave* R.

Enter PROSPERO, R., *meeting* MIRANDA.

Pro. (C.) Miranda, where's your sister?
Mir. (C.) Sir, I saw her
Climbing tow'rds yon high point, whence I am come
From gazing on the ocean.—A brave creature,
Who has, no doubt, some other creatures in her,
Toss'd on the waste of waters—
Pro. Be collected;
I shall do nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my daughter, and thy pretty sister.
You are both ignorant of what you are,
Nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And your no greater father.
Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*Hangs up his mantle L., and wand against flat.*
Lie there, my art.—
The fated wreck of that same gallant ship,
I shall with such provision in mine art
So safely order,
That not so much perdition as a hair,
Shall 'tide to any creature in the vessel.
Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding,—"*Stay, not yet.*"
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive.— [*They sit down, c.*
Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pro. By what?—by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants:—had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda:
Fifteen years since, my child, but fifteen years,
Thy father was Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mir. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mir. O, my heart bleeds,
To think o'the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—to him I put
The manage of my government,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mir. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.
Pro. Being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,
He needs will be
Absolute Milan:—me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
And bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping: whereupon,
A treacherous army levied, one mid-night
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkness,
Push'd me forth.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pro. Girl, they durst not.
So dear the love my people bore me, set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Were we then to you!
Pro. O, two cherubim
Ye were, that did preserve me!—ye did smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven;
Which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we ashore?
Pro. By providence divine.—
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, he being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,

Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my kingdom.
Mir. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Mark me, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, your school-master, made you more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
[*Rises and embraces her.*
Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?— [*Puts the chairs back.*
Pro. Know thus far forth:—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now, my dear lady, hath my enemies
Brought on these seas; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—
[*Takes up his wand, and charms* MIRANDA *to sleep.*
Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps on* R. *in a chair.*—PROSPERO *puts on his mantle.*
Come away, servant, come; I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL, *down platform,* L. S. E.

Ari. (L.) All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come,
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the sea, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Prepar'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. (L. C.) To every article.
Pro. What is the time o'the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses:—the time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now—moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out?—no more.
Ari. I pray thee:
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o'the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forget her?
Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life:—is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say, what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go, with the spirits under thy command,
Let loose the tempest, as I bade thee; then,
Disperse the stranded crew about the isle,
And bring the king's son, Ferdinand, to my cell.—
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. [*Crosses, and sits down,* L.

Ari. (C.) Master, I shall.

SONG.—ARIEL.

O, bid thy faithful Ariel fly
To the furthest India's sky;
Or, to do thy great command,
Traverse o'er more distant land;

I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep,—
I, like mortals, never sleep.—
I'll do thy task, whate'er it be,
Not with ill will, but merrily. [*Exit*, L.

Pro. Awake; dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off; come on; [MIRANDA *rises.*
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.— What ho!—[*Crosses to* R.]—Slave! Caliban!—
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Without*, R.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee;
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?—
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!—

Enter CALIBAN, *from his den*, R.

[*Exit* MIRANDA, L.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! (R. C.) A south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o'the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king, and here you stye me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island. Ah—ah!

Pro. Most abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill, I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care:—I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!

[*Exeunt*—CAL. R., PRO. L. U. E.

SCENE II.—*A Front Rock-scene.*

Enter MIRANDA, R., *meeting* DORINDA, L.

Dor. (L. C.) O, sister, sister—what have I beheld!
(R. C.) What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder rock,
As I mine eyes cast down upon the sea,
The whistling winds blew rudely in my face,
And the waves roar'd:—at first, I thought the war
Had been between themselves; but straight I spy'd
A strange huge creature—
Mir. O, you mean the ship.
Dor. Is't not a creature, then? it seem'd alive.
Mir. Well—but what of it?
Dor. This floating ram did bear his horns aloft
All ty'd with ribands ruffling in the wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his head awhile,
And then the waves did heave him to the moon.
Mir. But, sister, I have stranger news to tell you:—
In this great creature there are other creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing
Which you have heard my father call—a man.
Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.
Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My father say, we women were made for him.
Dor. Made for him? What, that he should eat us, sister?
Mir. No, sure; you see, my father is a man,
And yet he does us good.
Dor. Methinks, it would
Be finer, sister, if we had two young fathers.
Mir. No, sister, no; because, if they were young,
My father said, that we must call them—brothers.
Dor. How comes it, then, that we two are not brothers?
And how came he to be our father too?
Mir. I believe, he found us, when we both were little,
And grew within the ground.
Dor. Why didn't he find more of us? 'Pray, dear sister,
Let you and me look up and down one day,
To find some little ones for us to play with.
Mir. Agreed.—But now we must go in; this is
The hour wherein my father's charm will work,
Which seizes all that are in open air.
The effect of this great art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as magic can.
Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a man.
[*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea.—A Ship in a Tempest.—Ariel firing the Ship.*

Enter four Spirits of the Winds dancing, R. *and Spirits of the Storm,* L.

CHORUS.

Arise, ye terrors of the storm,
  Appal the guilty eye:
Tear the wild waves, ye mighty winds,
  Ye blasting lightnings, fly!
Dart thro' the tempest of the deep,
  And rocks and seas confound!—
[*Loud Thunder.*
Hark, how the vengeful thunders roll!
  Amazement flames around.
Behold—the fate-devoted bark
  Dash'd on the trembling shore!
Mercy!—the sinking wretches cry—
  Mercy!—they're heard no more.

[*The Ship seems to founder.*—ARIEL *and all the other Spirits disappear, some* R. *and others* L.

SCENE II.—*The Cave of Hipolito.*

Enter PROSPERO, *from* C.

Pro. The tempest has to the point obey'd my spells,
And cast my enemies within my power.
Now, to forewarn my ward Hipolito.
'Tis not yet fit, I let my daughters know
That I have rear'd the rightful prince of Mantua,
As I have them, from childhood, in this isle.
His father, dying, bequeath'd him to my care,
That I should breed him equal to his birth.
O, thou false brother! was it not enough
To usurp my state, but that thou must betray
My pupils dukedom to the Neapolitan,
And doom him to the fate design'd for me?—
By calculation of his birth, I saw

Death threatening him, if, till some time were pass'd,
He should behold the face of any woman;
And now the danger's nigh.—Hipolito!
Approach, young man; come forth:—Hipolito!—

Enter HIPOLITO, L.

Hip. (L. C.) Sir, I attend your pleasure.
Pro. (C.) How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heaven knows, and thou thyself canst bear me witness;
Therefore accuse me not for this restraint.
Hip. I murmur not; but I may wonder at it.
Pro. O, gentle youth, fate waits for thee abroad,
A black star threatens thee, and death, unseen,
Stands ready to devour thee.
Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature
Liv'd in this isle, but those which man was lord of;
Why, then, should I fear?
Pro. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee;
Those dangerous enemies of men, call'd women.
Hip. Women!—I never heard of them before.
What are women like?
Pro. Imagine something 'tween young men and angels,
Fatally beauteous, and with killing eyes;
Their voices charm beyond the nightingale's;
They're all enchantment; those who once behold them
Are made their slaves for ever:—
Therefore, if you should chance to meet them—mark me—
Avoid them straight, I charge you.
Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun them, as I may with safety,
Of the unblemish'd honour which you taught me:
But let them not provoke me; for, I'm sure,
I shall not then forbear them.
Pro. Go in, and read the book I gave you last.
Hip. I shall obey you, sir.
[*Exeunt*, PRO. R. HIP. C.

SCENE III.—*A Valley in the Island.*

Enter PROSPERO, R.

Pro. So, so; I hope this lesson has secur'd him;
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From the far-distant rock where I have bred him,

And bring him to the neighbourhood of my cell,
Because the shipwreck happened near his mansion.—
How, my daughters!—
I thought I had instructed them enough.

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA, L.

Children, retire:—why do you walk this way?
Mir. It is within our bounds, sir.
Pro. But both take heed; that path is very dangerous:
Remember what I told you.
Dor. Is the man that way, sir?
Pro. All that you can imagine ill, is there:
The curled lion, and the rugged bear,
Are not so dreadful as that savage man.
But I must in;
For now my operant spells require my presence.—
Be you, Miranda, guardian to your sister. [*Exit*, R.
Dor. Come, sister, let us walk the other way,
The man will catch us else: we've but two legs,
And he, perhaps, has four.
Mir. Well, sister, tho' he have; yet, look about you,
And we shall spy him, ere he come too near us.
Dor. Come back, come back; that way is tow'rd his den.
Mir. Let me alone: I'll venture first; for, sure,
He can devour but one of us at once.
I will go softly:—if you see him first,
Be sure you call me, to take care of you. [*Exit*, R.
Dor. Nay, I confess, I would fain see him too:
I find a longing in my very nature,
Because my father has forbidden me. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE IV.—*The Cave of* HIPOLITO.

Enter HIPOLITO, *from* C. *reading.*

Hip. Prospero has often said, that nature makes
Nothing in vain: why, then, are women made?
I'll ask that question of him, when I see him next.

Enter DORINDA *and* MIRANDA, R.

Dor. O, sister, there it is!—it walks about,
Like one of us!
Mir. Ay, just so;—and has legs as we have too.
Hip. It strangely puzzles me; yet, 'tis most likely,
Women are somewhat between men and spirits.

Mir. Hark, hark! it talks! Why sure this is not it
My father meant:—'tis just like one of us.
Dor. I am not half so much afraid on't as
I was:—see, see, it turns this way.—
Heav'n, what a pretty thing it is!
Mir. I'll go nearer it.
Dor. O, no; 'tis dangerous, sister: I'll go to it.
Mir. I would not for the world that you should venture;
My father charg'd me to secure you from it.
Dor. I warrant you, this is a tame man, sister;
He will not hurt me; I see it by his looks.
Pro. (*Without*, R.) What ho! what ho! Miranda, child, where are you?
Mir. Do you not hear my father call? go in.
Dor. 'Twas you he call'd, not me. Make haste, make haste:—
You would not let my father wait, I hope.
Pro. [*Without.*] Miranda, child,—
Mir. Come, sister, come with me. [*Exit*, R.
Dor. Though I die for't, I must have t'other peep.
Hip. [*Turns and sees her.*] What thing is that?
Sure, 'tis some favourite infant of the sun!
My sight is dazzled—I'll go nearer to it.
May it not be that beauteous murderer, woman,
Whom I am charg'd to shun? Speak, speak—what art thou,
Shining vision?
Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told, I am
A woman.—Do not hurt me, 'pray, fair thing.
Hip. Won't you hurt me, fair thing? for, I was told,
A woman was my enemy.
Dor. I never knew
What 'twas to be an enemy; nor can
I e'er prove so to that which looks like you;
Although, I fear, you are a man, that lion,
That dangerous thing, of which I have been warn'd.
'Pray, tell me what you are.
Pro. [*Without.*] Dorinda!
Dor. My father calls again. Ah! I must leave you.
Hip. Alas, I am subject to the same command.
Dor. This is my first offence against my father,
Which severing us too cruelly does punish.
Hip. And this is my first trespass too; but he
Hath more offended truth than we have him:

He said our meeting would destructive be;
Yet I no death, but in our parting, see.
[*Exit* DOR. R. *and* HIP. C.

SCENE V.—*A naked part of the Island.—Thunder, Wind, Rain.*

Enter CALIBAN, L. *bearing a burden of wood.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! [*Throws off his load.*
His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i'the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle they are set upon me;
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness. [*Wind and rain.*

Trin. [*Without*, L.] O, O, O!

Cal. Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.
[*Lies down in* C.

Enter TRINCULO, L.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I hear it sing i'the wind: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here?—a man or a fish?—dead or alive?—A fish! he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of—not the newest, poor John. A strange fish! Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that has lately suffered by a thunderbolt.—[*Wind and Rain.*]—Alas, the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaber-

dine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Lies down behind* CALIBAN.

Enter STEPHANO, L. *with a keg under his arm.*

Step. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a twang,
Would cry to a sailor, "go hang;"
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Step. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha!—Ha!—I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. This spirit torments me:—O!

Step. [*Walking round* CALIBAN.] This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster: O, O, O!

Step. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling.

Step. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drown'd, and these are devils:—O, defend me!

Step. Four legs and two voices! a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come, amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth. [*Goes round to* L.

Trin. Stephano!

Step. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster.

Trin. Stephano! if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard; thy good friend Trinculo.

Step. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took thee to be killed with a thunder-stroke. And art thou living, Stephano? O, Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd! [*Runs and embraces him.*

Step. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.

Step. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how cam'st thou hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard; how escaped'st thou?

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck. O, Stephano, hast any more of this?

Step. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, mooncalf? How does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Step. Out o'the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:—My mistress shew'd me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Step. Come, swear to that; kiss the book:—I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afeard of him! a very weak monster! the man i'the moon! A most poor, credulous monster.

Step. Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o'the island;—
And I'll kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries.
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man!

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.—Ah, me!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock:—wilt thou go with me?

Steph. I pr'ythee, now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle—[*Gives the keg to* CALIBAN, *who drinks it empty*]—and lead the way, monster. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and bye again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*]

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trench'ring, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—get a new man.

[*Turning his head scornfully towards the cell of* PROSPERO.—*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE VI.—*A wild and beautiful part of the Island, on the Sea-shore.*

Enter ARIEL, *and other Spirits*, R. U. E.

SONG.—ARIEL.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:

Enter three Sea-Nymphs, dancing.

Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

Hark! hark!
The watch-dogs bark:
Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of chanticleer.

Enter FERDINAND, R. U. E.—ARIEL *and the other Spirits are invisible to him.*

Fer. Where should this music be? I'the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more; and sure, it waits upon
Some god o'the island. Sitting upon a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.— [*Music.*
No, it begins again.

SONG.—ARIEL.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that does fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. This ditty does remember my drown'd father:
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.
[ARIEL *waves* FERDINAND *after him.*

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.
[*Exeunt,* FER. L. *following* ARIEL *and Spirits.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Cell of Prospero.*

ARIEL *and other Spirits, still invisible to* FERDINAND, *sing without,* L.

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.

While they are singing, enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA, L.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou see'st yond'.
Mir. What is't?—a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: this gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person.

Enter ARIEL, *waving* FERDINAND *after him, followed by other Spirits,* L.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on
As my soul prompts it: spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days, for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is—O, you wonder!—
If you be maid, or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.
Fer. My language!—heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How, the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: he does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep; myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords.
Pro. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong. Attend—
[PROSPERO *talks apart to* ARIEL, R. U. E
Mir. Why speaks my father so urgently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
[*Crosses to* C.
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws his sword.*
Pro. Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt:—come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What
My foot my tutor? hush!—Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o'the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It works:—come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
[PROSPERO, R. *talks apart to* ARIEL.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: ne'er, till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then, exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow:—Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt* PRO. *and* MIR. R.

SONG.—ARIEL.

Kind fortune smiles, and she
Hath yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity:

Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*An open part of the Island.*

Enter TRINCULO, CALIBAN, *and* STEPHANO *with a keg*, L.

Step. (R.) Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me:—why, thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. (L.) Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack:—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Step. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

Cal. (C.) How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me!—Wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—O lord, O lord, that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Step. [*Crosses to* C.] Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Step. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. [CALIBAN *kneels.*

Enter ARIEL, *invisible to them, with a tabor and pipe*, R.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou ;—

[*Rises.*

I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Step. (C.) Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more.—Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st—
I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not. [L. *of* STEP.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this ! Thou scurvy patch :—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows.

Step. Trinculo, run into no further danger : interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing ; I'll go further off.

Step. Did'st thou not say, he lied ?

Ari. Thou ly'st.

[*On* L. *of* STEP. *and gets round to* R. *of* CAL.

Step. Do I so ? take thou that.

[*Strikes* TRINCULO.

As you like this give me the lie another time.

Trin. You lie, I did not give you the lie :—Out o'your wits, and hearing too ?—A plague o'your bottle ! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers ! [*Goes up* L.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha !

Step. Now, forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough : after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Step. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I'the afternoon, to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife: remember,
First to possess his books; for, without them,
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I.

Step. Monster, I will kill this man, and be myself king of the island. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Stephano, hear me: I will speak for the people, because there are none in the island to speak for themselves.—Know then, we are all content that Stephano shall be king, on condition I may be viceroy over him. Speak, good people, are you agreed? What, no man answer? Then, we may take their silence for consent.

Step. Give me thy hand.—I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Step. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [*Exit*, R.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Step. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[*They sing and dance.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em;
And skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL, R. *plays the tune on the tabor and pipe without.*

Step. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of no-body.

Step. If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

[ARIEL *plays again.*

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts :—I defy thee.
[ARIEL *plays again.*
Mercy upon us ! [*On his knees.*
Cal. Art thou afeard?
Step. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.
Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.
Step. That shall be by-and-bye: I remember the story.—[ARIEL *plays again, at some distance ; and continues to do so, retiring more and more, till the end of the scene.*]
Trin. The sound is going away : let's follow it, and after, do our work.
Step. Lead, monster ; we'll follow. I would, I could see this taborer : he lays it on. Wilt come ?
Trin. I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt,* R.

SCENE III.—*A Grove behind the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO, R. U. E.

Pro. Your suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
But yet take heed ;—your visit must be short.—
One thing I had forgot ; insinuate into his mind
A kindness to that youth whom first you saw ;
I would have friendship grow between them.
Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.
Pro. Be earnest to unite their very souls.
[*Crosses to* R.
Mir. I shall endeavour it.
Pro. This may secure Hipolito
From that dark danger which my heart forbodes ;
For friendship does provide a double strength
To oppose the assaults of fortune. See, he comes :
Remember. [*Exit,* L. U. E.

Enter FERDINAND, L. S. E. *bearing a log.*

Mir. Alas, now! 'pray you, [*Crosses to* L.
Work not so hard; I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
'Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: my father
Is gone to study; 'pray now, rest yourself.
Fer. O, most dear mistress, [*Puts down the log.*
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: 'pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. Why, I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by, at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda:—O, my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!—
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world!—Full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mir. I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you.—
I prattle wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein I do forget.
Fer. Hear my soul speak;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,

To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i'the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mir. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't.—
Now, I've a suit to you, and I shall make it
The only trial of your love to me.
Fer. You've said enough, never to be deny'd,
Were it my life.
Mir. For my sake to love one, sir,
Who, for his own, indeed, does well deserve
All the respect that you can ever pay him.
Fer. Is there another whom I ought to love,
And love him for your sake?
Mir. Yes; such a one,
As, for his sweetness, and his goodly shape,
If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge,
Can scarce be match'd: my sister thinks so too,
My dear Dorinda.
Fer. Have you a sister?
Mir. Yes; she loves him too:
And you must love him for my sake: you shall.
Fer. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Since you would have me love him, I must hate him.
Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?

Yet, sure, you would not hate him, if you saw him
As I have done, so fresh in youth and beauty.
Fer. O poison to my hopes! [*Crosses to* L.
Mir. I must attend my father:—Fare you well!—
Here comes the youth:—I fear, I've stay'd too long.
[*Exit.* R. U. E.
Fer. Too long indeed; and yet not long enough.

Enter HIPOLITO, L.

Sir, well encounter'd:—you're the happy man;
You've got the hearts of both the beauteous women.
Hip. How, sir, I pray you? Are you sure of that?
Fer. You know, Dorinda loves you; and
Miranda charg'd me love you for her sake.
Hip. Then I must have her.
Fer. Not till I am dead.
Hip. How dead? What's that? But whatsoe'er it be,
I long to have her.
Fer. Wait a little while;
Time and my grief may make me shortly die.
Hip. I beg that you'll make haste then; for, to tell you
A secret, sir, which I have lately found
Within myself—they are all made for me.
Fer. That's but a fond conceit: you're made for one,
And one for you.
Hip. You cannot tell me, sir;
I know, I'm made for twenty hundred women—
I mean, if there be so many in the world;—
So that, if once I see her, I shall love her.
Fer. I find, I must not let you see her, then.
Hip. How will you hinder me?
Fer. By force of arms:
Provide yourself a sword; for we must fight.
Hip. A sword—what's that?
Fer. A weapon such as this. [*Draws his sword.*
Hip. What should I do with it?
Fer. You must stand thus,
And aim at me, 'till one of us fall dead.
Hip. But we have no swords growing in our world.
Fer. What shall we do then, to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'll take the sword by turns, and fight with it.
Fer. Strange ignorance!—You must defend your life,
And so must I.—But, since you have no sword,
Take this; for, in a corner of my cave,

I now remember that I saw another.—

[*Gives* HIPOLITO *the sword.*

When next we meet, prepare yourself to fight.

Hip. Make haste then; this shall ne'er be yours, again:
I mean to fight with all the men I meet;
And, when they're dead, their women shall be mine.

Fer. I see you are unskilful; I desire not
To take your life; but, if you please, we'll fight
On these conditions;—he, who first draws blood,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the conqueror,
And both the women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed;
And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

Fer. But win these first.

Hip. Make haste, and find your sword.

[*Exeunt*, FER. R. HIP. L.

SCENE IV.—*A rocky, mountainous part of the Island.*

Enter ANTONIO, ALONSO, *and* GONZALO, R. U. E.

Gon. (L.) 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: then wisely weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. (C.) Peace, Gonzalo.

Ant. (R.) But the rarity of it is, (which is indeed, almost beyond credit), our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, are, notwithstanding, as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of your fair daughter, Claribel, to the king of Tunis.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for coming thence,
My Ferdinand is lost.

Gon. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; I do not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone:
And thou, and I, Antonio,—thou and I
Have caus'd his death.

Ant. How could we help it, sir?

Alon. How help it? Then we should have help'd it, then,

When thou betrayd'st thy brother, Prospero,
And gav'st the infant-sovereign of Mantua
Into my power; then lost we Ferdinand,
Then forfeited our navy to this tempest.
E'en here do I put off all hope: he's drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. [*Music.*
What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music.

Enter ARIEL *and other Spirits*, R. S. E. *A Banquet presents itself, and the Spirits, having danced about it with actions of salutation, and invited the king and his followers to eat, are led away by* ARIEL, R.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven!—What were these?
Ant. They vanish'd strangely.
Gon. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Well, sir, I will; for I am hungry:
The devil may fright me, but he shall not starve me.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed, although my last:
No matter since I feel the best is past.
[*Sounds of discordant instruments—The banquet vanishes.*
A Voice from below. You men of sin, whose destiny hath caus'd
The never-surfeited sea to cast up,
And on this isle, where man doth not inhabit,—
You amongst men being most unfit to live,—
Remember Prospero. [*Thunder and lightning.*
Alon. (C.) 'Tis monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder
Pronounc'd the name of Prospero.
Ant. (L.) This isle's enchanted ground; for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of ghosts lamenting.
Alon. Good heav'n deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after-actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence!—Lead from this spot.
[*It suddenly grows dark.—Thunder and lightning.—Several Furies rise.*

FURIES *sing.*

1st Fury. Where does the black fiend, Ambition, reside,
With the mischievous devil of pride?
2d Fury. In the lowest and darkest cavern of hell,
Both Pride and Ambition do dwell.
1st Fury. Who are the chief leaders of the damn'd host?
2d Fury. Proud monarchs who tyrannize most.

CHORUS—SPIRITS, *while others surround* ALONZO *and his followers.*

In hell, in hell, in flames they shall reign,
And for ever and ever shall suffer the pain.

[*Thunder and lightning.—Exeunt,* R. *pursued by the Furies.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Cell of Prospero.*

PROSPERO *discovered reading.*

Pro. [*Comes forward.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL, L.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander.
Pro. Where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. They were red hot with drinking, mighty sir;
So full of valour, that they smote the air,
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground,

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project:—so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorn
Which enter'd their frail shins:—at last, I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beside the marsh.

Pro. Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, call the spirits,
O'er whom I gave thee power, quick to this place,
And let them bring the trumpery in my cave,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Art. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink. [*Exit* ARIEL, R. U.
O, this Caliban!
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick: on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Enter ARIEL *and other Spirits* R. U. E. *with garmen'*.

Come, hang them on this line.
[*The Spirits stretch a cord across the mout of the cell, and hang the garments on it. Exeunt* PRO. ARI. *and the other Spirit* R. U. E.

Enter CALIBAN, TRINCULO, *and* STEPHANO, L.

Cal. 'Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are at his cell.

Step. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmle fairy, has done little better than play'd the jack with u

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pond; at whic my nose is in great indignation.

Step. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still;
Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottle in the pool—

Step. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be over ears for my labour. [*Going.*

Cal. 'Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet:—see'st thou here
This is the mouth o'the cell: no noise, and enter:
If that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Step. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery; O, king Stephano!

Step. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone
And do the murder first:—if he awake,
From crown to toe he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Step. Be you quiet, monster.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Step. Monster lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Step. Ay, and this.

[*Horns, and a noise of Hunters heard.*

Enter three Spirits, in monstrous shapes of hounds, with PROSPERO, ARIEL, *and two other Spirits, &c. setting them on* STEPHANO, TRINCULO, *and* CALIBAN.

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!
[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *roaring*, *are driven away*, L.
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard, or cat-o'-mountain. [*Exeunt two Spirits*,
[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *ro*
without, L.
Ari. Hark, they roar.
Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. For a little, fo
low, and do me service. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE II.—*The inside of the Cave of Hipolito. Couch with skins*, R. S. E.

Enter FERDINAND, R. *and* HIPOLITO, L. *with drawn swords.*

Fer. Come, sir, your cave affords no choice of place
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?
Hip. As ready as yourself, sir.
Fer. You remember
On what conditions we must fight; who first
Receives a wound, is to submit.
Hip. Come, come,
This loses time: now for the women, sir.
[*They fight*, FERDINAND *touches him*
Fer. Sir, you are wounded.
Hip. No.
Fer. Believe your blood.
Hip. I feel no hurt; no matter for my blood.
Fer. Nay, but remember our conditions, sir.
Hip. I will not leave till my sword hits you too.
[HIPOLITO *presses on*, FERDINAND *retires and wards.*
Fer. You faint for loss of blood; I see you stagger
Pray, sir, retire.
Hip. No, I will ne'er go back:—
Methinks the cave turns round—I cannot find—
Why do you swim and dance about me?
Stand still, till I have made one thrust.
[*Thrusts and falls on couch.*
Fer. O, help!
Help, help!—Unhappy man! what have I done?

Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep; but, when I wake,
I'll fight again:—'pray, stay for me. [*Swoons.*
Fer. He's gone,
He's gone! O, stay, sweet lovely youth! Help! Help!

Enter PROSPERO, R. U. E.

Pro. What dismal noise is that?
Fer. O, see, sir, see,
What mischief my unluckly hand hath wrought!
Pro. Alas, how much in vain doth feeble heart
Endeavour to resist the will of heaven!
He's gone for ever!—O, thou cruel son
Of an inhuman father!—All my plans
Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this blow:
No pleasure now is left me, but revenge.
Fer. Sir, if you knew my innocence—
Pro. Peace, peace!
Can thy excuses give me back his life?—
What, Ariel! sluggish spirit, where, where art thou?

Enter ARIEL, L.

Ari. Here, at thy beck, my lord.
Pro. Ay, now thou com'st,
When fate is pass'd, and not to be recall'd.
Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature;
For, as thou art thyself, thou can'st not but
Be glad to see young virtue nipp'd i'the blossom.
Ari. My lord, the Being high above can witness
I am not glad.
Pro. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretell,
This fatal action then?
Ari. Pardon, great sir;
I meant to do it; but I was forbidden
By the ill genius of Hipolito,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the sea,
Far from the lightsome regions of the air,
My native fields, above a hundred years.
Pro. I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of mount Hecla;
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulphurous flames,
And choke thy tender nostrils with blue smoke:
At every hickup of the belching mountain,
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down again—

Ari. Pardon, dread lord!

Pro. No more of pardon than just heaven intends thee,
Shalt thou e'er find from me. Hence; fly with speed;
Unbind the charm which holds this murderer's father,
And bring him with his followers straight before me.
[*Exit* ARIEL, R.

Fer. O, heavens! what words were those I heard,
Yet cannot see who spoke them? Sure, the nymph
I lov'd was, like to this, some airy vision.

Pro. No, murderer; she's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes.
The will of heaven's accomplish'd; I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope.

Enter ARIEL, ALONSO, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO, R.

Alon. Never were beasts so hunted into toils,
As we have been pursued by dreadful shapes.—
Speak, is not that my son?

Fer. My honour'd father!—

Alon. O Ferdinand! [*Running to embrace him.*

Pro. There stand; for you are spell-stopp'd.—
How now, sirs?
You gaze upon me, as you ne'er had seen me:
Have fifteen years so lost me to your knowledge,
That you retain no memory of Prospero?

Gon. The good old duke of Milan!

Pro. I wonder less,
That thou, Antonio, know'st me not, because
Thou did'st long since forget I was thy brother;
Else had I ne'er been here.

Ant. Shame chokes my words.

Alon. And wonder mine.

Pro. For you, usurping prince,
Know, by my art you were shipwreck'd on this isle;
Where, after I a while had punish'd you,
My vengeance would have ended; I design'd
To match that son of yours with this my daughter—

Alon. Pursue it still; I am most willing to it.

Pro. So am not I. No marriages can prosper
Which are with murderers made:—look on that corse:
This, while he liv'd, was prince Hipolito,
The rightful duke of Mantua, sir, whom you,
Having depriv'd him of his inheritance,
Expos'd with me; and whom I here bred up,

Till that blood-thirsty man, that Ferdinand—
But why do I exclaim on him, when justice
Calls to unsheathe her sword against his guilt?
Alon. What do you mean?
Pro. To execute heaven's laws:—
Here I am plac'd by heav'n; here I am prince,
Though you have dispossess'd me of my Milan:—
Blood calls for blood; your Ferdinand shall die;
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him die.
Alon. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand
To view the execution?
[*Lays his hand upon his sword.*
Pro. Nay, appear,
My guards!—
[*He waves his wand, and a troop of Furies appear,* R. S. E.
I thought, no more to use their aid;
But they are now the ministers of heaven,
While I revenge this murder.—
This night I will allow you, Ferdinand,
To fit you for your death: that cave's your prison.
Alon. Ah, Prospero, hear me speak: you are a father;
Feel for a father, then, and spare my son.
Pro. You plead in vain;
I have no room for pity left within me.—
Do you refuse?—Hence, Ariel, with the prince!—
And you [*To the Furies*] drive them in that way!

CHORUS.—FURIES.

Hence, hence, guilty wretches, prepare you within
For the vengeance that waits on your horrible sin!

[*Exeunt* FERDINAND *and* ARIEL, R.—*the Furies drive* ANTONIO, GONZALO, *and* ALONZO, *into another cave, and* PROSPERO *remains mourning over the body of* HIPOLITO.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Grove behind the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA, R.

Pro. You beg in vain; I cannot pardon him;
He has offended heaven.
Mir. Then let heaven punish him.
Pro. It will, by me.
Mir. Grant him at least some respite, for my sake.
Pro. I, by deferring justice, should not incense
The deity against myself and you.
Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the powers above
Are slow in punishing,—and should not you
Resemble them?—
And can you be his judge and executioner?
Pro. I cannot force Gonzalo, or my brother,
Much less the father, to destroy the son;
It must be then the monster Caliban;
And he's not here: but Ariel straight shall fetch him.

Enter ARIEL, L.

Ari. My potent lord, before thou call'st, I come
To serve thy will.
Pro. Then, spirit, fetch me hither
My savage slave.
Ari. My lord, it does not need.
Pro. Art thou then prone to mischief? Wilt thou be
Thyself the executioner?
Ari. Think better of thy airy minister,
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this night hath flown
O'er almost all the habitable world.
Pro. But to what purpose was thy diligence?
Ari. Having been chidden by my mighty lord
For my neglect of young Hipolito,
I search'd his wound with care, and found that life
Was but retir'd, not sally'd out: I gather'd
The best of simples underneath the moon,
The best of balms, and to the hurt apply'd
The healing juice of vulnerary herbs:
His only danger was his loss of blood.
Just at this hour he will awake, my lord,
And find, at once, his wish'd-for cure complete.

Pro. Miranda, seek your sister: let her know
This blest recovery of Hipolito,
While I go visit your dear Ferdinand.
Mir. I do obey you with a double duty;
For now, sir, you have given me life twice over.
[*Crosses and exit*, L.
Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage; at this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies.
Tell me, my spirit, how fares Prince Ferdinand,
The king, and his followers.
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge:
Your brother, and the king, abide distracted;
And young Prince Ferdinand mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly,
Him that you term'd *The good old Lord Gonzalo*—
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? And shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Will I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Follow, gentle Ariel.
[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*The inside of the Cave of Hipolito.*

Enter MIRANDA, HIPOLITO, *and* DORINDA, L.

Hip. Look, look—what goodly creatures are there here!
Mir. How beauteous mankind is!

Dor. O brave new world,
That has such wonders in't!

Enter FERDINAND, PROSPERO, ALONZO, GONZAL
ANTONIO, *and* ARIEL, R.

Alon. I do entreat, it may no more be thought of:
Your purpose, though it was severe, was just:
In losing Ferdinand, I should have mourn'd,
But could not have complain'd.
Pro. Sir, I rejoice
Kind heaven decreed it otherwise.—My spirit,
[ARIEL *comes forward*, R
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell; enforce them to this place,
And presently.
Ari. I drink the air before me. [*Exit*, R
Pro. [*To* FER.] If I have too austerely punish'd
you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Do give you here a third of my own life:
I tender her to thy hand, and afore heaven
Do ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice!
But,—O,—how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you heavens
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Pro. I say amen, to that. [*Crosses to* GO
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
My true preserver, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.
Ant. [*Crosses to* PRO.—*Kneels.*] My brother, and
my liege, though penitence,

Forc'd by necessity, be of little worth,
Yet let me hope my blood may somewhat plead
For mercy in your bosom:—I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep;
But heaven knows too, I would not.
Pro. All past griefs
I bury in the joy of this bless'd day. [*Embraces him.*
Alon. There is yet an act of justice due from me:
To you, young prince, I render back your own,
And as the Duke of Mantua, thus salute you.
Hip. What is it that you render back? Methinks,
You give me nothing.
Pro. [*Crosses to* C.] You are to be lord
Of a great people, and o'er towns and cities,
Hip. And shall these people all be men and women?
Pro. They shall, Hipolito; and call you lord:
And, that your happiness may be complete,
I give you my Dorinda for your wife;
She shall be yours for ever, when the priest
Has made you one.
Hip. How can he make us one?
Pro. By saying holy words, you shall be join'd
In marriage to each other.
Dor. O, I'll tell you;
I warrant you, these holy words are charms:
My father means to conjure us together.
[*Goes up the stage with* HIP. *and* FER.

STEPHANO, TRINCULO, *and* CALIBAN, *without*, R. S. E.

Cal. O! O! O!
Step. Most villainous monster!
Trin. Most monstrous monster!
Gon. O, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
That fellow could not drown.
[PRO. *goes up the stage.*

Enter ARIEL, L. *waving* STEPHANO, TRINCULO, *and* CALIBAN, *after him.*

Step. [*Entering.*] Every man shift for the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.
Ant. Is not this Stephano, our drunken master?
Trin. [*Entering with* CALIBAN.] Oh, a plague o' your monsters!

Alon. And Trinculo, our jester?
Gon. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land?
Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
Gon. How came you in this pickle, Trinculo?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
Shall not fear fly-blowing.
Gon. Why, how now, Stephano?
Step. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pro. [*Advances.*] You would be king of the isle, sirrah?
Step. I should have been a sore one then.
Cal. My master!—O, I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. This is as strange a sight as e'er I look'd on.
Pro. This mishapen thing,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—
These three have robb'd me; and have plotted too
To take my life. Hence, malice, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will:—and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace.—What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool! Ho! ho! ho! [*Exit*, R.
Step. I would I had now our gallant ship again, and were her master! I would willingly give all my island for her.
Trin. She and our bottle are past praying for.
Pro. Follow that slave: be of good heart; your ship,
Which but some few hours since, you gave out split,
Is tight and yare; and bravely rigg'd, as when
You first put out to sea.
Step. Trinculo, if this news be true, I resign my kingdom.
Trin. And I my vice-royship over you.
Pro. You'll find it verity:—away, begone.
Step. Huzza, Trinculo!

Trin. Huzza, Stephano!
Step. and Trin. Huzza! Huzza!
[*Exeunt* TRIN. *and* STEP. R.
Ari. Was this well done?
Pro. Bravely, my Ariel.—I shall miss thee much;
Yet take thy liberty, my chick;—and now,
Away, and to the elements be free;—
Farewell!
Ari. My ever gracious master, thanks.

SONG.—ARIEL.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.—
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
[*Exit*, R.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
This night; and learn the story of my life,
Since I came to this isle:—soon in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples;—
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these, our dear beloved, solemniz'd;—
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all:
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
With sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—And when I have
Requir'd one airy vision of my spirits,—
Which even now I do, (to prove my power
To act what I have promis'd you, and give
These young ones a delight), I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.—
[PROSPERO *waves his wand—the scene vanishes, and discovers a view of a calm sea, and the king's ship riding at anchor.*

Where art thou, Ariel? Come;
For thou hast princes now to entertain,
And virgin beauties, with fresh youthful lovers:
For the last time obey.

Ari. [*From the sky.*] Hail, Prospero, hail!

Pro. Approach, descend; be visible to all.

ARIEL *and other* SPIRITS *descend in bright clouds.*

Ari. I come, best master;
And, for the freedom I enjoy in air,
I will be still your Ariel, and wait
On all the accidents that work for fate:
Whatever may your happiness concern,
From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn.

QUARTETTO *and* CHORUS.—ARIEL *and* SPIRITS.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.—
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

[ARIEL *and the* SPIRITS *re-ascend into the sky.*

Pro. Farewell, my much loved Ariel: thou shalt find
I will retain thee ever in my mind.—
You look in mov'd sort— [*To* ALONZO.
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir;
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.—My cell awaits you.—
Henceforth this land to the afflicted be
A place of refuge, as it was to me:
On my retreat let heaven and nature smile,
And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle.*

THE END.

R. Cruikshank, del. *White, Sc.*

The Clandestine Marriage.

Miss Sterling. **What have you to say for yourself!**

Act V. Scene 2.

his taste; Mrs. Heidelberg, of wealthy ignorance; and Miss Sterling, of Cheapside pertness and Whitechapel pride.

Garrick had originally intended to play Lord Ogleby himself; but, illness intervening, he assigned the part to King, who raised himself to the top of his profession by his admirable performance. We pass from that period to the present day (for Cherry, Lovegrove and most of the Lord Ogleby's that we remember, were but futile fellows), and come to Farren; whose acting throughout, whether in the exhibition of his lordship's natural infirmities or assumed spirit and gayety, is inimitable. His twinges of gout and rheumatism—his rallying into gallantry and good-humour—his courtship and self-conceit—and his generous enthusiasm, are so finely blended, that those who remember King miss nothing of his excellences in Mr. Farren, but *honest Tom's* stately step and dignity of deportment.

Kitty Clive was the original Mrs. Heidelberg. We have seen Miss Pope in the character, and can imagine nothing superior. Mrs. Davenport *vows* and *pertests* with humour. Farley's Canton is good; but Wewitzer was your true clumsy obsequious Swiss.

☞ D——G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

L.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Costume.

LORD OGLEBY.—*First dress*:—Flowered satin dressing gown, a bow of white satin riband on his head. *Second dress*:—Full court dress with spangles.

SIR JOHN MELVIL.—Dress hat, blue dress coat, white waistcoat, white breeches, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles.

STERLING.—Cocked hat, brown coat, waistcoat, and breeches; white stockings and shoes.

LOVEWELL.—Round black hat, blue coat, white waistcoat, black breeches, black silk stockings and shoes.

CANTON.—*First dress*:—Cocked hat, light coat trimmed with black, a belt, huge French postillion's boots, his hair in papers. *Second dress*:—White coat, light drab breeches, very short at the knees, light and spotted silk stockings, and shoes.

BRUSH.—Olive green coat, buff waistcoat, flesh coloured breeches, silk stockings and shoes.

MRS. HEIDELBERG.—*First dress*:—Dark flowered gown, a flat and very wide gipsy hat. *Second dress*:—Flowered silk gown, trimmed with scarlet, ruffles, high cap, and long fliers. *Third dress*:—Robe de chambre.

MISS STERLING.—White satin.

FANNY.—White muslin, trimmed with white satin.

BETTY.—Flowered cotton gown, black silk apron.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Lord Ogleby	Mr. W. Farren.
Sir John Melvil	Mr. Baker.
Sterling	Mr. Fawcet.
Lovewell	Mr. Cooper.
Canton	Mr. Yates.
Brush	Mr. Jones.
Serjeant Flower	Mr. Claremont.
Truman	Mr. Mears.
John	Mr. Heath.
Mrs. Heidelberg	Mrs. Davenport.
Miss Sterling	Mrs. Faucit.
Fanny	Miss Jones.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE:

A COMEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY G. COLMAN AND D. GARRICK.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING.

By Mr. White, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE, CAMDEN TOWN.

REMARKS.

The Clandestine Marriage.

A story is told in the Biographia Dramatica, on the authority of a gentleman who, it seems, had it from the mouth of Mr. Colman himself, that Garrick composed *two acts* of the Clandestine Marriage; which he sent to Colman, desiring that he would put them together, or do what he would with them; and that the latter took Davy at his word, by putting them into the fire, and writing the play himself. We believe the story to be a gross fabrication; but whether by the *gentleman* or *George*, we cannot tell. Colman was too good a judge to put two acts of a comedy written by Garrick into the fire—we can answer that his *son* would not be guilty of the like folly; that gentleman having a very commendable prudence in matters of this sort. It has been generally understood that Garrick's share in this comedy was Lord Ogleby, and the courtly family; and Colman's, Sterling, and the low-bred city family—a fair conclusion; since Lord Ogleby, in many points, bears a striking resemblance to Lord Chalkstone, in Garrick's farce of Lethe. In the advertisement originally prefixed to the play, *both parties* acknowledge themselves equally responsible for the whole, and express their obligations to Hogarth's *Marriage a-la-Mode*, from whence they derived their materials. But "wits have short memories:" they *forgot* to mention that the characters of Lord Ogleby, Mr. Stirling, and Brush, were borrowed from a farce, entitled "False Concord," acted at Covent Garden, March 20, 1764, for the benefit of Mr. Woodward: the author of which was the Rev. James Townley, formerly master of the Merchant Tailors' School. In this piece were three capital characters—Lord Lavender, a vain superannuated nobleman; Mr. Sudley, a wealthy soap-boiler; and a pert valet. *These*, with the *dialogue* of some of the scenes, nearly *verbatim*, were transferred to the Clandestine Marriage. Garrick, in his prologue, recommends—

> "That each should neighbourly assist his brother,
> And *steal* with decency from one another."

When, therefore, this comedy was published ("False Concord" has never been printed), the reputed authors should have admitted Mr. Townley into co-partnership with them.

The Clandestine Marriage is an extremely entertaining and popu-

lar play. The characters are drawn with spirit and truth; the incidents take an interesting and natural turn; and the dialogue is alternately witty, elegant, and affecting. Singularly enough, it ends without a wedding—that ceremony having been anticipated before its commencement—the *lovers* being, in fact, *man* and *wife*. The interview between Lord Ogleby and Fanny, when she resolves to disclose the secret of her marriage with Lovewell, and implore his lordship's intercession with her father—the distress and embarrassment of the lady—her blushes and sighs—her ambiguous expressions, which the vain old lord so whimsically applies to *himself*—and his raptures at fancying that *he* is the object of her passion, are admirably painted.—Equally so is the *equivoque* between Lovewell and Lord Ogleby: where the former conceives he has propitiated the old peer; while his lordship, equally mistaken, applies the various compliments paid to Miss Fanny's choice, to his own irresistible person and power of pleasing. The entrance of Sir John Melville, who comes for the special purpose of disclosing his passion, and requesting his lordship's good offices to promote his match with the *Countess of Ogleby, that shall be*, is highly apropos and comic. The nods and winks of the conceited amorous old peer—who, in the pride and vanity of his heart, makes sure of the lady—his gay, chivalrous, and frolicsome air, when he gives Sir John *permission* to court Fanny—and his significant leers, contrast well with the embarrassment and confusion of Lovewell. The breakfast-scene between Brush and the chamber-maid—Mr. Brush's affectation of high life—his well-bred *nonchalance*, when he hears his lordship's bell ring, and continues to sip his coffee—the perfect good-breeding with which he presents the abigail with a few cakes of chocolate for her own particular drinking, and desires nothing in return for his civilility but to taste the perfume of her lips; at the same time remarking that, by an interchange of favours, he hopes the *country* and *retirement* may be rendered mutually agreeable, are characteristic and droll. The *denouement* produces abundant merriment. The apropos introduction of Mr. Brush, half drunk, and laying hold of the chambermaid—his amorous protestations and promises—his queer *threat* regarding Mrs. Heidelberg, which brings out that venerable virago from her concealment—the hurry, bustle, and anxiety, that ensue, when the different guests emerge from their chambers—the unravelling of the mystery—the noble and generous conduct of Lord Ogleby, when the mercenary citizen threatens to turn his daughter out of doors—and the feeling and eloquent *amende honorable* of Sir John Melville, render the last scene of this comedy as effective as any on the stage. It has been objected that the Swiss nation has been illiberally caricatured in the part of Canton. The readiness of that people to *fight* for pay has long been proverbial; we, therefore, see no reason why they should not *flatter*, though they may do it more awkwardly. Sterling is a true picture of a sordid trader, whose heart is almost as bad as

THE

Clandestine Marriage.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sterling's house.—Miss Fanny and Betty meeting.*

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Ma'am! Miss Fanny! Ma'am!

Fanny. What's the matter, Betty?

Betty. (C.) Oh la! Ma'am! as sure as I am alive, here is your husband—

Fanny. Hush! my dear Betty; if any body in the house should hear you, I am ruined.

Betty. Mercy on me! it has frightened me to such a degree, that my heart is come up to my mouth.—But as I was a saying, ma'am, here's that dear, sweet—

Fanny. Have a care, Betty.

Betty. Lord! I am bewitched, I think——But as I was a saying, ma'am, here's Mr. Lovewell just come from London.

Fanny. Indeed!

Betty. Yes, indeed, and indeed, ma'am, he is. I saw him crossing the court-yard in his boots.

Fanny. I am glad to hear it.—But pray now, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word again, on any account. You know we have agreed never to drop any expressions of that sort, for fear of an accident.

Betty. Dear ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more trustier creature on the face of the earth, than I am. Though I say it, I am as secret as the grave—and if its never told, till I tell it, it may remain untold till doom's-day for Betty.

Fanny. I know you are faithful—but in our circumstances we cannot be too careful.

Betty. Very true, ma'am! and yet I vow and protest, there's more plague than pleasure with a secret; especially if a body mayn't mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

Fanny. Do but keep this secret a little while longer, and then, I hope, you may mention it to any body:—Mr. Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our situation as soon as possible.

Betty. The sooner the better, I believe; for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell-tale, I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fanny. Fie, Betty! [*Blushing.*

Betty. Ah! you may well blush.—But you're not so sick, and so pale, and so wan, and so many qualms—

Fanny. Have done! I shall be quite angry with you.

Betty. Angry!—Bless the dear puppet! I am sure I shall love it, as much as if it was my own.—I meant no harm, heaven knows.

Fanny. Well, say no more of this—it makes me uneasy. All I have to ask of you, is to be faithful and secret, and not to reveal this matter, till we disclose it to the family ourselves.

Betty. Me reveal it! If I say a word, I wish I may be burned. I would not do you any harm for the world—And as for Mr. Lovewell, I am sure I have loved the dear gentleman ever since he got a tide-waiter's place for my brother—But let me tell you both, you must leave off your soft looks to each other, and your whispers, and your glances, and your always sitting next to one another at dinner, and your long walks together in the evenings. For my part, if I had not been in the secret, I should have known you were a pair of lovers at least, if not man and wife, as—

Fanny. See there now! again. Pray be careful.

Betty. Well—well, nobody hears me. Man and wife I'll say no more—what I tell you is very true for all that.

Lovewell. [*Calling without,* L.] William!

Betty. Hark! I hear your husband—

Fanny. What!

Betty. I say here comes Mr. Lovewell—Mind the caution I give you—I'll be whipped now, if you are not the first person he sees or speaks to in the family. However, if you chuse it, it's nothing at all to me—as you sow, you must reap—as you brew, so you must

bake. I'll e'en slip down the back stairs, and leave you together. [*Exit*, R.

Fanny. I see, I see I shall never have a moment's ease till our marriage is made public. New distresses crowd in upon me every day. The solicitude of my mind sinks my spirits, preys upon my health, and destroys every comfort of my life. It shall be revealed, let what will be the consequence.

Enter LOVEWELL, L.

Lov. My love! How's this? In tears?—Indeed this is too much. You promised me to support your spirits and to wait the determination of our fortune with patience. For my sake, for your own, be comforted! —Why will you study to add to our uneasiness and perplexity?

Fanny. Oh, Mr. Lovewell; the indelicacy of a secret marriage grows every day more and more shocking to me. I walk about the house like a guilty wretch: I imagine myself the object of the suspicion of the whole family; and am under the perpetual terrors of a shameful detection.

Lov. Indeed, indeed, you are to blame. The amiable delicacy of your temper, and your quick sensibility, only serve to make you unhappy. To clear up this affair properly to Mr. Sterling, is the continual employment of my thoughts. Every thing now is in a fair train. It begins to grow ripe for a discovery; and I have no doubt of its concluding to the satisfaction of ourselves, of your father, and the whole family.

Fanny. End how it will, I am resolved it shall end soon—very soon—I would not live another week in this agony of mind, to be mistress of the universe.

Lov. Do not be too violent, neither. Do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion!—I have brought letters from Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling.—They will be here this evening—and I dare say within this hour.

Fanny. I am sorry for it.

Lov. Why so?

Fanny. No matter—Only let us disclose our marriage immediately!

Lov. As soon as possible.

Fanny. But directly.

Lov. In a few days, you may depend upon it.

Fanny. To-night—or to-morrow morning.

Lov. That I fear will be impracticable.

Fanny. Nay, but you must.

Lov. Must! Why?

Fanny. Indeed you must. I have the most alarming reasons for it.

Lov. Alarming indeed! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them. What are they?

Fanny. I cannot tell you?

Lov. Not tell me?

Fanny. Not at present. When all is settled you shall be acquainted with every thing.

Lov. Sorry they are coming!—Must be discovered!—What can all this mean?—Is it possible you can have any reasons that need be concealed from me?

Fanny. Do not disturb yourself with conjectures—but rest assured, that though you are unable to divine the cause, the consequence of a discovery, be what it will, cannot be attended with half the miseries of the present interval.

Lov. You put me upon the rack. I would do any thing to make you easy——But you know your father's temper. Money (you will excuse my frankness) is the spring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea of acquiring nobility or magnificence can ever make him forego—and these he thinks his money will purchase.—You know too your aunt's (Mrs. Heidelberg's) notions of the splendour of high life, her contempt for every thing that does not relish of what she calls quality; and that from the vast fortune in her hands, by her late husband, she absolutely governs Mr. Sterling and the whole family: now if they should come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might, perhaps, be incensed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fanny. But if they are made acquainted with it otherwise than by ourselves, it will be ten times worse: and a discovery grows every day more probable. The whole family have long suspected our affection. We are also in the power of a foolish maid-servant; and if we may even depend on her fidelity, we cannot answer for her discretion. Discover it therefore immediately, lest some accident should bring it to light, and involve us in additional disgrace.

Lov. Well, well—I mean to discover it soon, but would not do it too precipitately. I have more than once sounded Mr. Sterling about it, and will attempt

him more seriously the next opportunity. But my principal hopes are these: My relationship to Lord Ogleby, and his having placed me with your father, have been, you know, the first link in the chain of this connexion between the two families; in consequence of which I am at present in high favour with all parties: while they all remain thus well-affected to me, I propose to lay our case before the old lord; and if I can prevail on him to mediate in this affair, I make no doubt but he will be able to appease your father; and, being a lord and a man of quality, I am sure he may bring Mrs. Heidelberg into good humour at any time. Let me beg you, therefore, to have but a little patience, as, you see, we are upon the very eve of a discovery, that must probably be to our advantage.

Fanny. Manage it your own way. I am persuaded.

Lov. But in the mean time make yourself easy.

Fanny. As easy as I can, I will. We had better not remain together any longer at present. Think of this business, and let me know how you proceed.

Lov. Depend on my care. But, pray, be cheerful.

Fanny. I will.

[*Going* R. *meets* STERLING *entering.*

Ster. (R.) Hey-day! who have we got here?

Fanny. [*Confused.*] Mr. Lovewell, sir.

Ster. And where are you going, hussey?

Fanny. To my sister's chamber, sir. [*Exit,* R.

Ster. (R. C.) Ah, Lovewell! What! always getting my foolish girl yonder into a corner? Well, well—let us but once see her eldest sister fast married to Sir John Melvil, we'll soon provide a good husband for Fanny, I warrant you.

Lov. (C.) Would to heaven, sir, you would provide her one of my recommendation!

Ster. Yourself? eh, Lovewell!

Lov. With your pleasure, sir!

Ster. Mighty well!

Lov. And I flatter myself, that such a proposal would not be very disagreeable to Miss Fanny.

Ster. Better and better!

Lov. And if I could but obtain your consent, sir——

Ster. What! you marry Fanny!—no, no—that will never do, Lovewell! You are a good boy, to be sure; I have a great value for you—but can't think of you for a son in law. There's no stuff in the case, no money, Lovewell.

Lov. My pretensions to fortune, indeed, are but moderate; but though not equal to splendour, sufficient to keep us above distress. Add to which, that I hope by diligence to increase it; and have love, honour——

Ster. But not the stuff, Lovewell! Add one little round 0 to the sum total of your fortune, and that will be the finest thing you can say to me. You know I've a regard for you—would do any thing to serve you—any thing on the footing of friendship—but——

Lov. If you think me worthy of your friendship, sir, be assured that there is no instance in which I should rate your friendship so highly.

Ster. Psha! psha! that's another thing, you know. Where money or interest is concerned, friendship is quite out of the question.

Lov. But where the happiness of a daughter is at stake, you would not scruple, sure, to sacrifice a little to her inclinations.

Ster. Inclinations! why, you would not persuade me that the girl is in love with you—eh, Lovewell!

Lov. I cannot absolutely answer for Miss Fanny, sir; but am sure that the chief happiness or misery of my life depends entirely upon her.

Ster. Why, indeed now if your kinsman, Lord Ogleby, would come down handsomely for you—but that's impossible—No, no—'twill never do—I must hear no more of this. Come, Lovewell, promise me that I shall hear no more of this.

Lov. [*Hesitating.*] I am afraid, sir, I should not be able to keep my word with you.

Ster. Why you would not offer to marry her without my consent! would you, Lovewell?

Lov. Marry her, sir! [*Confused.*

Ster. Ay, marry her, sir! I know very well that a warm speech or two from such a dangerous young spark as you are, would go much farther towards persuading a silly girl to do what she has more than a month's mind to do, than twenty grave lectures from fathers or mothers, or uncles or aunts, to prevent her. But you would not, sure, be such a base fellow, such a treacherous young rogue, as to seduce my daughter's affections, and destroy the peace of my family in that manner. I must insist on, that you give me your word not to marry her without my consent.

Lov. Sir—I—I—as to that—I—I—beg, sir—Pray, sir, excuse me on this subject at present.

Ster. Promise then, that you will carry this matter no further without my approbation.

Lov. You may depend on it, sir, that it shall go no further.

Ster. Well, well—that's enough—I'll take care of the rest, I warrant you. Come, come, let's have done with this nonsense. What's doing in town? Any news upon 'Change?

Lov. Nothing material.

Ster. And how are stocks?

Lov. Fell one and a half this morning.

Ster. Well—well some good news from America, and they'll be up again. But how are Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil? When are we to expect them?

Lov. Very soon, sir. I came on purpose to bring you their commands. Here are letters from both of them. [*Giving letters.*

Ster. Let me see—let me see—'Slife, how his lordship's letter is perfumed!—It takes my breath away. [*Opening it.*] And French paper too! with a fine border of flowers and flourishes—and a slippery gloss on it that dazzles one's eyes. "My dear Mr. Sterling." [*Reading.*] Mercy on me! His lordship writes a worse hand than a boy at his exercise. But how's this? Eh! "with you to-night!"—[*Reading*]—"Lawyers to-morrow morning"—that's sudden indeed.——Where's my sister Heidelberg? she should know of this immediately. Here, John! Harry! Thomas! [*Calling the Servants.*] Hark ye, Lovewell!

Lov. Sir!

Ster. Mind now, how I'll entertain his lordship and Sir John—We'll shew your fellows at the other end of the town how we live in the city—They shall eat gold—and drink gold—and lie in gold—Here cook! butler! [*Calling.*] What signifies your birth and education, and titles? Money, money, that's the stuff that makes the great man in this country.

Lov. Very true, sir!

Ster. True, sir! Why then have done with your nonsense of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of business should mind nothing but his business.——Where are these fellows? John! Thomas! [*Calling.*] Get an estate, and a wife will follow of course.——Ah! Lovewell! an English merchant is the most respectable character in the universe. 'Slife, man, a rich English merchant may make himself a match for the daughter of

a nabob. Where are all my rascals? Here, William!

[*Exit, calling*, R.

Lov. [C. *alone.*] So—as I suspected—quite averse to the match, and likely to receive the news of it with great displeasure. What's best to be done? Let me see! Suppose I get Sir John Melvil to interest himself in this affair. He may mention it to Lord Ogleby with a better grace than I can, and more probably prevail on him to interfere in it. Poor Fanny! It hurts me to see her so uneasy, and her making a mystery of the cause adds to my anxiety. Something must be done upon her account; for, at all events, her solicitude shall be removed.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

MISS STERLING *and* MISS FANNY *sitting.*

Miss Ster. [*Both rise.*] Oh, my dear sister, say no more! This is downright hypocrisy. You shall never convince me that you don't envy me beyond measure. Well, after all, it is extremely natural—it is impossible to be angry with you.

Fanny. (R. C.) Indeed, sister, you have no cause.

Miss Ster. (L. C.) And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fanny. Not in the least.

Miss Ster. And you don't in the least wish that you was just in my situation?

Fanny. No, indeed, I don't. Why should I?

Miss Ster. Why should you? What! on the brink of marriage, fortune, title—But I had forgot—There's that dear sweet creature Mr. Lovewell in the case. You would not break your faith with your true love now for the world, I warrant you.

Fanny. Mr. Lovewell! always Mr. Lovewell! Lord, what signifies Mr. Lovewell, sister?

Miss Ster. Pretty peevish soul! Oh, my dear, grave, romantic sister! a perfect philosopher in petticoats! Love and a cottage! Eh, Fanny—Ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!——

Fanny. And why not the coach and six without the indifference? But, pray, when is this happy marriage of your's to be celebrated? I long to give you joy.

Miss Ster. In a day or two—I can't tell exactly—Oh, my dear sister! I must mortify her a little. [*Aside.*]

I know you have a pretty taste. Pray, give me your opinion of my jewels. [*Goes back to the table and returns with jewels.*] How do you like the stile of this esclavage? [*Shewing the jewels.*

Fanny. Extremely handsome indeed, and well fancied.

Miss Ster. What d'ye think of these bracelets? I shall have a miniature of my father set round with diamonds, to one, and Sir John's to the other. And this pair of ear-rings! set transparent! here, the tops, you see, will take off to wear in a morning, or in an undress——how do you like them? [*Holding them up.*

Fanny. Very much, I assure you—Bless me, sister, you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—you'll be the very queen of diamonds.

Miss Ster. Ha! ha! ha! very well, my dear! I shall be as fine as a little queen indeed. I have a bouquet to come home to-morrow—made up of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts—jewels of all colours, green, red, blue, yellow, intermixt—the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life! The jeweller says, I shall set out with as many diamonds as any body in town, except Lady Brilliant, and Polly What d'ye call it, Lord Squander's kept mistress.

Fanny. But what are your wedding-clothes, sister?

Miss Ster. Oh, white and silver, to be sure, you know—I bought them at Sir Joseph Lutestring's, and sat above an hour in the parlour behind the shop, consulting Lady Lutestring about gold and silver stuffs, on purpose to mortify her.

Fanny. Fie, sister! how could you be so abominably provoking?

Miss Ster. Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your city-knight's ladies—Did you ever observe the airs of Lady Lutestring drest in the richest brocade out of her husband's shop, playing crown whist at Haberdasher's-Hall—Whilst the civil smirking Sir Joseph, with a snug wig trimmed round his broad face as close as a new-cut yew-hedge, and his shoes so black that they shine again, stands all day in his shop, fastened to his counter like a bad shilling?

Fanny. Indeed, indeed, sister, this is too much—If you talk at this rate, you will be absolutely a bye-word in the city—You must never venture on the inside of Temple-Bar again.

Miss Ster. Never do I desire it—never, my dear Fanny, I promise you. Oh, how I long to be transported to the dear regions of Grosvenor-square—far—far from the dull districts of Aldersgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within! My heart goes pit-a-pat at the very idea of being introduced at Court! gilt chariot! pyeballed horses—laced liveries! and then the whispers buzzing round the circle—"Who is that young lady! who is she?" "Lady Melvil, Ma'am!" Lady Melvil! My ears tingle at the sound. And then at Pinner, instead of my father perpetually asking—"Any news upon 'Change?"—to cry, Well, Sir John! any thing new from Arther's?—or—to say to some other woman of quality, was your ladyship at the Duchess of Rubber's last night? Did you call in at Lady Thunder's? In the immensity of crowd I swear I did not see you—scarce a soul at the opera, last Saturday—shall I see you at St. James's, next Thursday? Oh, the dear Beau-Monde! I was born to move in the sphere of the great world.

Fanny. And so in the midst of all this happiness, you have no compassion for me—no pity for us poor mortals in common life.

Miss Ster. [*Affectedly.*] You? You're above pity—you would not change conditions with me—You're over head and ears in love, you know. Nay for that matter, if Mr. Lovewell and you come together, as I doubt not you will, you will live very comfortably, I dare say. He will mind his business—you'll employ yourself in the delightful care of your family—and once in a season perhaps you'll sit together in a front-box at a benefit play, as we used to do at our dancing master's, you know—and perhaps I may meet you in the summer with some other citizens at Tunbridge. For my part, I shall always entertain a proper regard for my relations. You sha'n't want my countenance, I assure you.

Fanny. Oh, you're too kind, sister!

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG, R.

Mrs. Heidel. [*At entering*] Here this evening—I vow and pertest we shall scarce have time to provide for them—Oh, my dear! [*To* MISS STER.] I am glad to see you're not quite in a dish-abille. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night.

[FANNY *retires back and sits.*

Miss Ster. To-night, ma'am?

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, my dear, to-night. Oh, put on a smarter cap, and change those ordinary ruffles!—Lord, I have such a deal to do, I shall scarce have time to slip on my Italian lutestring. Where is this dawdle of a housekeeper?

Enter MRS. TRUSTY, R.

Oh, here Trusty! do you know that people of quality are expected here this evening?

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—Do you be sure now that every thing is done in the most genteelest manner—and to the honour of the family.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—but mind what I say to you.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. His lordship is to lie in the chintz bed-chamber; d'ye hear? and Sir John in the blue damask room. His lordship's valet-de-shamb in the opposite——

Trusty. But Mr. Lovewell is come down; and you know that's his room, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, well; Mr. Lovewell may make shift—or get a bed at the George. But hark ye, Trusty!

Trusty. Ma'am!

Mrs. Heidel. Get the great dining-room in order as soon as possable. Unpaper the curtains, take the civers off the couch and the chairs, and put the china figures on the mantle-piece immediately, and set their heads a-nodding.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Be gone then! fly this instant. Where's my brother Sterling?

Trusty. Talking to the butler, ma'am.

[FANNY *rises and advances.*

Mrs. Heidel. (C.) Very well. [*Exit* TRUSTY, R.] Miss Fanny! I pertest I did not see you before. Lord, child, what's the matter with you?

Fanny. (L.) With me! Nothing, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Bless me! Why your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of fifty colours, I pertest. And then you have drest yourself as loose and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make your-

selves as round as Mrs. Deputy Barter. Go, child!—You know the qualaty will be here by and by—Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen. [*Exit* FANNY, L.] She is gone away in tears—absolutely crying, I vow and pertest. This ridicalous love! we must put a stop to it. It makes a perfect natural of the girl.

Miss Ster. (R. C.) Poor soul! she can't help it.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, my dear; now I shall have an opportoonity of convincing you of the absurdity of what you was telling me concerning Sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

Miss Ster. Oh, it gives me no manner of uneasiness. But, indeed, ma'am, I cannot be persuaded but that Sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such distant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm professions of esteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but Sir John's is a passion of mere ice and snow.

Mrs. Heidel. Oh fie, my dear! I am perfetly ashamed of you. That's so like the notions of your poor sister. What you complain of as coldness and indifference, is nothing but the extreme gentilaty of his address, an exact pictur of the manners of qualaty.

Miss Ster. Oh, he is the very mirror of complaisance! full of formal bows and set speeches! I declare, if there was any violent passion on my side, I should be quite jealous of him.

Mrs. Heidel. I say jealus, indeed. Jealus of who, pray?

Miss Ster. My sister Fanny. She seems a much greater favourite than I am, and he pays her infinitely more attention, I assure you.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord! d'ye think a man of fashion, as he is, can't distinguish between the genteel and the wulgar part of the famaly?—Between you and your sister, for instance—or me and my brother?—Be advised by me, child: It is all puliteness and good-breeding. Nobody know the qualaty better than I do.

Miss Ster. In my mind, the old lord, his uncle, has ten times more gallantry about him than Sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and smiles, and grins, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle of his old wizen face with comical expressions of tenderness. I think he would make an admirable sweetheart.

Enter STERLING, L.

Ster. [*Entering.*] No fish? Why the pond was

dragged but yesterday morning. There's carp and trench in the boat. Pox on't, if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he would have brought down a turbot, or some of the land-carriage mackarel.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord, brother, I am afraid his lordship and Sir John will not arrive while it is light.

Ster. I warrant you. But pray, sister Heidelberg, let the turtle be drest to-morrow, and some venison—and let the gardener cut some pine apples—and get out some ice. I'll answer for wine, I warrant you. I'll give them such a glass of Champagne as they never drank in their lives—no, not at a duke's table.

Mrs. Heidel. Pray, now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of qualaty. Take care that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff, and that will keep you awake—and don't burst out with your horrible loud horse-laughs. It is monstrous wulgar.

Ster. Never fear, sister! Who have we here?

Mrs. Heidel. It is Mounseer Cantoon, the Swish gentleman, that lives with his lordship, I vow and pertest.

Enter CANTON, L.

Ster. Ah, mounseer! your servant, I am very glad to see you, mounseer.

Cant. (L.) Mosh oblige to Mons. Sterling. Ma'am, I am yours. Matemoiselle, I am yours. [*Bowing round.*

Mrs. Heidel. (C.) Your humble servant, Mr. Cantoon!

Cant. (L.) I kiss your hands, matam.

Ster. Well, mounseer! and what news of your good family? When are we to see his Lordship and Sir John?

Cant. Monsieur Sterling! Milor Ogleby, and Sir Jean Melvil will be here in one quarter-hour.

Ster. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Heidel. O, I am perdigious glad to hear it. Being so late, I was afeard of some accident. Will you please to have any thing, Mr. Cantoon, after your journey?

Cant. No, I tank you, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Shall I go and shew you the apartments, sir?

Cant. You do me great honneur, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Come, then.—Come, my dear!
[*To* MISS STERL.

[CANTON *crosses to* R. *and exit with* MRS. HEIDEL. *and* MISS STERL., *bowing, and protesting they do him too much honneur.*

Ster. Pox on't, it's almost dark—It will be too late to go round the garden this evening. However, I will carry them to take a peep at my fine canal at least, I am determined. [*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-chamber to* LORD OGLEBY'S *Bed-chamber. Table with chocolate, and small case for medicines.*

Enter BRUSH, *my Lord's Valet-de-Chambre, and* STERLING'S *Chamber-maid.*

Brush. You shall stay, my dear, I insist upon it.

Ch. M. Nay, pray, sir, don't be so positive; I can't stay indeed.

Brush. You shall take one cup to our better acquaintance.

Ch. M. I seldom drinks chocolate; and if I did, one has no satisfaction with such apprehensions about one. If my lord should awake, or the Swish gentleman should see one, or Madam Heidelberg should know of it, I should be frighted to death: besides, I have had my tea already this morning—I'm sure I hear my lord.
[*Frightened.*

Brush. No, no, madam, don't flutter yourself—the moment my lord wakes, he rings his bell, which I answer sooner or later, as it suits my convenience.

Ch. M. But should he come upon us without ringing?

Brush. I'll forgive him if he does. This key [*point-*

tag to a range of phials] locks him up till I please to let him out.

Ch. M. Law, sir! that's potecary's stuff.

Brush. It is so: but without this he can no more get out of bed, than he can read without spectacles. [*Sips*] What with qualms, age, rheumatisms, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a great deal of brushing, oiling, screwing, and winding up, to set him a-going for the day.

Ch. M. [*Sips.*] That's prodigious indeed. [*Sips*] My lord seems quite in a decay.

Brush. Yes, he's quite a spectacle, [*sips*] a mere corpse, till he is revived and refreshed from our little magazine here. When the restorative pills and cordial waters warm his stomach, and get into his head, vanity frisks in his heart, and then he sets up for the lover, the rake, and the fine gentleman.

Ch. M. [*Sips*] Poor gentleman! but should the Swish gentleman come upon us? [*Frightened.*

Brush. Why then the English gentleman would be very angry. No foreigner must break in upon my privacy. [*Sips.*] But I can assure you Mr. Canton is otherwise employed—he is obliged to skim the cream of half a score news-papers for my lord's breakfast. Pray, madam, drink your cup peaceably. My lord's chocolate is remarkably good—he won't touch a drop, but what comes from Italy.

Ch. M. [*Sipping*] 'Tis very fine indeed! [*sips*] and charmingly perfum'd—it smells for all the world like our young ladies' dressing boxes.

Brush. You have an excellent taste, madam, and I must beg of you to accept of a few cakes for your own drinking, [*rise and advance*] and in return I desire nothing but to taste the perfume of your lips. [*Kisses her.*] A small return of favours, madam, will make, I hope, this country and retirement agreeable to both. [*He bows, she courtsies; return, and sit again.*] Your young ladies are fine girls, faith: [*sips*] tho', upon my soul, I am quite of my old lord's opinion about them, and were I inclin'd to matrimony, I should take the youngest. [*Sips.*

Ch. M. Miss Fanny's the most affablest and the most best natur'd creter?

Brush. And the eldest a little haughty or so——

Ch. M. More haughtier and prouder than Saturn himself—but this I say quite confidential to you; for

one would not hurt a young lady's marriage, you know. [*Sips.*

Brush. By no means; but you can't hurt it with us—we don't consider tempers—we want money, Mrs. Nancy; give us enough of that, we'll abate you a great deal in other particulars.

Ch. M. Bless, me, here's somebody——[*bell rings*]——O! 'tis my lord——Well, your servant, Mr. Brush——I'll clean the cups in the next room.

Brush. Do so—but never mind the bell—I shan't go this half hour. Will you drink tea with me in the afternoon?

Ch. M. Not for the world, Mr. Brush. I'll be here to set all things to rights—but I must not drink tea indeed, and so your servant.

[*Bell rings.—Exit, with tea-board,* L.

Brush. It is impossible to stupify one's self in the country for a week, without some little flirting with the Abigails: this is much the handsomest wench in the house, except the old citizen's youngest daughter, and I have not time enough to lay a plan for her. [*Bell rings.*] And now I'll go to my Lord, for I have nothing else to do. [*Going.*

Enter CANTON, (R.) *with newspapers in his hand.*

Cant. Monsieur Brush——Maître Brush——my lor stirra yet?

Brush. He has just rung his bell—I am going to him.

Cant. Dépêchez-vous donc. [*Exit* BRUSH. [*Puts on spectacles*] I wish de Deveil had all dese papiers—I forget as fast as I read—De Advertise put out of my head de Gazette, de Gazette de Cronique, and so dey all go l'un après l'autre—I must get some nouvelle for my lor, or ye'ell be enragé contre moi—Voyons! [*Reads the Papers*] Here is nothing but Anti-Sejanus et advertise——

Enter MAID *with chocolate things.*

Vat you vant, child?

Ch. M. Only the chocolate things, sir.

Cant. O ver well—dat is good girl—and very prit too. [*Exit Maid.*

LORD OGLEBY *within.*

Lord Ogl. Canton, he, he, [*coughs*] Canton!

Cant. I come, my lor—vat shall I do?—I have no news—He will make great tintamarre!——

Lord Ogl. [*Within.*] Canton, I say, Canton! Where are you?

Enter LORD OGLEBY, *leaning on* BRUSH.

Cant. Here, my lor; I ask pardon, my lor; I have not finish de papiers——

Lord Ogl. Dama your pardon, and your papiers—I want you here, Canton.

Cant. Den I run, dat is all. [*Shuffles along.*

[LORD OGLEBY *leans upon* CANTON *too, and comes forward.*

Lord Ogl. You Swiss are the most unaccountable mixture—you have the language and impertinence of the French, with the laziness of Dutchmen.

Cant. 'Tis very true, my lor—I can't help——

Lord Ogl. [*Cries out*] O Diavolo!

Cant. You are not in pain, I hope, my lor.

Lord Ogl. Indeed but I am, my lor. That vulgar fellow, Sterling, with his city politeness, would force me down his slope last night to see a clay-colour'd ditch, which he calls a canal; and what with the dew, and the East wind, my hips and shoulders are absolutely screwed to my body.

Cant. A littel véritable eau d'arquibusade vill set all to right again.

[*My Lord sits down in an easy-chair, and* BRUSH *gives him chocolate.*

Lord Ogl. Where are the palsy drops, Brush?

Brush. Here, my lord! [*Pouring out.*

Lord Ogl. Quelle nouvelle avez-vous, Canton?

Cant. A great deal of papier, but no news at all.

Lord Ogl. What! nothing at all, you stupid fellow?

Cant. Yes, my lor, I have a little advertise here vil give you more plaisir den all de lyes about nothing at all. La voilà! [*Puts on his Spectacles.*

Lord Ogl. Come, read it, Canton, with good emphasis, and good discretion.

Cant. I vil, my lor. [CANT. *reads.*] Dere is no question, but that the Cosmétique Royale vil utterlie take away all heats, pimps, frecks, oder eruptions of de skin, and likewise de wrinque of old age, &c. &c.—A great deal more, my lor—be sure to ask for de Cosmétique Royale, signed by de Docteur own hand. Dere

is more raison for dis caution dan good men vil think.—Eh bien, my lor?

Lord Ogl. Eh bien, Canton, will you purchase any?

Cant. For you, my lor?

Lord Ogl. For me, you old puppy! for what?

Cant. My lor?

Lord Ogl. Do I want cosmeticks?

Cant. My lor?

Lord Ogl. Look in my face. Come, be sincere. Does it want the assistance of art?

Cant. [*With his Spectacles*] En vérité non. 'Tis very smoose and brillian—but tote dat you might take a little by way of prevention.

Lord Ogl. You thought like an old fool, Monsieur, as you generally do——The surfeit water, Brush! [BRUSH *pours out.*] What do you think, Brush, of this family, we are going to be connected with? Eh?

Brush. Very well to marry in, my lord; but it would not do to live with.

Lord Ogl. You are right, Brush. There is no washing the blackmoor white—Mr. Sterling will never get rid of Blackfriars, always taste of the Borachio; and the poor woman his sister, is so busy and so notable to make one welcome, that I have not yet got over her first reception; it almost amounted to suffocation! I think the daughters are tolerable——Where's my cephalic snuff? [BRUSH *gives him a box.*

Cant. Dey tink so of you, my lor, for dey look at no ting else, ma foi.

Lord Ogl. Did they? Why, I think they did a little——Where's my glass? [BRUSH *puts one on the table*] The youngest is delectable. [*Takes snuff.*

Cant. O oui, my lor, very delect, inteed; she made doux yeux at you, my lor.

Lord Ogl. She was particular. The eldest, my nephew's lady, will be a most valuable wife; she has all the vulgar spirits of her father and aunt, happily blended with the termagant qualities of her deceased mother.—Some peppermint water, Brush!—How happy is it, Cant., for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook every thing in a marriage contract but their fortune.

Cant. C'est bien heureux, et commode aussi.

Lord Ogl. Brush, give me that pamphlet by my bedside. [BRUSH *goes for it.*] Canton, do you wait in the anti-chamber, and let nobody interrupt me till I call you.

Cant. Mush good may do your lordship!

Lord Ogl. [*To* BRUSH, *who brings the pamphlet*] And now, Brush, leave me a little to my studies.

[*Exit* BRUSH, L.

Lord Ogl. [*Alone.*] What can I possibly do among these women here, with this confounded rheumatism? It is a most grievous enemy to gallantry and address. [*Rises.*] He! Courage, my lor! by heav'ns I'm another creature. [*Hums and dances a little.*] It will do, faith. Bravo, my lor! These girls have absolutely inspired me. If they are for a game of romps—me voilà prêt! [*Sings and dances.*] O—that's an ugly twinge—but it's gone. I have rather too much of the lily this morning in my complexion; a faint tincture of the rose will give a delicate spirit to my eyes for the day. [*Unlocks a drawer at the bottom of the glass, and takes out* rouge; *while he's painting himself, a knocking at the door.*] Who's there? I won't be disturb'd.

Cant. [*Without*, R.] My lor, my lor, here is Monsieur Sterling to pay his devoir to you this morn in your chambre.

Lord Ogl. [*Softly.*] What a fellow! [*Aloud.*] I am extremely honour'd by Mr. Sterling. Why don't you see him in, Monsieur? I wish he was at the bottom of his stinking canal. [*Door opens.*] Oh, my dear Mr. Sterling, you do me a great deal of honour.

Enter STERLING *and* LOVEWELL, R.

Ster. I hope, my lord, that your lordship slept well in the night—I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have—I spare no pains to get 'em, nor money to buy them—His Majesty, God bless him, don't sleep upon a better out of his palace; and if I had said in too, I hope no treason, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Your beds are like every thing else about you—incomparable. They not only make one rest well, but give one spirits, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. What say you then, my lord, to another walk in the garden? You must see my water by day-light, and my walks, and my slopes, and my clumps, and my bridge, and my flow'ring trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips. Matters look'd but dim last night, my lord; I feel the dew in my great toe—but I would put on a cut shoe, that I might be able to walk you about. I may be laid up to-morrow.

Lord Ogl. I pray heaven you may! [*Aside.*

Ster. What say you, my lord?

Lord Ogl. I was saying, sir, that I was in hopes of seeing the young ladies at breakfast. Mr. Sterling, they are, in my mind, the finest tulips in this part of the world—he! he!

Cant. (L. C.) Bravissimo, my lor—ha! ha! ha!

Ster. They shall meet your lordship in the garden—we don't lose our walk for them; I'll take you a little round before breakfast, and a larger before dinner, and in the evening you shall go to the Grand Tower, as I call it—ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogl. (C.) Not a foot, I hope, Mr. Sterling—consider your gout, my good friend. You'll certainly be laid by the heels for your politeness.

Cant. Ha! ha! ha! 'Tis admirable! en vérité!

[*Laughing very heartily.*

Ster. (R. C.) If my young man [*To* LOVEWELL] here would but laugh at my jokes, which he ought to do, as Mounseer does at yours, my lord, we should be all life and mirth.

Lord Ogl. What say you, Cant., will you take my kinsman into your tuition? You have certainly the most companionable laugh I ever met with, and never out of tune.

Cant. But when your lordship is out of spirits.

Lord Ogl. Well said, Cant.; but here comes my nephew, to play his part.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, R.

Well, Sir John, what news from the island of Love? have you been sighing and serenading this morning?

Sir John. I am glad to see your lordship in such spirits this morning.

Lord Ogl. I'm sorry to see you so dull, sir. What poor things, Mr. Sterling, these *very* young fellows are! they make love with faces, as if they were burying the dead; though, indeed, a marriage sometimes may be properly called a burying of the living—eh, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Not if they have enough to live upon, my lord—Ha! ha! ha!

Cant. Dat is all Monsieur Sterling tink of.

Sir John. [*Apart to* LOVEWELL.] Prithee, Lovewell, come with me into the garden; I have something of consequence for you, and I must communicate it directly.

Lov. We'll go together.—If your lordship and Mr.

Sterling please, we'll prepare the ladies to attend you in the garden. [*Exeunt* SIR JOHN *and* LOV. R.

Ster. My girls are always ready; I make 'em rise soon and to bed early; their husbands shall have 'em with good constitutions and good fortunes, if they have nothing else, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Fine things, Mr. Sterling!

Ster. Fine things, indeed, my lord! Ah, my lord, had not you run off your speed in your youth, you had not been so crippled in your age, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Very pleasant. [*Half laughing.*

Ster. Here's Mounseer now, I suppose, is pretty near your lordship's standing; but having little to eat, and little to spend, in his own country, he'll wear three of your lordship out—eating and drinking kills us all.

Lord Ogl. Very pleasant, I protest.—What a vulgar dog! [*Aside.*

Cant. My lor so old as me! He is chicken to me, and look like a boy to pauvre me.

Ster. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Mounseer—keep to that, and you'll live in any country of the world—Ha! ha! ha! But, my lord, I will wait upon you in the garden: we have but a little time to breakfast—I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter? [*Exit,* R.

Lord Ogl. I shall attend you with pleasure. Hot rolls and butter in July! I sweat with the thoughts of it. What a strange beast it is!

Cant. C'est un barbare.

Lord Ogl. He is a vulgar dog, and if there was not so much money in the family, which I can't do without, I would leave him and his hot rolls and butter directly. Come along, Monsieur!

[*Exeunt* LORD OGLEBY *and* CANTON, R.

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL *and* LOVEWELL, L.

Lov. In my room this morning? Impossible.

Sir John. Before five this morning, I promise you.

Lov. On what occasion?

Sir John. I was so anxious to disclose my mind to you, that I could not sleep in my bed—but I found that you could not sleep neither—the bird was flown, and the nest long since cold. Where was you, Lovewell?

Lov. Pooh! prithee! ridiculous!

Sir John. Come now, which was it? Miss Sterling's maid? a pretty little rogue! or Miss Fanny's Abigail? a sweet soul too—or——

Lov. Nay, nay, leave trifling, and tell me your business.

Sir John. Well, but where was you, Lovewell?

Lov. Walking—writing—what signifies where I was?

Sir John. Walking! yes, I dare say. It rained as hard as it could pour. Sweet refreshing showers to walk in! No, no, Lovewell. Now would I give twenty pounds to know which of the maids——

Lov. But your business—your business, Sir John!

Sir John. Let me a little into the secrets of the family.

Lov. Psha!

Sir John. Poor Lovewell, he can't bear it, I see. She charged you not to kiss and tell—eh, Lovewell? However, though you will not honour me with your confidence, I'll venture to trust you with mine. What do you think of Miss Sterling?

Lov. What do I think of Miss Sterling?

Sir John. Ay, what d'ye think of her?

Lov. An odd question! But I think her a smart, lively girl, full of mirth and sprightliness.

Sir John. All mischief and malice, I doubt.

Lov. How?

Sir John. But her person, what d'ye think of that?

Lov. Pretty and agreeable.

Sir John. An awkward creature.

Lov. What is the meaning of all this?

Sir John. I'll tell you. You must know, Lovewell, that notwithstanding all appearances—[*Seeing* LORD OGLEBY, *&c.*]—We are interrupted: when they are gone, I'll explain.

Enter LORD OGLEBY, STERLING, MRS. HEIDELBERG, MISS STERLING, *and* FANNY, L. S. E.

Lord Ogl. (C.) Great improvements indeed, Mr. Sterling! wonderful improvements! The Four Seasons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the bason with Neptune in the middle, are all in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde Park Corner.

Ster. (R. C.) The chief pleasure of a country-house is to make improvements, you know, my lord. I spare no expense, not I. This is quite another guess sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my lord. We

were surrounded with trees. I cut down above fifty to make the lawn before the house, and let in the wind and the sun—smack-smooth—as you see. Then I made a green-house out of the old laundry, and turned the brew-house into a pinery. The high octagon summer-house, you see yonder, is raised on the mast of a ship, given me by an East-India captain, who has turned many a thousand of my money. It commands the whole road. All the coaches and chariots, and chaises, pass and repass under your eye. I'll mount you up there in the afternoon, my lord. 'Tis the pleasantest place in the world to take a pipe and a bottle; and so you shall say, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Ay, or a bowl of punch, or a can of flip, Mr. Sterling; for it looks like a cabin in the air. If flying chairs were in use, the captain might make a voyage to the Indies in it still, if he had but a fair wind.

Cant. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Heidel. (L. C.) My brother's a little comical in his ideas, my lord—but you'll excuse him. I have a little Gothic dairy, fitted up entirely in my own taste. In the evening I shall hope for the honour of your lordship's company to take a dish of tea there, or a syllabub warm from the cow.

Lord Ogl. I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs. Heidelberg—the very flower of delicacy, and cream of politeness.

Mrs. Heidel. O, my lord! } [*Leering at each other.*
Lord Ogl. O, madam! }

Ster. How d'ye like these close walks, my lord?

Lord Ogl. A most excellent serpentine! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true lover's knot.

Ster. Ay, here's none of your straight lines here—but all taste—zig-zag—crinkum-crankum—in and out—right and left—to and again—twisting and turning like a worm, my lord!

Lord Ogl. Admirably laid out, indeed, Mr. Sterling! one can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose any where in these walks. You are a most excellent economist of your land, and make a little go a great way. It lies together in as small parcels as if it was placed in pots out at your window in Gracechurch-street.

Cant. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogl. What d'ye laugh at, Canton?

Cant. Ah! que cette similitude est drole! So clever what you say, my lor!

Lord Ogl. [*To* FANNY.] You seem mightily engaged, madam. What are those pretty hands so busily employed about?

Fanny. Only making up a nosegay, my lord. Will your lordship do me the honour of accepting it?

[*Presenting it.*

Lord Ogl. I'll wear it next my heart, madam! I see the young creature doats on me! [*Apart.*

Miss Ster. Lord, sister! you've loaded his lordship with a bunch of flowers as big as the cook or the nurse carry to town on a Monday morning for a beau-pot. Will your lordship give me leave to present you with this rose and a sprig of sweet-briar?

Lord Ogl. The truest emblems of yourself, madam! all sweetness and poignancy.—A little jealous, poor soul! [*Apart.*

Ster. Now, my lord, if you please, I'll carry you to see my ruins.

Mrs. Heidel. You'll absolutely fatigue his lordship with over-walking, brother?

Lord Ogl. Not at all, madam. We're in the garden of Eden, you know; in the region of perpetual spring, youth, and beauty. [*Leering at the women, who stand* L.

Mrs. Heidel. Quite the man of qualaty, I pertest.

[*Apart.*

Cant. Take a my arm, my lor.

[LORD OGL. *leans on him.*

Ster. I'll only shew his lordship my ruins, and the cascade, and the Chinese bridge, and then we'll go in to breakfast.

Lord Ogl. Ruins, did you say, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Ay, ruins, my lord! and they are reckoned very fine ones too. You would think them ready to tumble on your head. It has just cost me a hundred and fifty pounds to put my ruins in thorough repair. This way, if your lordship pleases.

Lord Ogl. [*Going, stops.*] What steeple's that we see yonder—the parish church, I suppose.

Ster. Ha! ha! ha! that's admirable. It is no church at all, my lord! it is a spire that I have built against a tree, a field or two off, to terminate the prospect. One must always have a church, or an obelisk, or something, to terminate the prospect, you know. That's a rule in taste, my lord!

Lord Ogl. (c.) Very ingenious, indeed! For my part, I desire no finer prospect than this I see before me. [*Leering at the women*] Simple, yet varied;

bounded, yet extensive.——Get away, Canton! [*Pushing away* CANTON.] I want no assistance—I'll walk with the ladies.

Ster. This way, my lord!

Lord Ogl. Lead on, sir!——We young folks here will follow you. Madam!—Miss Sterling!—Miss Fanny!—I attend you.

[*Exit after* STERLING, *gallanting the ladies.*

Cant. [*Following.*] He is cock o' de game, ma foi!

[*Exit.*

[SIR JOHN MELVIL *and* LOVEWELL *come forward.*

Sir John. At length, thank heaven, I have an opportunity to unbosom.——I know you are faithful, Lovewell, and flatter myself you would rejoice to serve me.

Lov. Be assured, you may depend on me.

Sir John. You must know, then, notwithstanding all appearances, that this treaty of marriage between Miss Sterling and me will come to nothing.

Lov. How!

Sir John. It will be no match, Lovewell.

Lov. No match?

Sir John. No.

Lov. You amaze me. What should prevent it?

Sir John. I.

Lov. You! wherefore?

Sir John. I don't like her.

Lov. Very plain indeed! I never supposed that you was extremely devoted to her from inclination, but thought you always considered it as a matter of convenience, rather than affection.

Sir John. Very true. I came into the family without any impression on my mind—with an unimpassioned indifference, ready to receive one woman as soon as another. I looked upon love, serious sober love, as a chimera, and marriage as a thing of course, as you know most people do. But I, who was lately so great an infidel in love, am now one of its sincerest votaries. In short, my defection from Miss Sterling proceeds from the violence of my attachment to another.

Lov. (R.C.) Another! So, so! here will be fine work. And pray, who is she?

Sir John. (C.) Who is she? who can she be? but Fanny, the tender, amiable, engaging Fanny?

Lov. Fanny! What Fanny?

Sir John. Fanny Sterling; her sister. Is she not an angel, Lovewell?

Lov. Her sister? Confusion!—You must not think of it, Sir John.

Sir John. Not think of it? I can think of nothing else. Nay, tell me, Lovewell! was it possible for me to be indulged in a perpetual intercourse with two such objects as Fanny and her sister, and not find my heart led by insensible attraction towards her? You seem confounded! Why dont you answer me?

Lov. Indeed, Sir John, this event gives me infinite concern.

Sir John. Why so? Is she not an angel, Lovewell?

Lov. I foresee that it must produce the worst consequences. Consider the confusion it must unavoidably create. Let me persuade you to drop these thoughts in time.

Sir John. Never—never, Lovewell!

Lov. You have gone too far to recede. A negociation, so nearly concluded, cannot be broken off with any grace. The lawyers, you know, are hourly expected; the preliminaries almost finally settled between Lord Ogleby and Mr. Sterling; and Miss Sterling herself ready to receive you as a husband.

Sir John. Why, the banns have been published, and nobody has forbidden them, 'tis true. But you know either of the parties may change their minds even after they enter the church.

Lov. You think too lightly of this matter. To carry your addresses so far—and then to desert her—and for her sister too! It will be such an affront to the family, that they can never put up with it.

Sir John. I don't think so: for as to my transferring my passion from her to her sister, so much the better! for then, you know, I don't carry my affection out of the family.

Lov. Nay, but pr'ythee be serious, and think better of it.

Sir John. I have thought better of it already, you see. Tell me honestly, Lovewell, can you blame me? Is there any comparison between them?

Lov. As to that now—Why that—is just—just as it may strike different people. There are many admirers of Miss Sterling's vivacity.

Sir John. Vivacity! a medley of Cheapside pertness and Whitechapel pride. No, no, if I do go so far into the city, for a wedding-dinner, it shall be upon turtle at least.

Lov. But I see no probability of success; for granting that Mr. Sterling would have consented to it at first, he cannot listen to it now. Why did not you break this affair to the family before?

Sir John. Under such embarrassed circumstances as I have been, can you wonder at my irresolution or perplexity? nothing but despair, the fear of losing my dear Fanny, could bring me to a declaration even now: and yet I think I know Mr. Sterling so well, that strange as my proposal may appear, if I can make it advantageous to him as a money transaction, as I am sure I can, he will certainly come into it.

Lov. But even suppose he should, which I very much doubt, I don't think Fanny herself would listen to your addresses.

Sir John. You are deceived a little in that particular.

Lov. You'll find I am in the right.

Sir John. I have some little reason to think otherwise.

Lov. You have not declared your passion to her already?

Sir John. Yes, I have.

Lov. Indeed!—And—and—and how did she receive it?

Sir John. I think it is not very easy for me to make my addresses to any woman, without receiving some little encouragement.

Lov. Encouragement! did she give you any encouragement?

Sir John. I don't know what you call encouragement—but she blushed—and cried—and desired me not to think of it any more—upon which I pressed her hand—kissed it—swore she was an angel—and I could see it tickled her to the soul.

Lov. And did she express no surprise at your declaration?

Sir John. Why faith, to say the truth, she was a little surprised—and she got away from me too, before I could thoroughly explain myself. If I should not meet with an opportunity of speaking to her, I must get you to deliver a letter for me.

Lov. I! a letter!—I had rather have nothing——

Sir John. Nay, you promised me your assistance—and I am sure you cannot scruple to make yourself useful on such an occasion—You may, without suspicion, acquaint her verbally of my determined affection for her, and that I am resolved to ask her father's consent.

Lov. As to that, I—your commands, you know——that is, if she——Indeed, Sir John, I think you are in the wrong.

Sir John. Well—well—that's my concern—Ha! there she goes, by heaven! along that walk, yonder, d'ye see? I'll go to her immediately.

Lov. You are too precipitate. Consider what you are doing.

Sir John. I would not lose this opportunity for the universe.

Lov. Nay, pray don't go! Your violence and eagerness may overcome her spirits. The shock will be too much for her. [*Detaining him.*

Sir John. Nothing shall prevent me. Ha! now she turns into another walk——Let me go! [*Breaks from him.*] I shall lose her. [*Going, turns back.*] Be sure now to keep out of the way! If you interrupt us, I shall never forgive you. [*Exit hastily,* R.

Lov. (C.) 'Sdeath! I can't bear this. In love with my wife! acquaint me with his passion for her! make his addresses before my face! I shall break out before my time—This was the meaning of Fanny's uneasiness. She could not encourage him——I am sure she could not——Ha! they are turning into the walk, and coming this way. Shall I leave the place?——Leave him to solicit my wife! I can't submit to it—They come nearer and nearer——If I stay, it will look suspicious—It may betray us, and incense him——They are here——I must go——I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world.

[*Exit,* L.

Enter FANNY *followed by* SIR JOHN, R.

Fanny. (C.) Leave me, Sir John, I beseech you leave me; nay, why will you persist to follow me with idle solicitations, which are an affront to my character, and an injury to your own honour?

Sir John. (R. C.) I know your delicacy, and tremble to offend it; but let the urgency of the occasion be my excuse! Consider, madam, that the future happiness of my life depends on my present application to you! consider that this day must determine my fate; and these are perhaps the only moments left me to incline you to warrant my passion, and to intreat you not to oppose the proposals I mean to open to your father.

Fanny. For shame, for shame, Sir John! Think of your previous engagements! Think of your own situa-

tion, and think of mine! What have you discovered in my conduct that might encourage you to so bold a declaration? I am shocked that you should venture to say so much, and blush that I should even dare to give it a hearing.——Let me be gone!

Sir John. Nay, stay, madam, but one moment—Your sensibility is too great. Engagements! what engagements have been pretended on either side more than those of family convenience? I went on in the trammels of matrimonial negociation with a blind submission to your father and Lord Ogleby; but my heart soon claimed a right to be consulted. It has devoted itself to you, and obliges me to plead earnestly for the same tender interest in yours.

Fanny. Have a care, Sir John! do not mistake a depraved will for a virtuous inclination. By these common pretences of the heart, half our sex are made fools, and a greater part of yours despise them for it.

Sir John. Affection, you will allow, is involuntary. We cannot always direct it to the object on which it should fix—But when it is once inviolably attached, inviolably as mine is to you, it often creates reciprocal affection. When I last urged you on this subject, you heard me with more temper, and I hoped with some compassion.

Fanny. You deceived yourself. If I forbore to exert a proper spirit; nay, if I did not even express the quickest resentment of your behaviour, it was only in consideration of that respect I wish to pay you, in honour to my sister: and be assured, sir, woman as I am, that my vanity could reap no pleasure from a triumph that must result from the blackest treachery to her.

[*Going.*

Sir John. One word, and I have done. [*Stopping her.*] Your impatience and anxiety, and the urgency of the occasion, oblige me to be brief and explicit with you—I appeal therefore from your delicacy to your justice. Your sister, I verily believe, neither entertains any real affection for me, or tenderness for you. Your father, I am inclined to think, is not much concerned by means of which of his daughters the families are united. Now, as they cannot, shall not be connected, otherwise than by my union with you, why will you, from a false delicacy, oppose a measure so conducive to my happiness, and, I hope your own? I love you, most passionately and sincerely love you—and I hope to propose

terms agreeable to Mr. Sterling:—If then you don't absolutely loath, abhor, and scorn me—if there is no other happier man——

Fanny. Hear me, sir, hear my final determination. Were my father and sister as insensible as you are pleased to represent them;—were my heart for ever to remain disengaged to any other—I could not listen to your proposals. What! you on the very eve of a marriage with my sister; I living under the same roof with her, bound not only by the laws of friendship and hospitality, but even the ties of blood, to contribute to her happiness—and not to conspire against her peace—the peace of a whole family—and that my own too!—Away, away, Sir John!—At such a time, and in such circumstances, your addresses only inspire me with horror—Nay, you must detain me no longer—I will go.

[*Going*, L.

Sir John. Do not leave me in absolute despair!—Give me a glimpse of hope! [*Falling on his knees*, L.

Fanny. I cannot. Pray, Sir John!

[*Struggling to go*.

Sir John. Shall this hand be given to another? [*Kissing her hand*.] No—I cannot endure it——My whole soul is yours, and the whole happiness of my life is in your power.

Enter MISS STERLING, R. U. E.

Fanny. (L.) Ha! my sister is here. Rise, for shame, Sir John!

Sir John. Miss Sterling! [*Rising*.

Miss Ster. (R.) I beg pardon, sir! You'll excuse me, madam! I have broke in upon you a little unopportunely, I believe—But I did not mean to interrupt you—I only came, sir, to let you know that breakfast waits, if you have finished your morning's devotions.

Sir John. (R.) I am very sensible, Miss Sterling, that this may appear particular, but——

Miss Ster. (C.) O dear, Sir John, don't put yourself to the trouble of an apology. The thing explains itself.

Sir John. It will soon, madam! In the mean time I can only assure you of my profound respect and esteem for you, and make no doubt of convincing Mr. Sterling of the honour and integrity of my intentions. And—and—your humble servant, madam!

[*Exit in confusion*, R.

Miss Ster. Respect?—Insolence!—Esteem?—Very

fine truly! And you, madam! my sweet, delicate, innocent, sentimental sister! will you convince my papa too of the integrity of your intentions?

Fanny. Do not upbraid me, my dear sister! Indeed I don't deserve it. Believe me, you can't be more offended at his behaviour than I am, and I am sure it cannot make you half so miserable.

Miss Ster. Make me miserable! You are mightily deceived, madam! It gives me no sort of uneasiness, I assure you.—A base fellow!—As for you, Miss! the pretended softness of your disposition, your artful good-nature, never imposed upon me. I always knew you to be sly, and envious, and deceitful.

Fanny. Indeed, you wrong me.

Miss Ster. Oh, you are all goodness, to be sure!—Did not I find him on his kness before you? Did not I see him kiss your sweet hand? Did not I hear his protestations? Was not I a witness of your dissembled modesty?—No—no, my dear! don't imagine that you can make a fool of your elder sister so easily.

Fanny. Sir John, I own, is to blame; but I am above the thoughts of doing you the least injury.

Miss Ster. We shall try that, madam!—I hope, Miss, you'll be able to give a better account to my papa and my aunt——for they shall both know of this matter, I promise you. [*Exit*, R.

Fanny. [*Alone.*] How unhappy I am! my distresses multiply upon me. Mr. Lovewell must now become acquainted with Sir John's behaviour to me—and in a manner that may add to his uneasiness. My father, instead of being disposed by fortunate circumstances to forgive any transgressions, will be previously incensed against me. My sister and my aunt will become irreconcilably my enemies, and rejoice in my disgrace. Yet, on all events, I am determined on a discovery. I dread it, and am resolved to hasten it. It is surrounded with more horrors every instant, as it appears every instant more necessary. [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

Enter, L. *a Servant, leading in* SERGEANT FLOWER, *and* COUNSELLORS TRAVERSE *and* TRUEMAN—*all booted.*

Serv. This way, if you please, gentlemen! my master is at breakfast with the family at present—but I'll let him know, and he'll wait on you immediately.

Flower. Mighty well, young man, mighty well.

Serv. Please to favour me with your names, gentlemen.

Flower. Let Mr. Sterling know, that Mr. Sergeant Flower, and two other gentlemen of the bar, are come to wait on him, according to his appointment.

Serv. I will, sir. [*Going.*

Flower. And harkee, young man, [*Servant returns*] Desire my servant—Mr. Sergeant Flower's servant—to bring in my green and gold saddle-cloth and pistols, and lay them down here in the hall, with my portmanteau.

Serv. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Flower. Well, gentlemen! the settling these marriage articles falls conveniently enough, almost just on the eve of the circuits. Let me see—the Home, the Midland, and Western; ay, we can all cross the country well enough to our several destinations. Traverse, when do you begin at Hertford?

Traverse. The day after to-morrow.

Flower. That is commission day with us at Warwick too. But my clerk has retainers for every cause in the paper, so it will be time enough if I am there the next morning. Besides, I have about half a dozen cases that have lain by me ever since the spring assizes, and I must tack opinions to them before I see my country clients again. So I will take the evening before me—and then *current calamo*, as I say—eh, Traverse?

Traverse. True, Mr. Sergeant—and the easiest thing in the world too—for those country attorneys are such ignorant dogs, that in case of the devise of an estate to A, and his heirs for ever, they'll make a query, whether he takes in fee or in tail.

Flower. Do you expect to have much to do on the home circuit these assizes?

Traverse. Not much *nisi prius* business, but a good deal on the crown side, I believe. The gaols are brim full—and some of the felons in good circumstances, and likely to be tolerable clients. Let me see; I am engaged for three highway robberies, two murders, one forgery, and half a dozen larcenies, at Kingston.

Flower. A pretty decent gaol delivery! Do you expect to bring off Darking, for the robbery on Putney-Common? Can you make out your *alibi*?

Traverse. Oh, no! the crown witnesses are sure to prove our identity. We shall certainly be hanged: but that don't signify. But Mr. Sergeant, have you much to do?—any remarkable cause on the Midland this circuit?

Flower. Nothing very remarkable—except two rapes, and Rider and Western at Nottingham, for *crim. con.*—but, on the whole, I believe a good deal of business. Our associate tells me, there are above thirty *venires* for Warwick.

Traverse. Pray, Mr. Sergeant, are you concerned in Jones and Thomas, at Lincoln?

Flower. I am—for the plaintiff.

Traverse. And what do you think on't?

Flower. A nonsuit.

Traverse. I thought so.

Flower. Oh, no manner of doubt on't—*luce clarius*—we have no right in us—we have but one chance.

Traverse. What's that?

Flower. Why, my Lord Chief does not go the circuit this time, and my brother Puzzle being in the commission, the cause will come on before him.

Trueman. Ay, that may do, indeed, if you can but throw dust in the eyes of the defendant's counsel.

Flower. True.—Mr. Trueman, I think you are concerned for Lord Ogleby in this affair. [*To* TRUEMAN.

Trueman. I am, sir—I have the honour to be related to his lordship, and hold some courts for him in Somersetshire—go the Western circuit—and attend the sessions at Exeter, merely because his lordship's interests and property lie in that part of the kingdom.

Flower. Ha! and pray, Mr. Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

Trueman. About nine years and three quarters.

Flower. Ha! I don't know that I ever had the plea-

sure of seeing you before. I wish you success, young gentleman.

Enter STERLING, R.

Ster. Oh, Mr. Sergeant Flower, I am glad to see you. Your servant, Mr. Sergeant! gentlemen, your servant! Well, are all matters concluded? has that snail-paced conveyancer, old Ferret, of Gray's Inn, settled the articles at last? Do you approve of what he has done? Will his tackle hold, tight and strong?—Eh, master Sergeant?

Flower. My friend Ferret's slow and sure, sir. But then *serius aut citius*, as we say, sooner or later, Mr. Sterling, he is sure to put his business out of hand as he should do. My clerk has brought the writing, and all other instruments along with him, and the settlement is, I believe, as good a settlement as any settlement on the face of the earth.

Ster. But that damn'd mortgage of 60,000*l.* There don't appear to be any other incumbrances, I hope?

Traverse. I can answer for that, sir; and that will be cleared off immediately on the payment of the first part of Miss Sterling's portion. You agree, on your part, to come down with 80,000*l.*

Ster. Down on the nail. Ay, ay, my money is ready to-morrow if he pleases: he shall have it in India-bonds, or notes, or how he chuses. Your lords and your dukes, and your people at the court-end of the town, stick at payments sometimes—debts unpaid, no credit lost with them—but no fear of us substantial fellows—eh, Mr. Sergeant?

Flower. Sir John having last term, according to agreement, levied a fine and suffered a recovery, hath hitherto cut off the entail of the Ogleby estate for the better effecting the purposes of the present intended marriage; on which above-mentioned Ogleby estate, a jointure of 2000*l.* per annum is secured to your eldest daughter, now Elizabeth Sterling, spinster, and the whole estate, after the death of the aforesaid earl, descends to the heirs male of Sir John Melvil, on the body of the aforesaid Elizabeth Sterling lawfully to be begotten.

Traverse. Very true——and Sir John is to be put in immediate possession of as much of his lordship's Somersetshire estate, as lies in the manors of Hogmore and Cranford, amounting to between two and three

thousand per annum, and at the death of Mr. Sterling, a further sum of seventy thousand———

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, R.

Ster. Ah, Sir John! Here we are hard at it—paving the road to matrimony—first the lawyers, then comes the doctor—let us but dispatch the long robe, we shall soon get pudding-sleeves to work, I warrant you.

Sir John. I am sorry to interrupt you, sir—but I hope that both you and these gentlemen will excuse me—having something particular for your private ear, I took the liberty of following you, and beg you will oblige me with an audience immediately.

Ster. Ay, with all my heart!—Gentlemen, Mr. Sergeant, you'll excuse it—business must be done, you know. The writings will keep cold till to-morrow morning.

Flower. I must be at Warwick, Mr. Sterling, the day after.

Ster. Nay, nay, I shan't part with you to-night, gentlemen, I promise you. My house is very full, but I have beds for you all, beds for your servants, and stabling for all your horses. Will you take a turn in the garden, and view some of my improvements before dinner? Or will you amuse yourselves on the green, with a game of bowls, and a cool tankard? My servants shall attend you—do you choose any other refreshment? Call for what you please; do as you please; make yourselves quite at home, I beg of you. Here, Thomas! Harry! William! wait on these gentlemen!——[*Follows the Lawyers out,* L. *bawling and talking, and then returns to* SIR JOHN.] And now, sir, I am entirely at your service. What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negociation between our families to so great a length, after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your cheerful complaisance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

Ster. Uneasiness! What uneasiness? Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the same conditions I agree to receive

you as a son-in-law; and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir John. Pardon me, sir, more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Ster. What the deuce is all this? I don't understand a single syllable.

Sir John. In one word then—it will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Ster. How, Sir John! Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What! refuse to——

Sir John. Be assured, sir, that I neither mean to affront, nor forsake your family. My only fear is, that you should desert me; for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Ster. Why, did not you tell me, but a moment ago, that it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter?

Sir John. True. But you have another daughter, sir——

Ster. Well?

Sir John. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her: nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprised of it, and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

Ster. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for my daughter, like servants at a statute-fair? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house, like the Grand Signior, and throw the handkerchief first to one, and then to t'other, just as he pleases? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them; and——

Sir John. A moment's patience, sir! Nothing but the excess of my passion for Miss Fanny should have

induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Ster. Compensation! what compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come, Mr. Sterling; I know you to be a man of sense, a man of business, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you; and you shall see that I don't desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Ster. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. I'll tell you, sir. You know that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds.

Ster. Well!

Sir John. Now if you will but consent to my waving that marriage——

Ster. I agree to your waving that marriage? Impossible, Sir John!

Sir John. I hope not, sir; as on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Ster. Thirty thousand, d'ye say?

Sir John. Yes, sir; and accept of Miss Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of fourscore.

Ster. Fifty thousand— [*Pausing.*

Sir John. Instead of fourscore.

Ster. Why—why—there may be something in that. Let me see—Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of Betsy with fourscore. But how can this be, Sir John? For you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who, I believe—between you and me, Sir John—is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the present incumbrances on the estate, Sir John.

Sir John. That objection is easily obviated. Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little eclat on our marriage; and the

other ten for his own. Ten thousand pounds, therefore, I shall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thousand, you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payment of the interest, till the principal is duly discharged.

Ster. Why—to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family—

Sir John. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling. And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary—such things happen every day—and as the world has only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Ster. True, true; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir John. The very thing!

Ster. Odso! I had quite forgot. We are reckoning without our host here. There is another difficulty——

Sir John. You alarm me. What can that be?

Ster. I can't stir a step in this business without consulting my sister Heidelberg.——The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offence.

Sir John. But if you come into this measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent——

Ster. I don't know that—Betsy is her darling, and I can't tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I'll do the best I can for you. You shall go and break the matter to her first, and by that time I may suppose that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir John. I'll fly to her immediately; you promise me your assistance.

Ster. I do.

Sir John. Ten thousand thanks for it! and now success attend me! [*Going* R.

Ster. (L.) Harkee, Sir John! [SIR JOHN *returns.*] Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister, Sir John.

Sir John. Oh, I am dumb—I am dumb, sir. [*Going.*

Ster. You remember it is thirty thousand.

Sir John. To be sure I do.

Ster. But Sir John!—one thing more. [SIR JOHN *returns.*] My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir John. Not for the world. Let me alone! let me alone! [*Offering to go.*

Ster. [*Holding him.*] And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir John. To be sure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you please. [*Exit, hastily,* R.

Ster. [*Alone.*] I should have thought of more conditions—he's in a humour to give me every thing.

[*Exit,* L.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG, *and* MISS STERLING, L.

Miss Ster. This is your gentle-looking, soft-speaking, sweet-smiling, affable Miss Fanny for you!

Mrs. Heidel. My Miss Fanny! I disclaim her. With all her arts she never could insinuate herself into my good graces—and yet she has a way with her, that deceives man, woman, and child, except you and me, niece.

Miss Ster. O, ay; she wants nothing but a crook in her hand, and a lamb under her arm, to be a perfect picture of innocence and simplicity.

Mrs. Heidel. Just as I was drawn at Amsterdam, when I went over to visit my husband's relations.

Miss Ster. And then she's so mighty good to servants —"Pray, John, do this—pray, Tom, do that—thank you, Jenny"—and then so humble to her relations— "To be sure, papa!—as my aunt pleases—my sister knows best." But with all her demureness and humility, she has no objection to be Lady Melvil, it seems, nor to any wickedness that can make her so.

Mrs. Heidel. She Lady Melvil? Compose yourself niece! I'll ladyship her indeed! a little creppin, cantin —she shan't be the better for a farden of my money. But tell me, child, how does this intriguing with Sir John correspond with her partiality to Lovewell? I don't see a concatunation here.

Miss Ster. There I was deceived, madam. I took all their whisperings and stealing into corners to be the

mere attraction of vulgar minds: but, behold! their private meetings were not to contrive their own insipid happiness, but to conspire against mine. But I know whence proceeds Mr. Lovewell's resentment to me. I could not stoop to be familiar with my father's clerk, and so I have lost his interest.

Mrs. Heidel. My spurrit to a T.—my dear child! [*Kisses her.*] Mr. Heidelberg lost his election for member of parliament, because I would not demean myself to be slobbered about by drunken shoemakers, beastly cheesemongers, and greasy butchers and tallow-chandlers. However, niece, I can't help differing a little in opinion from you in this matter. My experunce and sagucity makes me still suspect, that there is something more between her and that Lovewell, notwithstanding this affair of Sir John. I had my eye upon them the whole time of breakfast. Sir John, I observed, looked a little confounded, indeed, though I knew nothing of what had passed in the garden. You seemed to sit upon thorns too: but Fanny and Mr. Lovewell made quite another guess sort of a figur; and were as perfect a pictur of two distrest lovers, as if it had been drawn by Raphael Angelo. As to Sir John and Fanny, I want a matter of fact.

Miss Ster. Matter of fact, madam? Did not I come unexpectedly upon them? Was not Sir John kneeling at her feet, and kissing her hand? Did not he look all love, and she all confusion? Is not that a matter of fact? and did not Sir John, the moment that papa was called out of the room to the lawyermen, get up from breakfast, and follow him immediately? And I warrant you, that by this time he has made proposals to him to marry my sister—oh, that some other person, an earl, or a duke, would make his addresses to me, that I might be revenged on this monster!

Mrs. Heidel. Be cool, child! you *shall* be Lady Melvil, in spite of all their caballins, if it costs me ten thousand pounds to turn the scale. Sir John may apply to my brother indeed; but I'll make them all know who governs in this fammaly.

Miss Ster. As I live, madam, yonder comes Sir John. A base man! I can't endure the sight of him. I'll leave the room this instant. [*Disordered.*

Mrs. Heidel. Poor thing! Well, retire to your own chamber, child, I'll give it him, I warrant you; and

by and by I'll come and let you know all that has past between us.

Miss Ster. Pray do, madam! [*Looking back.*] A vile wretch! [*Exit in a rage,* R.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, L.

Sir John. Your most obedient humble servant, madam! [*Bowing very respectfully.*

Mrs. Heidel. Your servant, Sir John!

[*Dropping a half courtsey, and pouting.*

Sir John. Miss Sterling's manner of quitting the room on my approach, and the visible coolness of your behaviour to me, madam, convince me that she has acquainted you with what passed this morning.

Mrs. Heidel. I am very sorry, Sir John, to be made acquainted with any thing that should induce me to change the opinion, which I could always wish to entertain of a person of quality. [*Pouting.*

Sir John. It has always been my ambition to merit the best opinion from Mrs. Heidelberg; and when she comes to weigh all circumstances, I flatter myself——

Mrs. Heidel. You *do* flatter yourself, if you imagine that I can approve of your behaviour to my niece, Sir John. And give me leave to tell you, Sir John, that you have been drawn into an action much beneath you, Sir John; and that I look upon every injury offered to Miss Betty Sterling, as an affront to myself, Sir John. [*Warmly.*

Sir John. I would not offend you for the world, madam! but when I am influenced by a partiality for another, however ill-founded, I hope your discernment and good sense will think it rather a point of honour to renounce engagements, which I could not fulfil so strictly as I ought; and that you will excuse the change in my inclinations, since the new object, as well as the first, has the honour of being your niece, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. I disclaim her as a niece, Sir John; Miss Sterling disclaims her as a sister, and the whole fammaly must disclaim her, for her monstrous baseness and treachery.

Sir John. Indeed, she has been guilty of none, madam. Her hand and her heart are, I am sure, entirely at the disposal of yourself, and Mr. Sterling.

Enter STERLING, L. U. E.

And if you should not oppose my inclinations, I am sure of Mr. Sterling's consent, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. Indeed!

Sir John. Quite certain, madam.

Ster. [*Behind.*] So! they seem to be coming to terms already. I may venture to make my appearance.

Mrs. Heidel. To marry Fanny?

[STER. *advances by degrees.*

Sir John. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. My brother has given his consent, you say?

Sir John. In the most ample manner, with no other restriction than the failure of your concurrence, madam. [*Sees* STER.] Oh, here's Mr. Sterling, who will confirm what I have told you.

Mrs. Heidel. What! have you consented to give up your own daughter in this manner, brother?

Ster. Give her up! no, not give her up, sister; only in case that you——Zounds, I am afraid you have said too much, Sir John. [*Apart to* SIR JOHN.

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, yes. I see now that it is true enough what my niece told me. You are all plottin and caballin against her—Pray, does Lord Ogleby know of this affair?

Sir John. I have not yet made him acquainted with it, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. No, I warrant you, I thought so.—— And so his lordship and myself, truly, are not to be consulted till the last.

Ster. What! did you not consult my lord? Oh! fie for shame, Sir John!

Sir John. Nay, but Mr. Sterling.——

Mrs. Heidel. We, who are the persons of most consequence and experunce in the two fammalies, are to know nothing of the matter, 'till the whole is as good as concluded upon. But his lordship, I am sure, will have more generosaty than to countenance such a perceding. And I could not have expected such behaviour, from a person of your quality, Sir John—and as for you, brother———

Ster. Nay, nay, but hear me, sister!

Mrs. Heidel. I am perfectly ashamed of you—have you no spurrit? no more concern for the honour of our fammaly than to consent———

Ster. Consent? I consent? As I hope for mercy, I never gave my consent. Did I consent, Sir John?

Sir John. Not absolutely, without Mrs. Heidelberg's concurrence. But in case of her approbation——

Ster. Ay, I grant you, if my sister approved—But that's quite another thing, you know—

[*To* MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. Heidel. Your sister approve, indeed!—I thought you knew her better, brother Sterling?—What! approve of having your eldest daughter returned upon your hands, and exchanged for the younger? I am surprised how you could listen to such a scandalous proposal.

Ster. I tell you, I never did listen to it. Did not I say that I would be entirely governed by my sister, Sir John? and unless she agreed to your marrying Fanny—

Mrs. Heidel. I agree to his marrying Fanny? abominable! The man is absolutely out of his senses. Can't that wise head of yours foresee the consequences of all this, brother Sterling? Will Sir John take Fanny without a fortin? No! After you have settled the largest part of your property on your youngest daughter, can there be an equal portion left for the eldest? No! Does not this overturn the whole systum of the fammaly? Yes, yes, yes! You know I was always for my niece Betsy's marrying a person of the very first quallaty. That was my maxum: and therefore, much the largest settlement was, of course, to be made upon her. As for Fanny, if she could, with a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, get a knight, or a member of parliament, or a rich common-councilman for a husband, I thought it might do very well.

Sir John. But if a better match should offer itself, why should it not be accepted, madam?

Mrs. Heidel. What, at the expense of her elder sister! O fie, Sir John! How could you bear to hear of such an indignaty, brother Sterling?

Ster. I! Nay, I shan't hear of it, I promise you. I can't hear of it, indeed, Sir John.

Mrs. Heidel. But you have heard of it, brother Sterling. You know you have; and sent Sir John to propose it to me. But if you can give up your daughter, I shan't forsake my niece, I assure you. Ah! if my poor dear Mr. Heidelberg and our sweet babes had been alive, he would not have behaved so.

Ster. Did I, Sir John?—Nay, speak!—Bring me off, or we are ruined. [*Apart to* SIR JOHN.

Sir John. Why, to be sure, to speak the truth——

Mrs. Heidel. To speak the truth, I'm asham'd of you both. But have a care what you are about, brother!

have a care, I say. The counsellors are in the house, I hear; and if every thing is not settled to my liking, I'll have nothing more to say to you, if I live these hundred years. I'll go over to Holland, and settle with Mr. Vanderspracken, my poor husband's first cousin, and my own fammaly shall never be the better for a farden of my money, I promise you. [*Exit*, R.

Ster. I thought so. I knew she would never agree to it.

Sir John. 'Sdeath, how unfortunate! what can we do, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Nothing.

Sir John. What, must our agreement break off, the moment it is made then?

Ster. It can't be helped, Sir John. The family, as I told you before, have great expectations from my sister; and if this matter proceeds, you hear yourself that she threatens to leave us. My brother Heidelberg was a warm man, a very warm man; and died worth a plum, at least; a plum! ay, I warrant you, he died worth a plum and a half.

Sir John. Well; but if I——

Ster. And then, my sister has three or four very good mortgages, a deal of money in the three per cents., and old South Sea annuities, besides large concerns in the Dutch and French funds. The greatest part of all this she means to leave to our family.

Sir John. I can only say, sir——

Ster. Why, your offer of the difference of thirty thousand, was very fair and handsome, to be sure, Sir John.

Sir John. Nay, but I am even willing to——

Ster. Ay, but if I was to accept it against her will, I might lose above a hundred thousand; so you see the balance is against you, Sir John.

Sir John. But is there no way, do you think, of prevailing on Mrs. Heidelberg to grant her consent?

Ster. I am afraid not. However, when her passion is a little abated—for she's very passionate—you may try what can be done: but you must not use my name any more, Sir John.

Sir John. Suppose I was to prevail on Lord Ogleby to apply to her, do you think that would have any influence over her?

Ster. I think he would be more likely to persuade her

to it than any other person in the family. She has a great respect for Lord Ogleby. She loves a lord.

Sir John. I'll apply to him this very day. And if he should prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg, I may depend on your friendship, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Ay, ay, I shall be glad to oblige you, when it is in my power; but as the account stands now, you see it is not upon the figures. And so your servant, Sir John. [*Exit*, L.

Sir John. What a situation am I in! Breaking off with her whom I was bound by treaty to marry; rejected by the object of my affections; and embroiled by this turbulent woman, who governs the whole family. And yet opposition, instead of smothering, increases my inclination. I must have her. I'll apply immediately to Lord Ogleby; and if he can but bring over the aunt to our party, her influence will overcome the scruples and delicacy of my dear Fanny, and I shall be the happiest of mankind. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

Enter STERLING, MRS. HEIDELBERG, *and* MISS STERLING, R.

Ster. What! will you send Fanny to town, sister?

Mrs. Heidel. To-morrow morning. I've given orders about it already.

Ster. Indeed?

Mrs. Heidel. Positively.

Ster. But consider, sister, at such a time as this what an odd appearance it will have.

Mrs. Heid. Not half so odd as her behaviour, brother. This time was intended for happiness, and I'll

keep no incendiaries here to destroy it. I insist on her going off to-morrow morning.

Ster. I'm afraid this is all your doing, Betsy.

Miss Ster. (R. C.) No, indeed, papa. My aunt knows that it is not. For all Fanny's baseness to me, I am sure I would not do, or say any thing to hurt her with you or my aunt, for the world.

Mrs. Heidel. (C.) Hold your tongue, Betsy! I will have my way. When she is packed off, every thing will go on as it should do. Since they are at their intrigues, I'll let them see that we can act with vigur on our part; and sending her out of the way shall be the purluminary step to all the rest of my perceedings.

Ster. (L. C.) Well, but sister——

Mrs. Heidel. It does not signify talking, brother Sterling, for I'm resolved to be rid of her, and I will. Come along, Child. [*To* MISS STERLING.] The post-shay shall be at the door by six o'clock in the morning; and if Miss Fanny does not get into it, why, I will—and so there's an end of the matter.

[*Bounces out with* MISS STERLING, R.

Re-enter MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. Heidel. (R.) One word more, brother Sterling! I expect that you will take your eldest daughter in your hand, and make a formal complaint to Lord Ogleby of Sir John Melvil's behaviour. Do this, brother;—shew a proper regard for the honour of your fammaly yourself, and I shall throw in my mite to the raising of it. If not—but now you know my mind. So act as you please, and take the consequences. [*Exit*, R.

Ster. The devil's in the women for tyranny! Mothers, wives, mistresses, or sisters, they always will govern us. As to my sister Heidelberg, she knows the strength of her purse, and domineers upon the credit of it. "I will do this," and "You shall do that," and "You shall do t'other, or else the fammaly shan't have a farden of"—[*mimicking.*]—So absolute with her money!—But, to say the truth, nothing but money can make us absolute, and so we must e'en make the best of her.

[*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter LORD OGLEBY *and* CANTON, L.

Lord Ogl. What! Mademoiselle Fanny to be sent

away! Why? Wherefore? What's the meaning of all this?

Cant. Je ne sçais pas. I know nothing of it.

Lord Ogl. It can't be—it shan't be. I protest against the measure. She's a fine girl, and I had much rather that the rest of the family were annihilated, than that she should leave us. Her vulgar father, that's the very abstract of 'Change Alley—the aunt, that's always endeavouring to be a fine lady—and the pert sister, for ever showing that she is one, are horrid company, indeed, and without her would be intolerable. Ah, la pettite Fanchon! she's the thing; isn't she, Cant.?

Cant. Dere is very good sympatie entre vous, and dat young lady, mi lor.

Lord Ogl. I'll not be let among these Goths and Vandals, your Sterlings, your Heidelbergs, and Devilbergs—if she goes, I'll positively go too.

Cant. In de same post-chay, my lor? You have no objection to dat I believe, nor mademoiselle neider too—ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogl. Pr'ythee hold thy foolish tongue, Cant. Does thy Swiss stupidity imagine that I can see and talk with a fine girl without desires? My eyes are involuntarily attracted by beautiful objects. I fly as naturally to a fine girl——

Cant. As de fine girl to you, my lor: ha, ha, ha! you always fly togedre like un pair de pigeons.

Lord Ogl. Like un pair de pigeons—[*mocks him.*]—Vous etes un sot, Mons. Canton—Thou art always dreaming of my intrigues, and never seest me *badiner*, but you suspect mischief, you old fool, you.

Cant. I am fool, I confess, but not always fool in dat, mi lor, he, he, he!

Lord Ogl. He, he, he! Thou art incorrigible, but thy absurdities amuse one. Thou art like my rappee here, [*takes out his box*] a most ridiculous superfluity, but a pinch of thee, now and then, is a more delicious treat.

Cant. You do me great honeur, mi lor.

Lord Ogl. 'Tis fact, upon my soul. Thou art properly my cephalic snuff, and art no bad medicine against megrims, vertigoes, and profound thinking—ha, ha, ha!

Cant. Your flatterie, mi lor, vil make me too prode.

Lord Ogl. The girl has some little partiality for me, to be sure: but pr'ythee, Cant., is not that Miss Fanny yonder?

Cant. [*Looking with a glass.*] En verité, 'tis she, mi lor—'tis one of de pigeons—de pigeons d'amour.

Lord Ogl. Don't be ridiculous, you old monkey. [*Smiling.*

Cant. I am monkée, I am ole, but I have eye, I have ear, and a little understand, now and den.

Lord Ogl. Taisez vous bête!

Cant. Elle vous attend, my lor.—She vil make a love to you.

Lord Ogl. Will she? Have at her then! A fine girl can't oblige me more.—Egad, I find myself a little enjoué—come along, Cant.! she is but in the next walk—but there is such a deal of this damned crinkum-crankum, as Sterling calls it, that one sees people for half an hour before one can get to them——Allons, Mons. Canton, allons donc! [*Exeunt singing in French,* R.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Garden.*

Enter LOVEWELL *and* FANNY, L.

Lov. My dear Fanny, I cannot bear your distress! it overcomes all my resolutions, and I am prepared for the discovery.

Fanny. But how can it be effected before my departure?

Lov. I'll tell you.—Lord Ogleby seems to entertain a visible partiality for you; and notwithstanding the peculiarities of his behaviour, I am sure that he is humane at the bottom. He is vain to an excess; but withal extremely good-natured, and would do any thing to recommend himself to a lady.—Do you open the whole affair of our marriage to him immediately. It will come with more irresistible persuasion from you than myself; and I doubt not but you'll gain his friendship and protection at once.—His influence and authority will put an end to Sir John's solicitations, remove your aunt's and sister's unkindness and suspicions, and, I hope, reconcile your father and the whole family to our marriage.

Fanny. Heaven grant it! Where is my lord?

Lov. I have heard him and Canton, since dinner, singing French songs under the great walnut-tree by the parlour door. If you meet with him in the garden, you may disclose the whole immediately.

Fanny. Dreadful as the task is, I'll do it.——Any thing is better than this continual anxiety.

Lov. By that time the discovery is made, I will appear to second you.—Ha! here comes my lord.—Now, my dear Fanny, summon up all your spirits, plead our cause powerfully, and be sure of success. [*Going* R.

Fanny. Ay, don't leave me!

Lov. Nay, you must let me.

Fanny. Well, since it must be so, I'll obey you, if I have the power. Oh, Lovewell!

Lov. Consider, our situation is very critical. To-morrow morning is fixed for your departure, and if we lose this opportunity, we may wish in vain for another. He approaches—I must retire.—Speak, my dear Fanny, speak and make us happy! [*Exit* R.

Fanny. Good heaven, what a situation am I in! what shall I do? what shall I say to him! I am all confusion.

Enter LORD OGLEBY *and* CANTON.

Lord Ogl. To see so much beauty so solitary, madam, is a satire upon mankind, and tis fortunate that one man has broken in upon your reverie, for the credit of our sex. I say *one*, madam, for poor Canton here, from age and infirmities, stands for nothing.

Cant. Noting at all, indeed.

Fanny. Your lordship does me great honour.—I had a favour to request, my lord!

Lord Ogl. A favour, madam!—To be honoured with your commands, is an expressible favour done to me, madam.

Fanny. If your lordship could indulge me with the honour of a moment's—What is the matter with me? [*Aside.*

Lord Ogl. The girl's confused—he!—here's something in the wind, faith—I'll have a tete-a-tete with her—allez vous en! [*To* CANT.

Cant. I go—ah, pauvre mademoiselle! my lor, have *pitié* upon the poor *pigeone!*

Lord Ogl. I'll knock you down, Cant. if you are impertinent. [*Smiling.*

Cant. Den I mus avay.—[*shuffles along.*]—You are mosh please, for all dat. [*Aside and exit.*

Fanny. I shall sink with apprehension. [*Aside.*

Lord Ogl. What a sweet girl—she's a civiliz'd being, and atones for the barbarism of the rest of the family.

Fanny. My Lord, I— [*She curtseys and blushes.*

Lord Ogl. [*Addressing her.*] I look upon it, madam, to be one of the luckiest circumstances of my life, that

I have this moment the honour of receiving your commands, and the satisfaction of confirming with my tongue, what my eyes perhaps have but too weakly expressed—that I am literally—the humblest of your servants.

Fanny. I think myself greatly honoured, by your lordship's partiality to me; but it distresses me, that I am obliged in my present situation to apply to it for protection.

Lord Ogl. I am happy in your distress, madam, because it gives me an opportunity to shew my zeal. Beauty to me is a religion in which I was born and bred a bigot, and would die a martyr.—I'm in tolerable spirits, faith! [*Aside.*

Fanny. There is not perhaps at this moment a more distressed creature than myself. Affection, duty, hope, despair, and a thousand different sentiments, are struggling in my bosom; and even the presence of your lordship, to whom I have flown for protection, adds to my perplexity.

Lord Ogl. Does it, madam? Venus forbid!—my old fault; the devil's in me, I think, for perplexing young women. [*Aside and smiling.*] Take courage, madam! dear Miss Fanny, explain. You have a powerful advocate in my breast, I assure you—my heart, madam—I am attached to you by all the laws of sympathy and delicacy. By my honour, I am.

Fanny. Then I will venture to unburthen my mind——Sir John Melvil, my lord, by the most misplaced and mistimed declaration of affection for me, has made me the unhappiest of women.

Lord Ogl. How, madam! has Sir John made his addresses to you?

Fanny. He has, my lord, in the strongest terms. But I hope it is needless to say, that my duty to my family, love to my sister, and regard to the whole family, as well as the great respect I entertain for your lordship [*Curtseying*] made me shudder at his addresses.

Lord Ogl. Charming girl!——Proceed, my dear Miss Fanny, proceed!

Fanny. In a moment—give me leave, my lord!—but if what I have to disclose should be received with anger or displeasure——

Lord Ogl. Impossible, by all the tender powers!—speak, I beseech you, or I shall divine the cause before you utter it.

Fanny. Then, my lord, Sir John's addresses are not only shocking to me in themselves, but are more parti-

cularly disagreeable to me at this time—as—as——

[*Hesitating.*

Lord Ogl. As what, madam?

Fanny. As—pardon my confusion—I am entirely devoted to another.

Lord Ogl. If this is not plain, the devil's in it—[*Aside.*] But tell me, my dear Miss Fanny, for I must know; tell me the how, the when, and the where——Tell me——

Enter CANTON, *hastily.*

Cant. My lor, my lor, my lor!

Lord Ogl. Damn your Swiss impertinence! how durst you interrupt me, in the most critical melting moment that ever love and beauty honoured me with?

Cant. I demande, pardonne, my lor! Sir John Melvil, my lor, sent me to beg you do him de honeur to speak a little to your lordship.

Lord Ogl. I'm not at leisure—I'm busy—Get away, you stupid old dog, you Swiss rascal, or I'll——

Cant. Fort bien, my lor. [CANTON *goes out on tiptoe.*

Lord Ogl. By the laws of gallantry, madam, this interruption should be death; but as no punishment ought to disturb the triumph of the softer passions, the criminal is pardoned and dismissed—let us return, madam, to the highest luxury of exalted minds—a declaration of love from the lips of beauty.

Fanny. The entrance of a third person has a little relieved me, but I cannot go through with it—and yet I must open my heart with a discovery, or it will break with its burthen.

Lord Ogl. What passion in her eyes! I am alarmed to agitation. [*Aside.*] I presume, madam, (and as you have flattered me, by making me a party concerned, I hope you'll excuse the presumption) that——

Fanny. Do you excuse my making you a party concerned, my lord, and let me interest your heart in my behalf, as my future happiness or misery in a great measure depend——

Lord Ogl. Upon me, madam?

Fanny. Upon you, my lord. [*Sighs.*

Lord Ogl. There's no standing this: I have caught the infection——her tenderness dissolves me. [*Sighs.*

Fanny. And should you too severely judge of a rash action which passion prompted, and modesty has long concealed——

Lord Ogl. [*Taking her hand.*] Thou amiable creature——command my heart, for it is vanquished—speak but thy virtuous wishes, and enjoy them.

Fanny. I cannot, my lord—indeed, I cannot—Mr. Lovewell must tell you my distresses—and when you know them—pity and protect me. [*Exit in tears.*

Lord Ogl. [*Alone.*] How the devil could I bring her to this? It is too much—too much—I can't bear it—I must give way to this amiable weakness—[*Wipes his eyes.*] My heart overflows with sympathy, and I feel every tenderness I have inspired. How blind have I been to the desolation I have made! How could I possibly imagine that a little partial attention and tender civilities to this young creature should have gathered to this burst of passion! Can I be a man and withstand it? No—I'll sacrifice the whole sex to her. But here comes the father, quite *apropos.* I'll open the matter immediately, settle the business with him, and take the sweet girl down to Ogleby House to-morrow morning—but what the devil! Miss Sterling too! What mischief's in the wind now?

Enter STERLING, *and* MISS STERLING, L.

Ster. My lord, your servant! I am attending my daughter here upon rather a disagreeable affair. Speak to his lordship, Betsy.

Lord Ogl. Your eyes, Miss Sterling—for I always read the eyes of a young lady—betray some little emotion.——What are your commands, madam?

Miss Ster. I have but too much cause for my emotion, my lord!

Lord Ogl. I cannot commend my kinsman's behaviour, madam. He has behaved like a false knight, I must confess. I have heard of his apostacy. Miss Fanny has informed me of it.

Miss Ster. Miss Fanny's baseness has been the cause of Sir John's inconstancy.

Lord Ogl. Nay, now, my dear Miss Sterling, your passion transports you too far. Sir John may have entertained a passion for Miss Fanny, but believe me, my dear Miss Sterling, believe me, Miss Fanny has no passion for Sir John. She has a passion, indeed, a most tender passion. She has opened her whole soul to me, and I know where her affections are placed. [*Conceitedly.*

Miss Ster. Not upon Mr. Lovewell, my lord; for I have great reason to think that her seeming attachment to him, is, by his consent, made use of as a blind to designs upon Sir John.

Lord Ogl. Lovewell! No, poor lad! She does not think of him. [*Smiling.*

Miss Ster. Have a care, my lord, that both the families are not made the dupes of Sir John's artifice, and my sister's dissimulation! You don't know her—indeed, my lord, you don't know her—a base, insinuating, perfidious!—It is too much—She has been beforehand with me, I perceive. Such unnatural behaviour to me!—But since I see I can have no redress, I am resolved that some way or other I will have revenge.

[*Exit,* L.

Ster. This is foolish work, my lord.

Lord Ogl. I have too much sensibility to bear the tears of beauty.

Ster. It is touching indeed, my lord—and very moving for a father.

Lord Ogl. To be sure, sir!—You must be distrest beyond measure!—Wherefore, to divert your too exquisite feeling, suppose we change the subject, and proceed to business.

Ster. With all my heart, my lord.

Lord Ogl. You see, Mr. Sterling, we can make no union in our families by the proposed marriage.

Ster. And very sorry am I to see it, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Have you set your heart upon being allied to our house, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. 'Tis my only wish, at present, my omnium, as I may call it.

Lord Ogl. Your wishes shall be fulfill'd.

Ster. Shall they, my lord!—but how—how?

Lord Ogl. I'll marry in your family.

Ster. What! my sister Heidelberg?

Lord Ogl. You throw me into a cold sweat, Mr. Sterling. No, not your sister—but your daughter.

Ster. My daughter!

Lord Ogl. Fanny!—now the murder's out!

Ster. What *you*, my lord?—

Lord Ogl. Yes—I, I, Mr. Sterling!

Ster. No, no, my lord—that's too much. [*Smiling.*

Lord Ogl. Too much?—I don't comprehend you.

Ster. What, you, my lord, marry my Fanny!—Bless me, what will the folks say?

Lord Ogl. Why, what will they say?

Ster. That you're a bold man, my lord—that's all.

Lord Ogl. Mr. Sterling, this may be city wit, for aught I know—Do you court my alliance?

Ster. To be sure, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Then I'll explain.—My nephew won't marry your eldest daughter—nor I neither—Your youngest daughter won't marry him—I will marry your youngest daughter.

Ster. What! with a youngest daughter's fortune, my lord?

Lord Ogl. With any fortune, or no fortune at all, sir. Love is the idol of my heart, and the dæmon Interest sinks before him. So, sir, as I said before, I will marry your youngest daughter; your youngest daughter will marry me.——

Ster. Who told you so, my lord?

Lord Ogl. Her own sweet self, sir.

Ster. Indeed?

Lord Ogl. Yes, sir; our affection is mutual; your advantage double and treble—your daughter will be a countess directly—I shall be the happiest of beings—and you'll be father to an earl instead of a baronet.

Ster. But what will my sister say?—and my daughter?

Lord Ogl. I'll manage that matter—nay, if they won't consent, I'll run away with your daughter, in spite of you.

Ster. Well said, my lord! your spirit's good—I wish you had my constitution!—but if you'll venture, I have no objection, if my sister has none.

Lord Ogl. I'll answer for your sister, sir. Apropos! the lawyers are in the house—I'll have articles drawn, and the whole affair concluded to-morrow morning.

Ster. Very well; and I'll dispatch Lovewell to London immediately for some fresh papers I shall want, and I shall leave you to manage matters with my sister. You must excuse me, my lord, but I can't help laughing at the match—He! he! he! what will the folks say? [*Exit*, L.

Lord Ogl. What a fellow am I going to make a father of? He has no more feeling than the post in his warehouse—But Fanny's virtues tune me to rapture again, and I won't think of the rest of the family.

Enter LOVEWELL, *hastily*, R.

Lov. I beg your lordship's pardon, my lord; are you alone, my lord?

Lord Ogl. No, my lord, I am not alone; I am in company, the best company.

Lov. My lord!

Lord Ogl. I never was in such exquisite enchanting company since my heart first conceived, or my senses tasted pleasure.

Lov. Where are they, my lord? [*Looking about.*

Lord Ogl. In my mind, sir.

Lov. What company have you there, my lord? [*Smiling.*

Lord Ogl. My own ideas, sir, which so crowd upon my imagination, and kindle in it such a delirium of extasy, that wit, wine, music, poetry, all combined, and each in perfection, are but mere mortal shadows of my felicity.

Lov. I see that your lordship is happy, and I rejoice at it.

Lord Ogl. You *shall* rejoice at it, sir; my felicity shall not selfishly be confined, but shall spread its influence to the whole circle of my friends. I need not say, Lovewell, that you shall have your share of it.

Lov. Shall I, my lord?—then I understand you—you have heard—Miss Fanny has informed you——

Lord Ogl. She has—I have heard, and she shall be happy—'tis determined.

Lov. Then I have reached the summit of my wishes—And will your lordship pardon the folly?

Lord Ogl. O yes, poor creature, how could she help it?——'Twas unavoidable—Fate and necessity.

Lov. It was indeed, my lord—Your kindness distracts me——

Lord Ogl. And so it did the poor girl, faith.

Lov. She trembled to disclose the secret, and declare her affections.

Lord Ogl. The world, I believe, will not think her affections ill placed.

Lov. [*Bowing.*] You are too good, my lord. And do you really excuse the rashness of the action?

Lord Ogl. From my very soul, Lovewell.

Lov. Your generosity overpowers me.—[*Bowing.*]—I was afraid of her meeting with a cold reception.

Lord Ogl. More fool you then.

Who pleads her cause with never-failing beauty,
Here finds a full redress. [*Strikes his breast.*

She's a fine girl, Lovewell.

Lov. Her beauty, my lord, is her least merit. She has an understanding——

Lord Ogl. Her choice convinces me of that.

Lov. [*Bowing.*] That's your lordship's goodness. Her choice was a disinterested one.

Lord Ogl. No—no—not altogether—it began with interest, and ended in passion.

Lov. Indeed, my lord, if you were acquainted with her goodness of heart, and generosity of mind, as well as you are with the inferior beauties of her face and person——

Lord Ogl. I am so perfectly convinced of their existence, and so totally of your mind touching every amiable particular of that sweet girl, that were it not for the cold unfeeling impediments of the law, I would marry her to-morrow morning.

Lov. My lord!

Lord Ogl. I would, by all that's honourable in man, and amiable in woman.

Lov. Marry her!—What do you mean, my lord?

Lord Ogl. Miss Fanny Sterling that is—the Countess of Ogleby that shall be.

Lov. I am astonished!

Lord Ogl. Why, could you expect less from me?

Lov. I did not expect this, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Trade and accounts have destroyed your feeling.

Lov. No, indeed, my lord. [*Sighs.*

Lord Ogl. The moment that love and pity entered my breast, I was resolved to plunge into matrimony, and shorten the girl's tortures—I never do any thing by halves; do I, Lovewell?

Lov. No, indeed, my lord—[*Sighs.*]—What an accident!

Lord Ogl. What's the matter, Lovewell? thou seem'st to have lost thy faculties. Why don't you wish me joy, man?

Lov. O, I do, my lord. [*Sighs.*

Lord Ogl. She said that you would explain what she had not power to utter—but I wanted no interpreter for the language of love.

Lov. But has your lordship considered the consequences of your resolution?

Lord Ogl. No, sir, I am above consideration, when my desires are kindled.

Lov. But consider the consequences, my lord, to your nephew, Sir John.

Lord Ogl. Sir John has considered no consequences himself, Mr. Lovewell.

Lov. Mr. Sterling, my lord, will certainly refuse his daughter to Sir John.

Lord Ogl. Sir John has already refused Mr. Sterling's daughter.

Lov. But what will become of Miss Sterling, my Lord?

Lord Ogl. What's that to you?——You may have her, if you will.——I depend upon Mr. Sterling's city-philosophy, to be reconciled to Lord Ogleby's being his son-in-law, instead of Sir John Melvil, Baronet. Don't you think that your master may be brought to that, without having recourse to his calculations? Eh! Lovewell!

Lov. But, my lord, that is not the question.

Lord Ogl. Whatever is the question, I'll tell you my answer. I am in love with a fine girl, whom I resolve to marry.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, L.

What news with you, Sir John?——You look all hurry and impatience—like a messenger after a battle.

Sir John. After a battle, indeed, my lord. I have this day had a severe engagement, and wanting your lordship as an auxiliary, I have at last mustered up resolution to declare, what my duty to you and to myself have demanded from me some time.

Lord Ogl. To the business then, and be as concise as possible. for I am upon the wing—eh, Lovewell?

[*He smiles, and* LOVEWELL *bows.*

Sir John. I find 'tis in vain, my lord, to struggle against the force of inclination.

Lord Ogl. Very true, nephew; I am your witness, and will second the motion——sha'n't I, Lovewell?

[*Smiles, and* LOVEWELL *bows.*

Sir John. Your lordship's generosity encourages me to tell you—that I cannot marry Miss Sterling.

Lord Ogl. I am not at all surprised at it—she's a bitter potion, that's the truth of it; but as you were to swallow it, and not I, it was your business, and not mine—any thing more?

Sir John. But this, my lord—that I may be permitted to make my addresses to the other sister.

Lord Ogl. O yes—by all means—have you any hopes there, nephew? Do you think he'll succeed, Lovewell?

[*Smiles, and winks at* LOVEWELL.

Lov. I think not, my lord. [*Gravely.*

Lord Ogl. I think so too; but let the fool try.

Sir John. Will your lordship favour me with your good offices to remove the chief obstacle to the match, the repugnance of Mrs. Heidelberg?

Lord Ogl. Mrs. Heidelberg!—had not you better begin with the young lady first? It will save you a great deal of trouble: won't it, Lovewell? [*Smiles.*] But do what you please, it will be the same thing to me—won't it, Lovewell? [*Conceitedly*] Why don't you laugh at him?

Lov. I do, my lord. [*Forces a smile.*

Sir John. And your lordship will endeavour to prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg to consent to my marriage with Miss Fanny?

Lord Ogl. I'll speak to Mrs. Heidelberg about the adorable Fanny, as soon as possible.

Sir John. Your generosity transports me.

Lord Ogl. Poor fellow, what a dupe! he little thinks who's in possession of the town. [*Aside.*

Sir John. And your lordship is not offended at this seeming inconstancy?

Lord Ogl. Not in the least. Miss Fanny's charm will even excuse infidelity. I look upon women as tho *feræ naturæ*—lawful game—and every man who is qualified has a natural right to pursue them; Lovewell as well as you, and I as well as either of you. Every man shall do his best, without offence to any—what say you, kinsmen?

Sir John. You have made me happy, my lord.

Lov. And me, I assure you, my lord.

Lord Ogl. And I am superlatively so—*allons donc!*—to horse and away, boys!—you to your affairs, and I to mine—*suivons l'amour.* [*Sings—Exeunt severally.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—FANNY'S *Apartment.*

Enter LOVEWELL *and* FANNY, *followed by* BETTY.

Fanny. Why did you come so soon, Mr. Lovewell? the family is not yet in bed, and Betty certainly heard somebody listening near the chamber-door.

Betty. My mistress is right, sir! evil spirits are abroad; and I am sure you are both too good, not to expect mischief from them.

Lov. But who can be so curious, or so wicked?

Betty. I think we have wickedness and curiosity enough in this family, sir, to expect the worst.

Fanny. I do expect the worst.——Prithee, Betty, return to the outward door, and listen if you hear any body in the gallery; and let us know directly.

Betty. I warrant you, madam—the Lord bless you both! [*Goes out at the door.*

Fanny. What did my father want with you this evening?

Lov. He gave me the key of his closet, with orders to bring from London some papers relating to Lord Ogleby.

Fanny. And why did you not obey him?

Lov. Because I am certain that his lordship has opened his heart to him about you, and those papers are wanted merely on that account—but as we shall discover all to-morrow, there will be no occasion for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fanny. Hark! hark!—bless me, how I tremble!—I feel the terrors of guilt—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this is too much for me.

Lov. And for me too, my sweet Fanny. Your apprehensions make a coward of me. But what can alarm you? your aunt and sister are in their chambers, and you have nothing to fear from the rest of the family.

Fanny. I fear every body, and every thing, and every moment—my mind is in continual agitation and dread;—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this situation may have very unhappy consequences. [*Weeps.*

Lov. But it shan't—I would rather tell our story this moment to all the house, and run the risque of maintaining you by the hardest labour, than suffer you to remain in this dangerous perplexity. What! shall I sacrifice all my best hopes and affections, in your dear health and safety, for the mean, and in such case, the meanest consideration—of our fortune! Were we to be abandoned by all our relations, we have that in our hearts and minds, will weigh against the most affluent circumstances. I should not have proposed the secrecy of our marriage, but for your sake; and with hopes that the most generous sacrifice you have made to love and me, might be less injurious to you, by waiting a lucky moment of reconciliation.

Fanny. Hush! hush! for heaven's sake, my dear Lovewell, don't be so warm!—your generosity gets the better of your prudence; you will be heard, and we shall be discovered. I am satisfied—indeed I am. Excuse this weakness, this delicacy,—this what you will. My mind's at peace—indeed it is—think no more of it, if you love me!

Lov. That one word has charmed me, as it always does, to the most implicit obedience: it would be the worst of ingratitude in me to distress you for a moment. [*Kisses her.*

Re-enter BETTY, R.

Betty. [*In a low voice.*] I'm sorry to disturb you.

Fanny. Ha! what's the matter?

Lov. Have you heard any body?

Betty. Yes, yes, I have; and they have heard *you* too, or I'm mistaken—if they had *seen* you too, we should have been in a fine quandary!

Fanny. Prithee, don't prate now, Betty!

Lov. What did you hear?

Betty. I was preparing myself as usual, to take me a little nap——

Lov. A nap!

Betty. Yes, sir, a nap; for I watch much better so than wide awake; and when I had wrapped this handkerchief round my head, for fear of the ear-ach from the key-hole, I thought I heard a kind of a sort of a buzzing, which I first took for a gnat, and shook my head two or three times, and went so with my hand.

Fanny. Well, well—and so——

Betty. And so, madam, when I heard Mr. Lovewell a

little loud, I heard the buzzing louder too; and pulling off my handkerchief softly, I could hear this sort of noise— [*Makes an indistinct noise like speaking.*

Fanny. Well, and what did they say?

Betty. O! I could not understand a word of what was said.

Lov. The outward door is locked?

Betty. Yes; and I bolted it too, for fear of the worst.

Fanny. Why did you? they must have heard you, if they were near.

Betty. And I did it on purpose, madam, and cough'd a little too, that they might not hear Mr. Lovewell's voice. When I was silent, they were silent, and so I came to tell you.

Fanny. What shall we do?

Lov. Fear nothing? we know the worst; it will only bring on our catastrophe a little too soon. But Betty might fancy this noise—she's in the conspiracy, and can make a man a mouse at any time.

Betty. But I can distinguish a man from a mouse, as well as my betters. I am sorry you think so ill of me, sir.

Fanny. He compliments you, don't be a fool! Now you have set her tongue a running, she'll mutter for an hour. [*To* LOVEWELL.] I'll go and hearken myself. [*Exit.*

Betty. I'll turn my back upon no girl, for sincerity and service. [*Half aside and muttering.*

Lov. Thou art the first in the world for both; and I will reward you soon, Betty, for the one and the other.

Betty. I'm not mercenary, neither. I can live on a little, with a good *carreter*.

Re-enter FANNY.

Fanny. All seems quiet—suppose, my dear, you go to your own room. I shall be much easier then; and to-morrow we will be prepared for the discovery.

Betty. You may discover, if you please; but for my part, I shall still be secret. [*Half aside and muttering.*

Lov. Should I leave you now,—if they still are upon the watch, we shall lose the advantage of our delay. Besides, we should consult about to-morrow's business. Let Betty go to her own room, and lock the outward door after her; we can fasten this, and when she thinks all safe, she may return and let me out as usual.

Betty. Shall I, madam?

Fanny. Do let me have my way to-night, and you shall command me ever after. I would not have you surprised here for the world. Pray leave me! I shall be quite myself again, if you'll oblige me.

Lov. I live only to oblige you, my sweet Fanny! I'll be gone this moment. [*Going.*

Fanny. Let us listen first at the door, that you may not be intercepted. Betty shall go first, and if they lay hold of her—

Betty. They'll have the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell them that. [*Going hastily.*

Fanny. Softly, softly, Betty! don't venture out, if you hear a noise. Softly, I beg of you! See, Mr. Lovewell, the effects of indiscretion!

Lov. But love, Fanny, makes amends for all.

[*Exeunt all softly,* R.

SCENE II.—*A Gallery, which leads to several Bed-chambers.*

Enter MISS STERLING, *leading* MRS. HEIDELBERG, *in a night-cap,* R. U. E.

Miss Ster. This way, dear madam, and then I'll tell you all.

Mrs. Heidel. Nay, but niece—consider a little—don't drag me out this figuer—let me put on my fly-cap! If any of my lord's fammaly, or the counsellors at law, should be stirring, I should be perdigus disconcarted.

Miss Ster. But, my dear madam, a moment is an age, in my situation. I am sure my sister has been plotting my disgrace and ruin in that chamber. O she's all craft and wickedness.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, but softly, Betsy! you are all in emotion; your mind is too much flustrated; you can neither eat, nor drink, nor take your natural rest. Compose yourself, child; for if we are not as warysome as they are wicked, we shall disgrace ourselves and the whole fammaly.

Miss Ster. We are disgraced already, madam. Sir John Melvil has forsaken me: my lord cares for nobody but himself; or if any body, it is my sister; my father, for the sake of a better bargain, would marry me to a 'Change-broker; so that if you, madam, don't continue my friend—if you forsake me—if I am to lose my best

hopes and consolation—in your tenderness—and affections—I had better—at once—give up the matter—and let my sister enjoy the fruits of her treachery,—trample with scorn upon the rights of her elder sister, the will of the best of aunts, and the weakness of a too interested father.

[*She pretends to be bursting into tears all this speech.*

Mrs. Heidel. Don't, Betsy—keep up your spurrit—I hate whimpering—I am your friend—depend upon me in every particular—but be composed, and tell me what new mischief you have discovered.

Miss Ster. I had no desire to sleep, and would not undress myself, knowing that my Machiavel sister would not rest till she had broke my heart. I was so uneasy that I could not stay in my room; but when I thought that all the house was quiet, I sent my maid to discover what was going forward; she immediately came back, and told me that they were in high consultation; that she had heard only, for it was in the dark, my sister's maid conduct Sir John Melvil to her mistress, and then ock the door.

Mrs. Heidel. And how did you conduct yourself in this dalimma?

Miss Ster. I return'd with her, and could hear a man's voice, though nothing that they said distinctly; and you may depend upon it, that Sir John is now in that room, that they have settled the matter, and will run away together before morning, if we don't prevent them.

Mrs. Heidel. Why, the brazen slut! she has got her sister's husband (that is to be) locked up in her chamber! at night too!—I tremble at the thoughts!

Miss Ster. Hush, madam! I hear something.

Mrs. Heidel. You frighten me—let me put on my fly-cap—I would not be seen in this figur for the world.

Miss Ster. 'Tis dark, madam; you can't be seen.

Mrs. Heidel. I protest there's a candle coming, and a man too!

Miss Ster. Nothing but servants; let us retire a moment! [*They retire* R. U. E.

Enter BRUSH *half-drunk, laying hold of the* CHAMBERMAID, *who has a candle in her hand,* L. U. E.

Ch. M. Be quiet, Mr. Brush; I shall drop down with terror!

Brush. But my sweet, and most amiable chambermaid,

if you have no love, you may hearken to a little reason; that cannot possibly do your virtue any harm.

Ch. M. But you may do me harm, Mr. Brush, and a great deal of harm too—pray let me go—I am ruin'd if they hear you—I tremble like an asp.

Brush. But they shan't hear us—and if you have a mind to be ruined, it shall be the making of your fortune, you little slut, you! therefore I say it again, if you have no love hear a little reason!

Ch. M. I wonder at your impurence, Mr. Brush, to use me in this manner; this is not the way to keep me company, I assure you.—You are a town rake, I see, and now you are a little in liquor, you fear nothing.

Brush. Nothing, by heav'ns, but your frowns, most amiable chambermaid; I am a little electrified, that's the truth on't; I am not used to drink port, and your master's is so heady, that a pint of it oversets a claret-drinker.

Ch. M. Don't be rude! bless me!—I shall be ruin'd—what will become of me?

Brush. I'll take care of you, by all that's honourable.

Ch. M. You are a base man to use me so—I'll cry out if you don't let me go—That is Miss Sterling's chamber, that Miss Fanny's, and that Madam Heidelberg's. [*Pointing.*

Brush. And that my Lord Ogleby's, and that my lady what-d'ye-call-'em: I don't mind such folks when I am sober, much less when I am whimsical—rather above that too.

Ch. M. More shame for you, Mr. Brush!—you terrify me—you have no modesty.

Brush. O but I have, my sweet spider-brusher!—for instance; I reverence Miss Fanny—she's a most delicious morsel, and fit for a prince—with all my horrors of matrimony, I could marry her myself—but for her sister—

Miss Ster. There, there, madam, all in a story!

Ch. M. Bless me, Mr. Brush!—I heard something.

Brush. Rats, I suppose, that are gnawing the old timbers of this execrable old dungeon—If it was mine, I would pull it down, and fill your fine canal up with the rubbish; and then I should get rid of two damn'd things at once.

Ch. M. Law! law! how you blaspheme! we shall have the house upon our heads for it.

Brush. No, no, it will last our time—but as I was saying, the eldest sister—Miss Jezabel—

Ch. M. Is a fine young lady, for all your evil tongue.

Brush. No—we have smoak'd her already; and unless she marries our old Swiss, she can have none of us—no, no, she won't do—we are a little too nice.

Ch. M. You're a monstrous rake, Mr. Brush, and don't care what you say.

Brush. Why, for that matter, my dear, I am a little inclined to mischief; and if you don't have pity on me, I'll break open that door and ravish old mother Heidelberg.

Mrs. Heidel. [*Coming forward.*] There's no bearing this—you profligate monster!

Ch. M. Ha! I am undone!

Brush. Zounds! here she is, by all that's monstrous. [*Runs off.*

Miss Ster. A fine discourse you have had with that fellow!

Mrs. Heidel. And a fine time of night it is to be here with that drunken monster!

Miss Ster. What have you to say for yourself?

Ch. M. I can say nothing—I am so frighten'd, and so asham'd—but indeed I am vartuous—I am vartuous indeed.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, well—don't tremble so; but, tell us what you know of this horrible plot here.

Miss Ster. We'll forgive you, if you'll discover all.

Ch. M. Why, madam—don't let me betray my fellow servants—I sha'nt sleep in my bed, if I do.

Mrs. Heidel. Then you shall sleep somewhere else to-morrow night.

Ch. M. O dear! what shall I do?

Mrs. Heidel. Tell us this moment, or I'll turn you out of doors directly.

Ch. M. Why our butler has been treating us below in his pantry—Mr. Brush forc'd us to make a kind of a holiday night of it.

Miss Ster. Holiday! for what?

Ch. M. Nay, I only made one.

Miss Ster. Well, well, but upon what account?

Ch. M. Because, as how, madam, there was a change in the family, they said—that his honour, Sir John—was to marry Miss Fanny instead of your ladyship.

Miss Ster. And so you make a holiday for that—Very fine!

Ch. M. I did not make it, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. But do you know nothing of Sir John's being to run away with Miss Fanny to-night?

Ch. M. No, indeed, ma'am!

Miss Ster. Nor of his being now locked up in my sister's chamber?

Ch. M. No, as I hope for marcy, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, I'll put an end to all this directly—do you run to my brother Sterling——

Ch. M. Now, ma'am! 'Tis so very late, ma'am—

Mrs. Heidel. I don't care how late it is. Tell him there are thieves in the house—that the house is o'fire—tell him to come here immediately—go, I say!

Ch. M. I will, I will, though I'm frighten'd out of my wits. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Heidel. Do you watch here, my dear; and I'll put myself in order, to face them. We'll plot 'em, and counterplot 'em too. [*Exit into her chamber.*

Miss Ster. I have as much pleasure in this revenge, as in being made a countess! Ha! they are unlocking the door. Now for it. [*Retires.*

FANNY'S *door is unlocked—and* BETTY *comes out with a candle.* MISS STERLING *approaches her.*

Betty. [*Calling within.*] Sir, sir! now's your time—all's clear. (*Seeing* MISS STER.) Stay, stay—not yet—we are watch'd.

Miss Ster. And so you are, madam Betty!

[MISS STERLING *lays hold of her, while* BETTY *locks the door, and puts the key into her pocket.*

Betty. [*Turning round.*] What's the matter, madam?

Miss Ster. Nay, that you shall tell my father and aunt, madam.

Betty. I am no tell-tale, madam, and no thief; they'll get nothing from me.

Miss Ster. You have a great deal of courage, Betty; and considering the secrets you have to keep, you have occasion for it.

Betty. My mistress shall never repent her good opinion of me, ma'am.

Enter STERLING.

Ster. What is all this? What's the matter? Why am I disturbed in this manner?

Miss Ster. This creature, and my distresses, sir, will explain the matter.

Re-enter MRS. HEIDELBERG, *with another head-dress.*

Mrs. Heidel. Now I'm prepar'd for the rancounter—well, brother, have you heard of this scene of wickedness?

Ster. Not I—but what is it? Speak? I was got into my little closet—all the lawyers were in bed, and I had almost lost my senses in the confusion of Lord Ogleby's mortgages, when I was alarmed with a foolish girl, who could hardly speak; and whether it's fire, or thieves, or murder, or a rape, I am quite in the dark.

Mrs. Heidel. No, no, there's no rape, brother!—all parties are willing, I believe.

Miss Ster. Who's in that chamber?

[*Detaining* BETTY, *who seemed to be stealing away.*

Betty. My mistress.

Miss Ster. And who is with your mistress?

Betty. Why, who should there be?

Miss Ster. Open the door then, and let us see!

Betty. The door is open, madam [MISS STERLING *goes to the door.*] I'll sooner die than peach.

[*Exit hastily,* L.

Miss Ster. The door's lock'd; and she has got the key in her pocket.

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence, brother! piping hot from your daughter Fanny's school!

Ster. But zounds! what is all this about? you tell me of a sum total, and you don't produce the particulars.

Mrs. Heidel. Sir John Melvil is locked up in your daughter's bedchamber—There is the particular!

Ster. The devil he is! that's bad!

Miss Ster. And he has been there some time too.

Ster. Ditto!

Mrs. Heidel. Ditto! worse and worse, I say. I'll raise the house, and expose him to my lord, and the whole fammaly.

Ster. By no means! we shall expose ourselves, sister! the best way is to insure privately—let me alone! I'll make him marry her to-morrow morning.

Miss Ster. Make him marry her! this is beyond all patience! You have thrown away all your affection; and I shall do as much by my obedience: unnatural fathers make unnatural children. My revenge is in my own power, and I'll indulge it. Had they made their

escape, I should have been exposed to the derision of the world; but the deriders shall be derided; and so—help! help, there! thieves! thieves!——

Mrs. Heidel. Tit-for-tat, Betsy! you are right, my girl.

Ster. Zounds! you'll spoil all—you'll raise the whole family—the devil's in the girl.

Mrs. Heidel. No, no; the devil's in you, brother. I am asham'd of your principles. What! would you connive at your daughter's being lock'd up with her sister's husband? Help! thieves! thieves! I say. [*Cries out.*

Ster. Sister, I beg you! daughter, I command you! If you have no regard for me, consider yourselves! We shall lose this opportunity of ennobling our blood and getting above twenty per cent. for our money.

Miss Ster. What, by my disgrace and my sister's triumph! I have a spirit above such mean considerations; and to shew you that it is not a low-bred, vulgar 'Change-Alley spirit—help! help! thieves! thieves! I say.

Ster. Ay, ay, you may save your lungs- the house is in an uproar; women at best have no discretion; but in a passion they'll fire a house, or burn themselves in it, rather than not be revenged.

Enter CANTON, *in a night-gown and slippers.*

Cant. Eh, diable! vat is de raison of dis great noise, dis tantamarre?

Ster. Ask those ladies, sir; 'tis of their making.

Lord Ogl. [*Calls within.*] Brush! Brush! Canton! where are you? What's the matter? [*Rings a bell.*] Where are you?

Ster. 'Tis my lord calls, Mr. Canton.

Cant. I com, mi lor? [*Exit* CANTON.—LORD OGLEBY *still rings.*]

Serg. Flower. [*Calls within.*] A light! a light here! where are the servants? Bring a light for me and my brothers.

Ster. Lights here! lights for the gentlemen!

[*Exit* STER.

Mrs. Heidel. My brother feels, I see—your sister's turn will come next.

Miss Ster. Ay, ay, let it go round, madam, it is the only comfort I have left.

Re-enter STERLING, *with lights, before* SERGEANT FLOWER *(with one boot and a slipper) and* TRAVERSE.

Ster. This way, sir! this way, gentlemen!

Serg. Flower. Well; but Mr. Sterling, no danger, I hope. Have they made a burglarious entry? Are you prepared to repulse them? I am very much alarm'd about thieves at circuit-time. They would be particularly severe with us gentlemen of the bar.

Traverse. No danger, Mr. Sterling—no trespass, I hope?

Ster. None, gentlemen, but of those ladies making.

Mrs. Heidel. You'll be asham'd to know, gentlemen, that all your labours and studies about this young lady are thrown away—Sir John Melvil is at this moment lock'd up with this lady's younger sister.

Serg. Flower. The thing is a little extraordinary, to be sure—but, why were we to be frighten'd out of our beds for this? Could not we have tried this cause to-morrow morning?

Miss Ster. But, sir, by to-morrow morning, perhaps, even your assistance would not have been of any service—the birds now in that cage would have flown away.

Enter LORD OGLEBY *(in his robe-de-chambre, night-cap, &c. leaning on* CANTON.)

Lord Ogl. I had rather lose a limb than my night's rest—what's the matter with you all?

Ster. Ay, ay, 'tis all over! here's my lord too.

Lord Ogl. What's all this shrieking and screaming? where's my angelic Fanny? she's safe, I hope?

Mrs. Heidel. Your angelic Fanny, my lord, is lock'd up with your angelic nephew in that chamber.

Lord Ogl. My nephew! then will I be excommunicated.

Mrs. Heidel. Your nephew, my lord, has been plotting to run away with the younger sister; and the younger sister has been plotting to run away with your nephew; and if we had not watched them, and called up the fammaly, they had been upon the scamper to Scotland by this time.

Lord Ogl. Look'ee, ladies! I know that Sir John has conceived a violent passion for Miss Fanny; and I know too that Miss Fanny has conceived a violent passion for another person; and I am so well convinced of the rectitude of her affections, that I will support them

with my fortune, my honour, and my life. Eh, shan't I, Mr. Sterling? [*Smiling.*] What say you?

Ster. [*Sulkily.*] To be sure, my lord. These bawling women have been the ruin of every thing. [*Aside.*

Lord Ogl. But come, I'll end this business in a trice. If you, ladies, will compose yourselves, and Mr. Sterling will ensure Miss Fanny from violence, I will engage to draw her from her pillow with a whisper through the keyhole.

Mrs. Heidel. The horrid creatures! I say, my lord, break the door open.

Lord Ogl. Let me beg of your delicacy not to be too precipitate! Now to our experiment!

[*Advancing towards the door.*

Miss Ster. Now, what will they do? My heart will beat through my bosom.

Enter BETTY *with the key,*

Betty. There's no occasion for breaking open doors, my lord; we have done nothing that we ought to be asham'd of, and my mistress shall face her enemies.

[*Going to unlock the door.*

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence.

Lord Ogl. The mystery thickens. Lady of the bedchamber! [*To* BETTY] open the door, and intreat Sir John Melvil (for the ladies will have it that he is there) to appear and answer to high crimes and misdemeanors. Call Sir John Melvil into the court!

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, *on the other side.*

Sir John. I am here, my lord.

Mrs. Heidel. Heyday!

Miss Ster. Astonishment!

Sir John. What is all this alarm and confusion! there is nothing but hurry in the house; what is the reason of it?

Lord Ogl. Because you have been in that chamber; *have* been! nay, you *are* there at this moment, as these ladies have protested, so don't deny it.

Traverse. This is the clearest *alibi* I ever knew, Mr. Sergeant.

Flower. *Lucc clarius.*

Lord Ogl. Upon my word, ladies, if you have often these frolics, it would be really entertaining to pass a whole summer with you. But come [*To* BETTY] open

the door, and intreat your amiable mistress to come forth, and dispel all our doubts with her smiles.

Betty. [*Opening the door.*] Madam, you are wanted in this room. [*Pertly.*

Enter FANNY, *in great confusion.*

Miss Ster. You see she's ready dressed—and what confusion she's in!

Mrs. Heidel. Ready to pack off, bag and baggage! Her guilt confounds her!

Flower. Silence in the court, ladies!

Fanny. I am confounded, indeed, madam!

Lord Ogl. Don't droop, my beauteous lily! but with your own peculiar modesty declare your state of mind. Pour conviction into their ears, and raptures into mine. [*Smiling.*

Fanny. I am at this moment the most unhappy—most distrest—the tumult is too much for my heart—and I want the power to reveal a secret, which to conceal has been the misfortune and misery of my—my— [*Faints away.*

Lord Ogl. She faints; help! help! for the fairest, and best of women!

Betty. [*Running to her.*] O my dearest mistress!—help, help, there!

Sir John. Ha! let me fly to her assistance.

} *Speaking all at once.*

LOVEWELL *rushes out of the Chamber.*

Lov. My Fanny in danger!—I can contain no longer.—Prudence were now a crime; all other cares were lost in this!—Speak, speak to me, my dearest Fanny!—let me but hear thy voice, open your eyes, and bless me with the smallest sign of life!

[*During this speech, they are all in amazement.*

Miss Ster. Lovewell!——I am easy.——

Mrs. Heidel. I am thunderstruck!

Lord Ogl. I am petrifi'd!

Sir John. And I undone!

Fanny. [*Recovering.*] O Lovewell!—even supported by thee, I dare not look my father nor his lordship in the face.

Ster. What now! did not I send you to London, sir?

Lord Ogl. Eh!—What!—How's this!—By what right and title have you been half the night in that lady's bed-chamber!

Lov. By that right which makes me the happiest of men; and by a title which I would not forego, for any the best of kings could give.

Betty. I could cry my eyes out to hear his magnimity.

Lord Ogl. I am annihilated!

Ster. I have been choaked with rage and wonder; but now I can speak.—Zounds! what have you to say to me?—Lovewell, you are a villain.—You have broke your word with me.

Fanny. Indeed, sir, he has not—you forbad him to think of me, when it was out of his power to obey you; we have been married these four months.

Ster. And he shan't stay in my house four hours. What baseness and treachery! As for you, you shall repent this step as long as you live, madam.

Fanny. Indeed, Sir, it is impossible to conceive the tortures I have already endured in consequence of my disobedience. My heart has continually upbraided me for it; and though I was too weak to struggle with affection, I feel that I must be miserable for ever without your forgiveness.

Ster. Lovewell, you shall leave my house directly,—and you shall follow him, madam. [*To* FANNY.

Lord Ogl. And if they do, I will receive them into mine. Lookye, Mr. Sterling, there has been some mistakes, which we had all better forget for our own sakes; and the best way to forget them is to forgive the cause of them; which I do from my soul.—Poor girl! I swore to support her affection with my life and fortune; 'tis a debt of honour, and must be paid—you swore as much too, Mr. Sterling; but your laws in the city will excuse *you*, I suppose; for you never strike a balance without errors excepted.

Ster. I am a father, my lord; but for the sake of all other fathers, I think I ought not to forgive her, for fear of encouraging other silly girls like herself to throw themselves away without the consent of their parents.

Lov. I hope there will be no danger of that, sir. Young ladies, with minds like my Fanny's, would startle at the very shadow of vice; and when they know to what uneasiness only an indiscretion has exposed her, her example, instead of encouraging, will rather serve to deter them.

Mrs. Heidel. Indiscretion, quoth a! a mighty pretty delicat word to express obedience!

Lord Ogl. For my part, I indulge my own passions too much to tyrannize over those of other people. Poor souls, I pity them. And you must forgive them too. Come, come, melt a little of your flint, Mr. Sterling!

Ster. Why, why, as to that, my lord—to be sure, he is a relation of yours, my lord—what say *you*, sister Heidelberg?

Mrs. Heidel. The girl's ruined, and I forgive her.

Ster. Well—so do I then—Nay, no thanks—[*to* Lov. *and* FANNY, *who seem preparing to speak*] there's an end of the matter.

Lord Ogl. But, Lovewell, what makes you dumb all this while?

Lov. Your kindness, my lord.——I can scarce believe my own senses—they are all in a tumult of fear, joy, love, expectation, and gratitude; I ever was, and am now more bound in duty to your lordship. For you, Mr. Sterling, if every moment of my life, spent gratefully in your service, will in some measure compensate the want of fortune, you perhaps will not repent your goodness to me. And you, ladies, I flatter myself, will not for the future suspect me of artifice and intrigue ——I shall be happy to oblige and serve you.——As for you, Sir John———

Sir John. No apologies to me, Lovewell, I do not deserve any. All I have to offer in excuse for what has happened, is my total ignorance of your situation. Had you dealt a little more openly with me, you would have saved me, and yourself, and that lady, (who I hope will pardon my behaviour) a great deal of uneasiness. Give me leave, however, to assure you, that light and capricious as I may have appeared, now my infatuation is over, I have sensibility enough to be ashamed of the part I have acted, and honour enough to rejoice at your happiness.

Lov. And now, my dearest Fanny, though we are seemingly the happiest of beings, yet all our joys will be dampt, if his lordship's generosity, and Mr. Sterling's forgiveness, should not be succeeded by the indulgence, approbation, and consent of these our best benefactors.

[*To the Audience.*

THE END.

POSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Poets and painters, who from nature draw
Their best and richest stores, have made this law:
That each should neighbourly assist his brother,
And steal with decency from one another.
To-night, your matchless *Hogarth* gives the thought,
Which from his canvass to the stage is brought.
And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind?
But not the same their characters and scenes;
Both labour for one end, by different means;
Each, as it suits him, takes a separate road,
Their one great object, *Marriage-a-la-mode!*
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more substantial gold!
And honour'd trade from interest turns aside,
To hazard happiness for titled bride.
The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye;
While *England* lives, his fame can never die:
But he, who *struts his hour upon the stage*,
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save,
The art, and artist, share one common grave.
  O let me drop one tributary tear,
On poor *Jack Falstaff's* grave, and *Juliet's* bier!
You to their worth must testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known;
They'll boast of *Quins* and *Cibbers* of their own:
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by *you*.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

ORIGINAL CHARACTERS OF THE EPILOGUE.

Lord Minum	Mr. Dodd.
Colonel Trill	Mr. Vernon.
Sir Patrick Mahony	Mr. Moody.
Miss Crotchet	Mrs. ———
Mrs. Quaver	Mrs. Lee.
First Lady	Mrs. Bradshaw.
Second Lady	Miss Mills.
Third Lady	Mrs. Dorman.

SCENE, *an Assembly.—Several Persons at Cards, at different Tables; among the rest* COL. TRILL, LORD MINUM, MRS. QUAVER, SIR PATRICK MAHONY.

At the Quadrille Table.

Col. T. Ladies, with leave——
2d Lady. Pass!
3d Lady. Pass!
Mrs. Q. You must do more.
Col. T. Indeed I can't.
Mrs. Qu. I play in hearts.
Col. T. Encore!
2d Lady. What luck!
Col. T. To-night at Drury-lane is play'd
A comedy, and *tout nouvelle*—a spade!
Is not Miss Crotchet at the play?
Mrs. Qu. My niece
Has made a party, sir, to damn the piece.

At the Whist Table.

Ld. Min. I hate a play-house—Trump!—It makes me sick.
1st Lady. We're two by honours, ma'am.
Ld. Min. And we th' odd trick.
Pray, do you know the author, Colonel Trill?
Col. T. I know no poets, heaven be prais'd—Spadille!
1st Lady. I'll tell you who, my lord! [*Whispers* LD. M.
Ld. M. What, he again.
"And dwell such daring souls in little men!"
Be whose it will, they down our throats will cram it!
Col. T. O, no—I have a club—the best—We'll damn it.

Mrs. Q. O, bravo, Colonel! Music is my flame.
Ld. Min. And mine, by Jupiter!—We've won the game.
Col. T. What, do you love all music?
Mrs. Q. No, not Handel's.
And nasty plays——
Ld. Min. Are fit for Goths and Vandals.
[*Rise from the Table, and pay*

From the Piquette Table.

Sir Pat. Well, faith and troth! that Shakspeare was no fool!
Col. T. I'm glad you like him, sir!—So ends the pool!
[*Pay, and rise from the Table.*

SONG *by the* COLONEL.

I hate all their nonsense,
Their Shakspeares and Jonsons,
Their plays, and their playhouse, and bards:
'Tis singing, not saying;
A fig for all playing,
But playing as we do, at cards!
I love to see Jonas,
Am pleas'd too with Comus;
Each well the spectator rewards,
So clever, so neat in
Their tricks, and their cheating!
Like them we would fain deal our cards!

Sir Pat. King Lare is touching!—And how fine to see
Ould Hamlet's Ghost!—"To be, or not to be."
What are your op'ras to Othello's roar?
Oh, he's an angel of a blackamoor!
Ld. Min. What, when he choaks his wife!
Col. T. And calls her whore?
Sir Pat. King Richard calls his horse—and then Macbeth,
Whene'er he murders—takes away the breath.
My blood runs cold at every syllable,
To see the dagger that's invisible. [*All laugh.*
Laugh if you please—a pretty play——
Ld. Min. Is pretty.
Sir Pat. And when there's wit in't——
Col. T. To be sure 'tis witty.
Sir Pat. I love the playhouse now—so light and gay,
With all those candles—they have ta'en away!
[*All laugh.*
For all your game, what makes it so much brighter?

Col. T. Put out the lights, and then——
Ld. Min. 'Tis so much lighter.
Sir Pat. Pray do you mean, sirs, more than you express?
Col. T. Just as it happens——
Ld. Min. Either more or less.
Mrs. Qu. An't you asham'd, sir? [To SIR PAT.
Sir Pat. Me!—I seldom blush:—
For little Shakspeare, faith! I'd take a push.
Ld. Min. News, news!—here comes Miss Crotchet from the play.

Enter MISS CROTCHET.

Mrs. Qu. Well, Crotchet, what's the news?
Miss Cro. We've lost the day.
Col. T. Tell us, dear miss, all you have heard and seen.
Miss Cro. I'm tir'd—a chair—here, take my capuchin.
Ld. Min. And isn't it damn'd, miss?
Miss Cro. No, my lord, not quite.
But we shall damn it.
Col. T. When?
Miss Cro. To-morrow night?
There is a party of us, all of fashion,
Resolv'd to exterminate this vulgar passion:
A play-house, what a place! I must forswear it;
A little mischief only makes one bear it.
Such crowds of city folks!—so rude and pressing!
And their horse-laughs, so hideously distressing!
Whene'er we hiss'd, they frown'd, and fell a swearing,
Like their own Guildhall giants—fierce and staring!
Col. T. What said the folks of fashion; were they cross?
Ld. Min. The rest have no more judgment than my horse.
Miss Cro. Lord Grimly said 'twas execrable stuff.
Says one—Why so, my lord?—My lord took snuff.
In the first act Lord George began to doze,
And criticis'd the author thro' his nose;
So loud indeed, that as his lordship snor'd,
The pit turn'd round, and all the brutes encor'd.
Some lords, indeed, approv'd the author's jokes.
Ld. Min. We have among us, miss, *some* foolish folks.

Miss Cro. Says poor Lord Simper—Well, now to my mind,
The piece is good;—but he's both deaf and blind.

Sir Pat. Upon my soul, a very pretty story!
And quality appears in all its glory.
There was some merit in the piece, no doubt

Miss Cro. O, to be sure!—if one could find it out.

Col. T. But tell us, miss, the subject of the play.

Miss Cro. Why, 'twas a marriage—yes, a marriage—stay!—
A lord, an aunt, two sisters, and a merchant—
A baronet—ten lawyers—a fat sergeant—
Are all produc'd—to talk with one another;
And about something make a mighty pother:
They all go in, and out; and to, and fro;
And talk, and quarrel—as they come and go—
Then go to bed, and then get up—and then—
Scream, faint, scold, kiss—and go to bed again.
[*All laugh.*
Such is the play—your judgment—never sham it—

Col. T. Oh, damn it!

Mrs. Qu. Damn it!

1st Lady. Damn it!

Miss Cro. Damn it!

Ld. Min. Damn it!

Sir Pat. Well, faith, you speak your minds, and I'll be free—
Good night! this company's too good for me.
[*Going.*

Col. T. Your judgment, dear Sir Patrick, makes us proud. [*All laugh.*

Sir Pat. Laugh if you please, but pray don't laugh too loud. [*Exit.*

RECITATIVE.

Col. T. Now the barbarian's gone, miss, tune your tongue;
And let us raise our spirits high with song.

RECITATIVE.

Miss Cro. Colonel, *de tout mon cœur*—I've one in *petto*,
Which you shall join, and make it a *duetto*.

RECITATIVE.

Ld. Min. Bella Signora, et amico mio,
I too will join, and then we'll make a *trio*.

Col. T. Come all and join the full mouth'd chorus;
And drive all tragedy and comedy before us.

All the Company rise, and advance to the front of the Stage.

AIR.

Col. T. Would you ever go to see a tragedy?
Miss Cro. Never, never.
Col. T. A comedy?
Ld. Min. Never, never.
Live for ever!
Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee!
Col. T. Ld. Min. and Miss Cro. Live for ever!
Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee!

CHORUS.

Would you ever go to see, &c.

Printed and Published by T. DOLBY, Britannia Press,
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R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

Coriolanus.

Coriolanus. Ye common cry of curs! whose breath, &c.

Act III. Scene 3.

CORIOLANUS:

A TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. White, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE, CAMDEN TOWN.

REMARKS.

CORIOLANUS is one of the three tragedies of Shakspeare, which may be distinguished by the appellation of *Roman*. It exhibits an animated picture of patrician pride and plebeian insolence; and is more adapted for representation than either Julius Cæsar, or Anthony and Cleopatra, from its mixed character and agreeable transitions from tragedy to comedy. In this play, Shakspeare has freely availed himself of the language and sentiments of Plutarch; but he has so amplified and illustrated them—he has combined so much deep feeling, eloquent declamation, and poignant wit—his plot and incidents are so artfully conducted and diversified, and his characters brought forward with such boldness of colouring, that, though yielding in some higher qualities, to the more exalted inspirations of Macbeth, Lear, and Hamlet, Coriolanus, as an *acting* drama, stands in the foremost rank. There are many noble passages interspersed throughout the play; but there is *one* image which, for grandeur and expression, can hardly be paralleled even by the poet himself—

> "My mother bows;
> As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
> In supplication nod."

The character of Volumnia is a picture of what mothers *were* in the days of victorious Rome; when glory was the only road to fame, and when those who had deserved well of their country were in their life-time decreed immortal honours, and, at their death, elevated amongst the gods. Her first scene, where she consoles Virgilia for the absence of Coriolanus, is conceived in the sublime spirit of a Roman matron; and in her last, where, having vainly endeavoured to move the compassion of her son, she resolves no longer to expose herself a spectacle of shame before the Volscian people, there is nothing left in that tremendous burst of godlike heroism either to conceive or to desire.

Menenius, the patrician, seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare, for he has drawn him in his very best manner. His sarcastic wit serves to show in a stronger light the difference betwixt a true love of our country, and that licentiousness and caprice which are ever the concomitants of newly-acquired authority in vulgar minds. He can see and condemn the haughty unbending spirit of Coriolanus; but he can reprove and despise the still greater pride of the factious tribunes, whose ludicrous self-importance, and insidious designs to disturb the public tranquillity, by exciting those "*worshipful mutineers*," the rabble, are exposed and rebuked with the most bitter irony.—

"You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs—you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an

orange wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience.—You are a pair of strange ones."

The Volumnia of Mrs. Siddons was perfect. Never did we behold such an impersonation of all that is noble and exalted in human nature. Her spirit-stirring tone and gesture in her address to Virgilia—her subdued majesty when she beseeches Coriolanus to show more deference to the Roman people—and the grandeur of her voice, look, and action throughout the whole of that trying scene before the Volscian camp—raised in the mind an enthusiasm which can only be felt by those who have witnessed this transcendant effort of dramatic skill.

It was in the character of Coriolanus that the late Mr. Kemble took his leave of the stage; and never did he produce a more powerful impression than on that memorable night when he bade a final adieu to the tragic scene. Ten years have well nigh elapsed since that period, yet we can hardly bring our minds to think with complacency on the genius we have lost! Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear—Brutus, Coriolanus, Hotspur, Cato—all lie buried in the grave of Kemble. For the character of Coriolanus, the figure, the countenance, and the manner of this accomplished actor were peculiarly adapted; his very habits and sentiments gave strength to the illusion. He was a scholar and a gentleman; impatient of insult; a foe to servility; and, being conscious (as what superior mind is not?) of high intelligence, he might lack that power of accommodating his humour to low cunning and vulgar ignorance. He was not one who, in ordinary life, could

> "Frame his face to *all occasions*;"

and when, to the disgrace of a capital boasting its patronage of the arts, he was assailed by a misguided mob, headed by a drunken ruffian, we fancied that we could hear him, in his ineffable contempt, repeat a line from his beloved Shakspeare,

> "To what *base uses* we may return, Horatio."

His appearance at the statue of Mars was a study for a painter: we can remember nothing like it but Mrs. Siddons, in the last scene of The Winter's Tale. It was the grandeur of past ages illustrated and exemplified:

> "Ages roll back from time's destructive doom;
> The chiefs, the sages of imperial Rome,
> With solemn port and awe-commanding eye,
> In native majesty come sweeping by!"*

It has been the fashion to find fault with Kemble's *voice*; yet what voice ever reached so effectually the wildest bursts of rage and despair, or sunk more naturally into those undertones, expressive of stifled rage and calm contempt? His

* "The Modern Dunciad."

articulation was perfection itself; not a syllable nor a sound were lost; his *whisper* was more distinctly heard from the remotest parts of the theatre, than the *loudest roar* of some "*most sweet voices*" of the present day! Instead of the dull, unvaried monotony of some tragedians, and the violent and unnatural transitions from high to low in others, his voice was capable of the finest intonations; occasionally weak, after strong exertion, from organic defect; but *managed* with that exquisite art which rendered it available to every passion. Those who remember his last scene with Tullus Aufidius (and who that *has* beheld it, can ever forget it?) fully confirms all that we have said upon the subject. His exclamation of "*boy!*" in *compass* alone, o'ertopped every other actor. It is, therefore, no surprise to us that he should have selected this illustrious Roman for his parting effort, when his powers were in their full meridian. If his genius rose with prophetic brightness in the philosophic *Hamlet*, it set with a splendour not surpassed in *any time*, and unequalled in *his own*, in the lofty Coriolanus.

The revival of the *Roman tragedy* under the auspices of Mr. Kemble presented a picture of classic magnificence unknown at any former period of the drama. Anxious to make his theatre the palace of Shakspeare, he spared neither cost nor research in rendering the scene worthy of the poet; and so strong became the illusion, from the combined efforts of art, that the glories of ancient Rome—her heroes and her patriots, the Forum and the Capitol, were invested with a *reality* that carried us back to the heroic ages,

"Ere Roman virtue dwindled to a *name!*"

When, therefore, to the most exact minutiæ of costume and scenic effect were added histrionic powers of the very highest cast, we shall not be surprised to learn, that the stage became a school of eloquence. That to the scholar it was associated with the choicest recollections of antiquity—that to the bar and the senate it proved a model of commanding elocution and classic grace—that to the painter and the sculptor it presented objects of matchless dignity and expression—that to those who desired to be *instructed* it offered the noblest lessons for intellectual improvement—and those whose only ambition was to be *amused*, had their desire gratified, without any sacrifice either of sense or of virtue.

☞ D—G.

Costume.

CAIUS MARCIUS.—First dress.—Scarlet robe, white tunic, flesh legs, black sandals.—Second dress.—Rich embroidered cuirass and lambrakins, scarlet mantle, red sandals, Roman sword and shield.—Third dress.—A white robe.—Fourth dress.—The Toga.—Fifth dress.—A dark purple mantle, with the cuirass and lambrakins.

MENENIUS.—Roman cuirass and lambrakins, red sandals and helmet.

SICINIUS.—Roman cuirass and lambrakins.

BRUTUS.—Roman tunic, robes, and sandals.

COMINIUS.—Ibid

AUFIDIUS.—Roman cuirass and lambrakins, richly embroidered, scarlet mantle, red sandals, and helmet.

VOLUSIUS.—Roman cuirass and lambrakins, helmet.

VOLUMNIA.—A drab coloured cloth dress, to come up to the throat, with train and long sleeves, trimmed with plain gold lace, a long veil, and gold band.

VIRGILIA.—White, ibid.

VALERIA.—Violet-coloured, ibid. and white veil.

SERVILIA.—Dark, ibid.

Cast of the Characters at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, 1824.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus	Mr. Macready.
Cominius	Mr. Pope.
Menenius	Mr. Terry.
Fulvius	Mr. Mercer.
Appius	Mr. Webster.
Sicinius	Mr. Thompson.
Brutus	Mr. Powell.
Tullus Aufidius	Mr. Archer.
Volusius	Mr. Penley.
Sextus	Mr. Howell.
Lucius	Mr. Harrold.
Volumnia	Mrs. Bunn.
Virgilia	Miss Smithson.
Valeria	Mrs. Orger.

CORIOLANUS.

AC I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome.*

A tumultuous noise without.——Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with Clubs, Staves, &c. R.

1*st Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1*st Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish!

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1*st Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1*st Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. Let it be done;—away, away!

2*d Cit.* One word, good citizens. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

1*st Cit.* Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2*d Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1*st Cit.* Very well;—and we could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2*d Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1*st Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2*d Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you must in no way say, he is covetous.

1*st Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repe-

tition. (*Shouts without*, L.) What shouts are these? the other side o'the city is risen! Why stay we prating here?—To the Capitol!—

All. Come, come. [*Citizens retire back.—Shouts*, L.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS L. *and* MENENIUS, R.

Mar. (L. C.) What is the matter, you dissentious rogues?

1*st Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to you, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese.
Hang ye!—trust ye!
With every minute do you change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?
[*To* MENENIUS.

Men. (R. C.) For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?—
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol;
Making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes.
They say, there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance. [*Citizens retire further*, R.

Men. But I beseech you, what says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved:
They said, they were an-hungry; sighed forth proverbs;—
That, "Hunger broke stone walls"—that, "Dogs must eat,"—

That, "Meat was made for mouths,"—that, "The gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only."—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answered,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not———'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Enter FULVIUS, R.

Ful. (R.) Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here.—What is the matter?

[*Crosses to* FULVIUS.

Ful. The news is, sir, the Volscians are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't,—then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity.

Enter COMINIUS, *Lictors*, SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS, R.—[FULVIUS *passes behind to* L.—*Lictors cross, and range behind* FULVIUS.—SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS *go to the Citizens.*]

Com. (C.) Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The Volscians are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And, were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him:—he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
Men. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is:
And I am constant:—thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
Men. O, true bred!
Com. Your company to the Capitol: where, I know
Our greatest friends attend us.
[*Tribunes and Citizens come forward*, R.
Mar. Lead you on.
[*Exeunt* FULVIUS, *Lictors*, *and* COMINIUS, L.
Men. Hence; to your homes!—begone.
Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The Volscians have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth;—pray, follow. [*To* MEN
[*Exeunt* MEN. *and* MAR. L. *Citizens*, R
Sic. Was ever man so proud,
As is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.
The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at which he aims,
In which already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come;
Half of Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Caius Marcius' House in Rome.*

Enter VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA, R.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort; if my son were my husband, I would freely rejoice in that absence, wherein he won honour. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and my only son; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleas'd to let him seek danger, where he was like to find fame: to a cruel war I sent him: from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. [*Crosses to* R.

Vir. (c.) But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

Vol. (c.) Then his good report should have been my son. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter SERVILIA, L.

Ser. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.
Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself. [*Crosses to* R.
Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;

I see him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
Methinks, I see him stamp thus—and call thus;—
"Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:"—His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending. Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* SERVILIA, L.

Vir. Heav'ns bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck. [*Crosses to* R.

Enter SERVILIA *and* VALERIA, L.

Val. (L.) My ladies both, good day to you! [*Exit* SERVILIA, L.
You are manifest housekeepers!—
How does your little son?

Vir. (C.) I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. (L. C.) O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together—he has such a confirm'd countenance! I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. (C.) One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your business; I must have you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam: I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors.

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: you would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—the Volscians have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power:—your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter. [*Exit*, R.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Wood, near the Camp of Cominius.—Shouts*, R.—*Trumpets sound a retreat.*

Enter COMINIUS, R. *with Soldiers, retreating.—The Soldiers form*, R. *bearing the Banners, some with Swords and Shields, and some with Spears and Shields.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends;—well fought;
We are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends;—the Roman Gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own!

Enter APPIUS, L. U. E.

Thy news?

App. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to the trenches driv'n,
And came in haste away.

Com. How long is't since?
App. About an hour, my lord. Spies of the Volscians
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

[APPIUS *retires towards the Soldiers*, R. U. E.

Com. [*Looking off*, L. U. E.] Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O Gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius.

[MARCIUS *within*, L. U. E.

Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Enter MARCIUS, L. U. E.—*The twelve Lictors move into the* C. *of back ground.*

Mar. (L. C.) Come I too late?
Com. (R. C.) Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O! let me clip you,
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he?

[APPIUS *advances, and* FULVIUS *prepares to seize him.*

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth:—but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think:—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the wayward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together,
That you directly
Set me against Aufidius.
Com. Tho' I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they,
That most are willing. If any such be here,
That love this painting,
Wherein you see me smear'd;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition.
[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Soldiers shout and wave their swords.*
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscians?—Follow Marcius! come.—
[*Exeunt,* R.—*Alarums.—Shouts.—A loud Flourish.—Battle without.*

SCENE IV —*The Camp of Cominius.*

Retreat sounded.—Enter MARCIUS, COMINIUS, FULVIUS, APPIUS, *and Soldiers,* R. U. E.

Com. (R.) If I should tell thee over thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;

Where with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours
That, the dull Tribunes,
Shall say, against their hearts,—"We thank the Gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier."

Mar. (L.) Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me: I have done,
As you have done,—that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been,—that's for my country.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own;
Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it.
[*A Flourish of Trumpets, &c.*
May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let the camps as cities
Be made of false-fac'd soothing. [*Flourish again.*
No more, I say; [*Crosses to* R.
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which without note
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth,
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: therefore, be it known,
[*Crosses to* R.
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland:—

For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear
The addition nobly ever!—

[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Shouts, &c.*

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.

Cor. The Gods begin to mock me: I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours.—What is't?

Mar. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
While we were fighting here, e'en now,—poor wretch!
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind.—His name?

Mar. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I'm weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to:—come.

[*A March.—Exeunt,* R. U. E.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS, R.

Men. (C.) The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. (R. C.) Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. (L. C.) Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love!

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.—You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now.—Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city; I mean of us o'the right-hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why,—how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now.—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir; well.

Men. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone.--You talk of pride! O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allay.

ing Tiber, in't: what I think, I utter; and spend my malice within breath.

Bru. Come, sir, come! we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion; or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack saddle Yet, you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion: though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Crosses to* R.—BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *stand* L. S. E

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, L.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.—

[*Crosses to* L.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the

physician.—Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded—I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings he a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Val. True.

[SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS *come forward*, R.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—Heaven save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud —Where is he wounded? [*To* VAL.

Val. I' the shoulder and i'the left arm. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave.

Vol. He with his single arm subdu'd Corioli.
His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries;—
Where'er he went, before him fortune flew,
While victory upon his dreaded brow
Sat thron'd, and joyful clapp'd her silver wings;—
Three times mine eagle singled out Aufidius,

And thrice the Volscians sunk beneath his thunder,
Bending the knee, as t'were in adoration.
Hark! hark! [*Flourish of Trumpets*, L.
These are the ushers of Marcius;—before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.
[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*Rome.—A Triumphal Arch.—Citizens run across, shouting from* R. U. E.—*An Ovation.—Procession enters,* R. U. E. *through the Arch.—Exeunt,* R.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Trophy.—S. P. Q. R.—*Two Banners.—Corioli.—Two Banners.—Civic Crowns.—Two Banners.—Silver Eagles.—Six Fasces, two and two.—Chief Eagle.*—FULVIUS *and* APPIUS.—*Two Swords and Shields.—Two Trophies.—Hands.—Two Spears and Shields—Two Trophies,—Wolves.—Two Swords and Shields—Fame.—Two Spears and Shields.—Two Golden Eagles.—Two Swords and Shields.—Two Battlements.—Two Spears and Shields.—Two Eagles and Pateras.—Two Swords and Shields.*—[*As they are going out, three shouts,* L. U. E.]

SECOND DIVISION.

Four Boys, two and two, in Surplices with Censors.—Two Priests.—Fires and Staves—Two Priests.—Knives.—Six Girls, bearing the Lamb.—Two Priests—Axes.—Two Priests—Fires.—Six Ladies, two and two.—Six Senators, two and two.—[*As they go off, three shouts behind,* R. U. E.]

THIRD DIVISION.

S. P. Q. R.—*Two Banners—Antium and Volsci.—Ten Musicians, two and two.—Six Fasces, two and two. Two Trophies—Goat and Boar.—Two Trophies—Raven and Pegasus.*—SEXTUS.—*A Bier with Trophies.*—LUCIUS.—*Two Trophies—Lion and Ram. Four Captive Generals, in Chains.—Two Trophies of Arms.*—NAVIUS.—*Trophies on a Bier.—Arms. Two Trophies—Sphinx and Dragon.—Six Spears and Shields.*—[*As they go off, shouts,* R. U. E.]

FOURTH DIVISION.

Choristers.—" *See the Conquering Hero comes.*"—[*As they go off, three shouts,* R. U. E.]

FIFTH DIVISION.

SEXTUS.—*Bier with Trophies.—Trophies of Trophies on Biers.—Range in front of Musicians.—Fame, exactly in* C.—*Two Standards*—S. P. Q. R. *advance* R. *and* L.—*Two Standards—Corioli.—Two Standards.—Antium and Volsci.—Two Silver Eagles.*—FULVIUS *and* APPIUS.—*Two Standards. Wolves.—Two Standards.——Battlements.——Two Standards—Eagles and Pateras.*—SEXTUS *and* LUCIUS.—*Two Standards—Hands—Two Standards. Civic Crowns.*—NAVIUS *and* ARUNS.—*Six Senators.* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.—*Six Ladies.—Roman Matrons.*—VALERIA *and* SERVILIA.—VIRGILIA.—VOLUMNIA.—*Two Golden Eagles.—Six Fasces.*—MENENIUS *and* COMINIUS.—CORIOLANUS.—*Chief Eagle. Six Fasces——Spears and Shields.——Swords and Shields.*

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother—
Cor. O ! [*Kneels.*
You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my posterity.
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ; [COR. *rises.*
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd—
What is it ? Coriolanus must I call thee ?
But, O, thy wife—
Cor. My gracious silence, hail !
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come confin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home ;
And welcome, general ;—and you are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
And I could laugh : I'm light and heavy.—Welcome !
A curse begin at the very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee ! You are three,
That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of men,

We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle! and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your hand, and yours.
[*To his Wife and Mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have liv'd,
To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy; only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way;
Than sway with them in theirs.
On, to the Capitol.
[*A Grand March.—Exeunt* VOLUMNIA, CORIOLANUS, VIRGILIA, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, VALERIA, SERVILIA, *four Matrons*, BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.—*Scene closes on the rest.—Shouts.—Drums, &c.*

SCENE III.—*Rome.—A Street.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, R.

Bru. The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended
As to Jove's statue: and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts
I never saw the like;—
Such a pother,
As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
Were slightly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear in the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.

Enter FULVIUS, *hastily*, L.

Bru. What's the matter?
Ful. You're sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol:
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE IV.—*Rome.—The Capitol.—Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS, CORIOLANUS MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *Senators and Officers*, L.—*They take their seats*, R. *and* L.

Men. (L.) Having determin'd of the Volscians,
It remains,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general,
To report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.
Worthy Cominius, speak.
[CORIOLANUS, R. *rises, and offers to go away.*
Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. I wish no better.

Cor. Your honour's pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Men. [*To* Cor.] Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit*, R.
Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
When you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. [*Seated in the State Chair, in c. of the Stage.*] I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world,
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home:
Alone he entered
The mortal gate o'the city; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Now all's his:
When bye and bye the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Requickened what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
Men. Worthy man!
Com. All our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to spend it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.
Com. He doth appear.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* FULVIUS, R.

Men. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage; please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. (L.) Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with the form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. [L. *to* SIC.] Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them—Thus I did, and thus—
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—
Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose; to them, and to our noble consul,
Wish we all joy and honour.
Com. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt*, R.

SCENE V.—*Rome.—A Street.*

Enter CITIZENS, R.

2d Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

1st Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

2d Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for, if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ungrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1st Cit. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt* CITIZENS, L.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with* MENENIUS, R.

Men. O, sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,————Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Look, sir—my wounds—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roard, and ran
From noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me.

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit*, R.

Enter First and Second Citizens, L.

Cor. So, here comes a brace. [*Aside.*
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1st Cit. We do, sir; tell us what has brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2d Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.
1st Cit. How! not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir:
'Twas never my desire yet to trouble
The poor with begging.
1st Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.
Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?
1st Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.
Cor. Kindly!
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I've wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir;
What say you?
2d Cit. You shall have it? worthy sir.
Cor. A match, sir:—
There is in all two worthy voices begged:
[*Aside.—Crosses to* L.
I have your alms; adieu
1st Cit. But this is something odd.
2d Cit. An'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt Citizens,* L.
Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Here come more voices.

Enter other Citizens, L.

Your voices:—for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I've seen and heard of:—for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more:—your voices:—
Indeed, I would be consul.
3d Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.
4th Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people!
All. Amen, amen.—
Heaven save thee, noble consul!
[*Exeunt all the Citizens,* R.
Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter MENENIUS, BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS, R.

Men. You've stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? At the senate house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do: and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house. [*Exit*, R.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along!

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exit* MENENIUS, R.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds:—will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens, R

Sic. How now, my masters? Have you chose this man?

2d Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

1st Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begged our voices.

3d Cit. Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

2d Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

1st Cit. Not one among us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

1st Cit. No; no man saw 'em.
He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private:
"I would be consul," says he; "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices, therefore:" When we granted that,
Here was,—"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you."—Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why, either you were ignorant to see't;
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? And now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?
1st Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
3d Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
1st Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence, instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you:
Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections:
Lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not.
Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
All. We will; we will.
[*Exeunt Citizens*, L. SIC. *and* BRU. R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—A Street.*

Enter COMINIUS, CORIOLANUS, *and* MENENIUS, R.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
So then the Volscians stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Behold! these are the tribunes of the people.
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance. [*Crosses to* L.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS, L.

Sic. Pass no further. [*To* COR.
Cor. Ha!—what is that?—
Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
Men. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm. [*To* COR.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility.
Bru. Call't not a plot.
The people cry you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd,

Scandal'd the suppliants of the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you informed them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Men. Well, no more. [*To* Cor.
Cor. How!—no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should fetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o'the people,
As if you were a God to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? His choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. *Shall* remain?
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you
His absolute *shall?*—
Shall!
Com. Well,—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i'the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason.
Sic. This a consul? No.
Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [BRUTUS *beckons the Citizens, who enter immediately,* R.
In whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal:
Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer. [*Laying hold on* COR.
Cor. Hence, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
Men. Down with that sword: tribunes, withdraw awhile.—
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause; for 'tis a sore
You cannot tent yourself: begone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. On fair ground—
I could beat forty of them.
[*Exeunt* COR. *and* COM., L.
Men. You worthy tribunes——
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial.
1*st Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
All. He shall, be sure on't.

Men. Sir——
Sic. Peace.
Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how coms't, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—
Sic. Consul!—What consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul!
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribune's leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Bru. We'll hear no more;
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
[*Citizens rush tumultuously towards* L.
Men. One word more, one word:—
Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If 'twere so——
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Men. Consider this:—he hath been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.—
[*Crosses with* BRUTUS *to* R.
Meet on the market-place: we'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll go and bring him to you.
[*Exeunt*, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Citizens*, R.
MENENIUS, L.

SCENE II.—*Rome—An Apartment in Coriolanus' House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* VOLUMNIA, L.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears: present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.
Vol. But hear me, Marcius.
Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play,
Truly the man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Why, let it go. [*Crosses to* L.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang. [*Crosses to* R.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, L.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too rough:
You must return, and mend it.
Vol. Pray, be counsell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better 'vantage.
Vol. Well said, noble woman:
Before he thus should stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? What then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them? I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th'other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush! tush! (c.)
Men. A good demand.
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies on you to speak
To the people:
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour.
I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them:
Say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Com. [*Behind*, L.] Where's Coriolanus?

Enter COMINIUS, L.

Men. Here is Cominius.
Com. I have been i'the market place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind. To th' market-place:—
[*Crosses to* MENENIUS.
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep!
A beggar's tongue,
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness. [*Crosses to* R.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself. [*Crosses to* R.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit*, R.

Com. Arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd

With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly; pray you, let us go.
[*Crosses to* C.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay; but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly!
[*Exeunt* COR. COM. *and* MEN. L.

SCENE III.—*Rome.—The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Citizens*, R. U. E.

Bru. Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, *and* COMINIUS, L.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you. [*To* COR.
Cor. (C.) The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
Men. Amen, amen! a noble wish.
Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content;
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i'the holy church-yard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How? Traitor!
Men. Nay; temperately: your promise. [*To* COR
Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
All. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome——
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you——
Cor. I'll know no further;
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying good-morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it; in the name o'the people,
And in the power of us, the tribunes,
Even from this instant, banish him our city.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends:——

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. [*Rushes forward to* C.] Ye common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o'the rotten fens—whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air—I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts:
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance
Deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! [*Crosses to* R. *followed by* MEN. *and* COM.] Despising now
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*The people shout, and all follow* CORIOLANUS, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Antium.—A Room in Aufidius's House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and* VOLUSIUS, R.

Volu. Whence is it, Tullus, that our arms are stopp'd

Upon the borders of the Roman state?
Why sleeps that spirit, whose heroic ardour
Urg'd you to break the truce, and pour'd our host,
From all the united cantons of the Volscians,
On their unguarded frontier? such designs
Brook not an hours delay; their whole success
Depends on instant vigorous execution.
Auf. O, my Volusius! thou, who art a soldier,
A tried and brave one too, say, in thy heart
Dost thou not scorn me? Thou, who saw'st me bend
Beneath the half-spent thunder of a foe,
Warm from the conquest of Corioli.
Volu. True valour, Tullus,
Lies in the mind the never-yielding purpose:
Nor heeds the blind award of giddy fortune
Auf. My soul, my friend, is all on fire;
Thirst of revenge consumes me; the revenge
Of generous emulation, not of hatred.
This happy Roman, this proud Marcius, haunts me.
Each troubled night, when slaves and captives sleep
Forgetful of their chains, I in my dreams
Anew am vanquish'd; and, beneath his sword
With horror sinking, feel a ten-fold death,
The death of honour. But I will redeem,—
Yes, Marcius, I will yet redeem my fame.
To face thee once again is the great purpose
For which alone I live. Till then, how slow,
How tedious, lags the time! while shame corrodes me
With many a bitter thought; and injur'd honour,
Sick and desponding, preys upon itself.

Enter SEXTUS, R.

Ha! why this haste? you look alarm'd
Sex. My lord,
One of exalted port, his visage hid,
Has plac'd himself beneath the statue of
The mighty Mars, and there majestic stands
In solemn silence.
Auf. Did you not ask him who, and what he was?
Sex. My lord, I could not speak; I felt appall'd,
As if the presence of some god had struck me.
Auf. Come, dastard, let me find this man of terrors,
[*Exeunt*, R

SCENE II.—*A Hall, with the Statue of Mars.*—CORIOLANUS, *discovered as described above.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, R.

Auf. Illustrious stranger—for thy high demeanour
Bespeaks thee such,—who art thou? What is thy name?
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians ears,
And harsh in sound to thine. [*Uncovering his face.*]
Know'st thou me yet?
Auf. Thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel.—What's thy name?
Cor. [*Throwing off his cloak.*] My name is Caius
Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, have
Whoop'd me out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd: then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee:—
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.
Auf. O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou'st spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy.
Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash a hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.
Cor You bless me, gods!
Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in:
[*Crosses to* L.
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *Yea*, to thy desires.—A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand!—most
welcome! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*Rome.—A Street.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS, L.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame.
Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?
Sic. Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Enter MENENIUS, R.

Men. Hail to you both! [*Crosses to* L.
Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd
But with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All's well, and might have been much better if
He could have temporiz'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.
Bru. There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volscians with two several powers
Are entered in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,

Thrust forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Enter APPIUS, R.

App. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!
App. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is delivered.
Sic. What more fearful?
App. It spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely: [*Crosses to* R.
He and Aufidius can no more attune,
Than violentest contrariety.
Let's to the senate-house. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Plain, near Rome.*

Enter R. U. E

*Two Men bearing standards—Antium and Volsci—Six Men, with drawn swords, ranged two and two.—*SEXTUS.—*Four Men, with drawn swords, ranged two and two.—*NAVIUS.—*Four Men, bearing Spears, ranged two and two.—*ABUNS.—*Two Men bearing Spears.—*CORIOLANUS.—*Banners—Fish, Dragon, Hawk.—Fourteen Men bearing Spears, ranged two and two.—Flourish of Trumpets.*

Cor. (c.) No more; I merit not this lavish praise.
True, we have driven the Roman legions back,
Defeated and disgrac'd: but what is done?
Nothing, ye Volscians.
Come on, my brave companions of the war,
Come, let us finish at one mighty stroke
The toil of lab'ring fate, we will, or perish.

While, noble Tullus, you protect the camp,
I, with my troops, all chosen men of valour,
And well approv'd to day, will storm the city.
[*Trumpets sound a parley*, L.

Enter LUCIUS, L.

Luc. My lord, a herald is arriv'd from Rome,
To say, a deputation from the senate,
Attended by the ministers of heaven,
A venerable train of priests and flamens,
Is on the way, address'd to you.
Cor. To me!
What can this message mean? Stand to your arms,
Ye Volscian troops; and let those Romans pass
Betwixt the low'ring frowns of double files.
What! do they think so lightly of my wrongs,
To slake my vengeance with a few soft words?
Come, fellow soldiers; Tullus, come, and see
How I maintain the honours you have done me.
[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *attended by all but* AUFIDIUS *and* VOLUSIUS.
Volu. Are we not, Tullus, failing in our duty,
Not to attend our general?
Auf. How! What said'st thou?
Volu. Methought, my lord, his parting orders were,
We should attend the triumph now preparing
O'er all his foes at once—Romans and Volscians.
Come, we shall give offence.
Auf. [*Aside.*] His words are daggers to my heart: I feel
Their truth, but am asham'd to own my folly.
Volu. O shame! O infamy! The thought consumes me!
To see a Roman
Borne on our shoulders to immortal fame,
Just in the happy moment that decided
The long dispute of ages, that, for which
Our generous ancestors had toil'd and bled:
To see him then step in and steal our glory!
O, that we first had perish'd all! A people,
Who cannot find in their own proper force
Their own protection, are not worth the saving.
Auf. It must have way; I will no more suppress it.
[*Aside.*
Know then, my valiant friend, no less than thee,
His conduct hurts me, and upbraids my folly

I wake as from a dream. What dæmon mov'd me?
What doating generosity, to exalt him
To the same level, nay, above myself?
To yield him the command of half my troops?
That, that was madness,
Was weak, was mean, unworthy of a man!
How shall I from this labyrinth escape?
Must it then be? What cruel genius dooms me,
In war or peace, to creep beneath his fortune?

Volu. That genius is thyself. If thou can'st bear
The very thought of stooping to this Roman,
Thou from that moment art his vassal, Tullus:
By that thou dost acknowledge, parent nature
Has form'd him thy superior. But, if fix'd
Upon the base of manly resolution,
Thou say'st—I will be free—I will command—
I and my country; then, O, never doubt it,
We shall find means to crush this vain intruder:
Even I myself—this hand; nay, hear me, Tullus;
'Tis not yet come to that, that last resource:
I do not say, we should employ the dagger,
While other better means are in our power.

Auf. No, my Volusius, fortune will not drive us,
Or I am much deceived, to that extreme:
We shall not want the strongest, fairest plea
To give a solemn sanction to his fate;
He will betray himself. Whate'er his rage
Of passion talks, a weakness for his country
Sticks in his soul, and he is still a Roman.
Soon shall we see him, tempted to the brink
Of this sure precipice; then down at once,
Without remorse, we hurl him to perdition.

[*Trumpet sounds*, L.

But hark—the trumpet calls us to a scene
I should detest; if not from hope we thence
May gather matter to mature our purpose. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE V.—*Rome.—A Street.*

Enter MENENIUS, L. *meeting* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, R.

Men. O, you have made good work!
Bru. What news? What news?
Sic. Pray now, your news?
Men. You have made good work,

You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Sic. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Men. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease. You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! You have crafted fair!

Enter a Troop of Citizens, R. S. E.

Here come the clusters.
You are they [*Crosses to them.*
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
3 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, Banish him, I said, 'twas pity.
2 *Cit.* And so did I.
1 *Cit.* And so did I! And, to say the truth, so did very many of us; that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
Men. You are goodly things; you voices!
You have made
Good work, you and your cry.
But here's Cominius; he will tell you news.

Enter COMINIUS, *and six Senators, who pass over to* L.

Have you prevail'd? Will he have mercy on us?
What hope has Rome yet? How did he receive you?
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear? [*To the People.*
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name;
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: had all names:
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you've made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punished.

Men. Very well;
Could he say less?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For his private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains,
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do,
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'would burn Rome; and his injury
The jailor to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
T'was very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismissed me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the capitol, yond' corner stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.

Sic. Is it possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is a differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

1 *Cit.* O doleful tidings!

2 *Cit.* O woeful day!

3 *Cit.* What will become of us?

Omnes. Oh! oh! oh!

1 *Cit.* Let us seize the two tribunes that did banish him, and throw them down the Tarpeian rock.

Sic. O, good Menenius, save us!

Bru. Stand our friend!

Men. [*Crosses to* L.] Not I; they may hang, drown, burn, or break your worthless necks from the rock, 'tis all one to me. [*Exit*, L.

All. Away with them, away with them!

Com. Hear me, fellow citizens!
Suspend awhile your anger, till you hear
How the entreaties of his mother, wife,
And our most noble matrons, work upon him;
They yet may bring us peace.

All. We will, we will.

Com. The Roman Gods prosper their embassy!

[*Exeunt*, BRUTUS, SICINIUS, COMINIUS, *and Senators*, L. *Citizens*, R

END OF ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Volscian Camp discovered.*

DISPOSITION OF THE STAGE WHEN THE ACT COMMENCES.

Lictors.—Men with Spears and Shields.—Battering-Rams.—Men with Swords and Shields.—Banners—Fish, Antium, Hawk, Volsci and Fame.—Men with Spears.—Raven.—Ram.—APPIUS.—*Raised Seats for Six Senators.—Pegasus.*—FULVIUS.—*Lion.—Dragon.*—VOLUSIUS, SEXTUS, AUFIDIUS, *Sphinx*—CORIOLANUS, NAVIUS.—*Goat.*—LUCIUS.—*Boar. Antium.*—ARUNS.

Cor. (L.) Here, noble Tullus, sit, and judge my conduct;
Nor spare to check me, if I act amiss.
Auf. (L.) Marcius, the Volscian fate is in thy hand.
[*Music at a distance*, R. U. E.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and Roman Ladies, in mourning habits*, R. U. E.

Cor. My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.— [VIRGILIA *bows.*
What is that curt'sy worth or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? [VOLUMNIA *bows.*
My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volscians
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy;
I'll stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
Vir. (C.) My lord and husband!
Cor. (L. C.) I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—
O, a kiss,

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world,
Leave unsaluted: sink my knee, i'the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!—
Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
[*Pointing to* VALERIA.

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*Presenting young* MARCIUS.
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness: that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah. [*Boy kneels.*

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you,

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials?—Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural:—desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already; yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscians, mark;

Hear nought from Rome in private.—(*Sits* L.)—Your request? [*To* VOLUMNIA.

Vol. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither:—
For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin:
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood.

Cor. I have sat too long. [*Offers to rise.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscians whom you serve, you might condemn us
As poisonous of your honour: no: our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscians
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
"For making up this peace!"

Cor. Those walls contain the most corrupt of men,
Insolent foes to worth, the foes of virtue.

Vol. Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping,—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother, yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i'the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Laden with honour.

Auf. See, see, Volusius, how the strong emotions
Of powerful nature shake his inmost soul!
See, how they tear him!—If he long resist them,
He is a god, or something worse than man.
[*Aside to* VOLUSIUS, L.

Vol. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
Nay, behold us: [*All kneel*
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up his hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength,

Than thou hast to deny't.—Come let us go :

[*They rise.*

This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance : yet give us our dispatch :—
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Vir. Since, Coriolanus, thou dost still retain,
In spite of all thy mother now has pleaded,
Thy dreadful purpose ; ah, how much in vain
Were it for me to join my supplications !
The voice of thy Virgilia, once so pleasing,
How shall it hope to touch the husband's heart,
When proof against the tears of such a parent ?
But I must weep. O, permit me,
To shed my gushing tears upon thy hand,
And take my last farewell !

Cor. Leave me.

Vir. I obey. How bitter thus to part,
Upon such terms to part, perhaps for ever !
But, tell me, ere I hence unroot my feet,
When to my lonely home I shall return—

Cor. Come and complete my happiness at Antium,
You, and my honour'd mother : —
There shall you see with what respect the Volscians
Will treat the wife, and mother, of their general.

Vol. Treat us thyself with more respect, my son,
Nor dare to shock our ears with such proposals.
Shall we desert our country—we—who come
To plead her cause ? Ah, no—a grave in Rome
Would better please me, than a throne at Antium.

Cor. Cease, cease, to torture me :
You only tear my heart, but cannot shake it.
By the immortal gods—

Vir. O, vow not our destruction !

[*Falling on her knees*

Vol. Daughter rise :
Let us no more before the Volscian people
Expose ourselves a spectacle of shame.
Hear me, proud man ! I have
A heart as stout as thine. I came not hither,
To be sent back rejected, baffled, sham'd,
Hateful to Rome, because I am thy mother :
A Roman matron knows, in such extremes,
What part to take.——
Go, barbarous son ; go, double paricide ;

Rush o'er my corse to thy belov'd revenge!
Tread on the bleeding breast of her, to whom
Thou ow'st thy life! Lo, thy first victim.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Cor. [*Starting from his Chair and seizing her hand.*] Ha!
What dost thou mean? (C.)
Val. To die, while Rome is free.
Cor. O, set not thus
My treacherous heart in arms against my reason.——
Here, here thy dagger will be well employ'd.——
Pity me, generous Volscians! You are men——
Must it then be? My stifled words refuse
A paggage to the throes that wring my heart.
Vol. Nay, if thou yieldest, yield like Coriolanus;
And what thou do'st, do nobly.
Cor. There, 'tis done:——
Thine is the triumph, nature! Ah, Volumnia,
Rome by thy aid is sav'd, but thy son lost!
Vol. He never can be lost, who saves his country.
Cor. Ye matrons, guardians of the Roman safety,
We grant the truce you ask.——
Volscians, we raise the siege.
[CORIOLANUS *turns to the Roman Ladies, who retire in the order they entered,* R. U. E.
Auf. 'Tis as we wish'd, Volusius.——
But mark me well; one offer more
My honour bids me make to this proud man;
If he reject it,
His blood be on his head. [*To* VOLUSIUS.
Volu. Well, I obey. [*To* AUFIDIUS.
[*When* CORIOLANUS *returns,* VOLUSIUS *and the Officers,* L. *advance to* C. *of the Stage; three Standards in* C. *come forward to Officers; the bearers of Swords and Shields also advance. Volsci and Fame, bearers of Spears, from* R. U. E. *advance.*
Cor. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks perceive
You disapprove my conduct.
Auf. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches and the war of words;
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid fair proposal.
Cor. Speak, I hear thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have perform'd
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected;
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish;
Thy wounded pride is heal'd, thy dear revenge
Completely sated; and, to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restor'd.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman.
Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast sav'd;
It still may be in danger from our arms.
Retire: I will take care thou mayst with safety.

Cor. With safety? Heavens! and think'st thou, Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety? No! my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of blame——
O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands are fetter'd
By the strong chain of former obligation,
The safe, sure, moment to insult me. Gods!
Were I now free, as on that day I was
When at Corioli I tam'd thy pride,
This had not been.

Auf. Thou speak'st the truth; it had not.
O, for that time again! propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it! Know, for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now propos'd
Thou should'st return. I pray thee, Marcius, do it;
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

Cor. Till I have clear'd my honour in your council,
And prov'd before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they have here assigned me.

[*Crosses to* R

Auf. Thou can'st not hope acquittal from the Volscians.

Cor. I do: nay more, expect their approbation,
Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
As thou dost never ask; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights;
By the just gods, I will. What would'st thou more?

Auf. What would I more, proud Roman? This I would—
Fire the curst forest where these Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them;

Extirpate from the bosom of this land
A false perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind—
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.

Cor. The seed of gods. 'Tis not for thee, vain boaster—
'Tis not for such as thou, so often spar'd
By her victorious sword, to speak of Rome,
But with respect, and awful veneration.——
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping dark duration.

Auf. I thank thy rage: this full displays the traitor.

Cor. Traitor! how now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?—
You lords and heads o'the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory?
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.—

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy!—
Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy!—
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. Boy! But let us part;—
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.

Auf. I court
The worst thy sword can do; while thou from me,
Hast nothing to expect, but sore destruction;

Quit then his hostile camp. Once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.
Cor. O, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, thy tribe,
To use my lawful sword—
Volu. Insolent villain! [VOLUSIUS *and other Volscian Officers draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know
The great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.
Bear from hence his body.
Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
Beat, beat the drum, that it speak mournfully:
[*Muffled drum.*
Trail your steel pikes. [*The army lower their spears and Ensigns.*] Though in your city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
[*A dead March.*

THE END

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc*

Every One has his Fault.

Lady Eleanor. You love me; 'tis in vain to say you do not.

Act V. Scene 1.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT:

A COMEDY,

In Five Acts.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. White, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

Every One has His Fault.

We cannot conceive what instruction or amusement are to be derived from the exhibition of dramatic *felonies*. The Newgate Calendar is rich in this sort of entertainment; why, then, should they be transferred to the theatre, and preposterously worked into a *comedy?* If it be absolutely necessary that footpads should be introduced on the stage in the full exercise of their profession, let some moral, at least, be drawn from their example and punishment—let us have a decent execution against next sessions! But, in modern times, a young gentleman has only to fancy himself ill-treated by a rich father-in-law, and to sally forth on a dark night, pistol in hand, with the customary salutation "*your money or your life!*" and he shall (*dramatically* speaking) become an object of respect and commiseration. Then shall he suddenly turn honest and sentimental, make handsome restitution, and, instead of going out of the world at "*the fall of the leaf*," and "with *Cotton* in his ears," come off with flying colours!—and *this*, forsooth, is *comedy*.

The name of this piece is a truism, "which (as the old song says) nobody can deny." Every one has his fault; and the *dramatis personæ* come in for their share. —Lord Norland, for he is a cruel unnatural father.—Solus, for he is a stupid undetermined old bachelor, who adds insult to unkindness.—Placid, for he is a henpecked Jerry—though *married men* may pronounce this less his *fault* than his *misfortune*.—Irwin, in the affair of the pistol and the pocket-book.—While, if any fault

is attributable to Harmony, it springs from his over-anxiety to make every one pleased with, and reconciled to, each other. We can hardly exclude the *ladies* from the general censure. Miss Spinster has her weak points, in her vanity.—Lady Irwin and Miss Wooburn their's, in too strong a regard for unworthy objects.—And, as to Mrs. Placid, we will not take the trouble to point out a *fault* in her character, in which we cannot, even with microscopic aid, discover a *virtue*.

This comedy embraces the highly *probable* incident of a man, who, having procured a divorce from his wife, for no other cause than that he had squandered away her fortune, and become tired of her person, actually falling in love (after a seven years' separation) with the very self-same lady, and imploring to be re-united to her.—But not before he had learnt, from good authority, that she was on the eve of consoling herself with a second husband. Sir Robert Ramble is a rake, whose vices find no apology in his vivacity or wit. He is as dull as he is contemptible; and, however Miss Wooburn may rise in our esteem, for her generosity in returning the bond, it speaks little for her spirit or delicacy, in thus throwing herself, a *second* time, into the arms of such a worthless coxcomb as Sir Robert.

There is some novelty in the character of Harmony, which is very pleasingly drawn, and was admirably acted by Munden; who, in the delineation of a mild, conciliatory, and benevolent spirit, had not his equal on the *stage*. Solus is not without humour; he is an old bachelor, who is ever and anon on the verge of wedlock, when some untoward accident dashes his hopes, and alters his resolution. One moment he threatens to marry the very first woman he meets; the next, Placid and his wife cry "*noli me tangere*" to his matrimonial experiments. His union with Miss Spinster is naturally brought about by the intervention of Harmony; whose good-humoured duplicity turns the tide

of mutual dislike, and makes them pleased with each other. If ever the compromise of truth may admit of an apology, it is when it becomes a *peace-maker*—when it softens animosities, unites friends, and reconciles enemies.

Mrs. Inchbald mentions the very *great pains* that this comedy cost her. Looking at its merit, there has been much ado about nothing. The plot is neither probable nor ingenious characters (with the exception of Harmony) are not skilfully drawn—and the dialogue displays one uniform mediocrity. Dowton and Elliston, in Solus and Sir Robert, are good; but Terry, as the successor of Munden, in Harmony, wholly misconceived the character, and was as rough as a nutmeg-grater.

☞ D——G.

Costume.

LORD NORLAND.—Full dress suit.

SIR ROBERT RAMBLE.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, buff pantaloons, silk stockings, and shoes.

SOLUS.—First dress—Brown suit. Second dress—White cloth suit, trimmed with silver, wedding favours, &c.

HARMONY.—Plain brown suit.

PLACID.—Brown coat, white waistcoat, and white breeches.

EDWARD.—Drab-coloured jacket, white waistcoat, and white trowsers.

HAMMOND.—Suit of black.

LADY ELEANOR IRWIN.—Dark sarsnet dress, trimmed with white.

MRS. PLACID.—Pink gauze dress, trimmed with white lace.

MISS WOOBURN.—White muslin dress, trimmed with white satin riband.

MISS SPINSTER.—First dress—Grey silk gown. Second dress—White silk gown and petticoat, trimmed with white satin.

Cast of the Characters at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, 1824.

Lord Norland	Mr. Powell.
Solus	Mr. Dowton.
Placid	Mr. Browne.
Mr. Irwin	Mr. Archer.
Sir Robert Ramble	Mr. Elliston.
Harmony	Mr. Terry.
William	Mr. Bartley.
Robert	Mr. Harrold.
Edward	Miss Willmott.
Sam	Mr. Honnor.
John	Mr. Povey.
Hammond	Mr. Webster.
Walter	Mr. Randall.
Lady Eleanor Irwin	Mrs. W. West.
Mrs. Placid	Mrs. Orger.
Miss Spinster	Mrs. Harlowe.
Miss Wooburn	Miss Smithson.

Every One has his Fault.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Mr. Placid's.*

Enter MR. PLACID *and* MR. SOLUS, L.

Placid. [*Speaks as entering.*] You are to blame.

Solus. (L.) I say the same by you.

Placid. (C.) And yet your singularity pleases me; for you are the first elderly bachelor I ever knew, who did not hug himself in the reflection that he was not in the trammels of wedlock.

Solus. No; I am only the first elderly bachelor who has truth and courage enough to confess his dissatisfaction.

Placid. And you really wish you were married?

Solus. I do. I wish still more, that I had been married thirty years ago. Oh! I wish a wife and half-a-score children would now start up around me, and bring along with them all that affection which we should have had for each other by being earlier acquainted. But as it is, in my present state, there is not a person in the world I care a straw for; and the world is pretty even with me, for I don't believe there is a creature in it who cares a straw for me.

Placid. Pshaw! you have in your time been a man of gallantry; and, consequently, must have made many attachments.

Solus. Yes, such as men of gallantry usually make. I have been attached to women who have purloined my fortune, and to men who have partaken of the theft: I have been in as much fear of my mistress as you are of your wife.

Placid. Is that possible?

Solus. Yes; and without having one of those tender

delicate ties of a husband, as an excuse for my apprehension. I have maintained children ——

Placid. Then why do you complain for the want of a family?

Solus. I did not say I ever had any children; I said I had maintained them; but I never believed they were mine; for I could have no dependance upon the principles of their mother—and never did I take one of those tender infants in my arms, that the forehead of my valet, the squint eye of my apothecary, or the double-chin of my chaplain, did not stare me in the face, and damp all the fine feelings of the parent, which I had just called up.

Placid. But those are accidents which may occur in the marriage state.

Solus. In that case a man is to be pitied—in mine he is only laughed at.

Placid. I wish to heaven I could exchange the pity which my friends bestow on me, for the merriment which your ill fate excites.

Solus. You want but courage to be envied.

Placid. Does any one doubt my courage?

Solus. No. If a prince were to offend you, you would challenge him, I have no doubt.

Placid. But if my wife offend me I am obliged to make an apology.—Was not that her voice? I hope she has not overheard our conversation.

Solus. If she have she'll be in an ill humour.

Placid. That she will be, whether she have heard it or not.

Solus. Well, good-day. I don't like to be driven from my fixed plan of wedlock; and, therefore, I wont be a spectator of your mutual discontent. [*Going.* L.

Placid. But before you go, Mr Solus, permit me to remind you of a certain concern that, I think, would afford you much more delight than all you can, at this time of life, propose to yourself in marriage. Make happy, by your beneficence, a near relation whom the truest affection has drawn into that estate, but who is denied the blessing of competency to make the state supportable.

Solus. You mean my nephew, Irwin? But do not you acknowledge he has a wife and children? Did not he marry the woman he loved, and has he not, at this moment, a large family by whom he is beloved? And is he not, therefore, with all his poverty much happier

than I? He has often told me, when I have reproached him with his indiscreet marriage, "that in his wife he possessed kingdoms!" Do you suppose I will give any part of my fortune to a man who enjoys such extensive domains? No: let him preserve his territories, and I will keep my little estate for my own use. [*Exit*, L.

Placid. John! John!—

Enter JOHN, R.

Has your mistress been inquiring for me?

John. Yes, sir: my lady asked just now, if I knew who was with you?

Placid. Did she seem angry?

John. No, sir;—pretty well.

Placid. You scoundrel, what do you mean by "pretty well!" [*In anger*.

John. Much as usual, sir.

Placid. And do you call that "pretty well?" You scoundrel, I have a great mind———

Enter MRS. PLACID, R. *speaking very loud*.

Mrs. P. What is the matter, Mr. Placid? What is all this noise about? You know I hate a noise. What is the matter?

Placid. My dear, I was only finding fault with that blockhead.

Mrs. P. Pray, Mr. Placid, do not find fault with any body in this house. But I have something which I must take you very severely to task about, sir.

Placid. No, my dear, not just now, pray.

Mrs. P. Why not now?

Placid. [*Looking at his watch*.] Because dinner will be ready in a few minutes. I am very hungry, and it will be cruel of you to spoil my appetite. John, is the dinner on the table?

Mrs. P. No, John, don't let it be served yet. Mr. Placid, you shall first hear what I have to say.

[*Sitting down*.—*Exit* JOHN, R.

Placid. But then I know I shan't be able to eat a morsel.

Mrs. P. Sit down. [*He sits*.] I believe, Mr. Placid, you are going to do a very silly thing. I am afraid you are going to lend some money.

Placid. Well, my dear, and suppose I am?

Mrs. P. Then I don't approve of people lending their money.

Placid. But, my dear, I have known you approve of borrowing money: and, once in our lives, what should we have done if every body had refused to lend?

Mrs. P. That is nothing to the purpose. And now I desire you will hear what I say, without speaking a word yourself,

Placid. Well, my dear.

Mrs. P. Now mind you don't speak till I have done. Our old acquaintance, Captain Irwin and Lady Eleanor, his wife (with whom we have lived upon very intimate terms, to be sure, while we were in America), are returned to London, and I find you have visited them very frequently.

Placid. Not above two or three times, upon my word; for it hurts me to see them in distress, and I forbear to go.

Mrs. P. There! you own they are in distress; I expected as much. Now own to me that they have asked you to lend them money.

Placid. I do own it—I do own it. Now, are you satisfied?

Mrs. P. No; for I have no doubt but you have promised they shall have it.

Placid. No, upon my word, I have not promised.

Mrs. P. Then promise me they shall not.

Placid. Nay, my dear, you have no idea of their distress!

Mrs. P. Yes, I have; and 'tis that which makes me suspicious.

Placid. His regiment is now broken, all her jewels and little baubles are disposed of; he is in such dread of his old creditors, that, in the lodging they have taken, he passes by the name of Middleton. They have three more children, my dear, than when we left them in New England; and they have in vain sent repeated supplications, both to his uncle and her father, for the smallest bounty.

Mrs. P. And is not Lord Norland, her father, a remarkably wise man, and a good man? And ought you to do for them what he has refused?

Placid. They have offended him, but they have never offended me.

Mrs. P. I think 'tis an offence to ask a friend for money, when there is no certainty of returning it.

Placid. By no means: for, if there *were* a certainty, even an enemy might lend.

Mrs. P. But I insist, Mr. Placid, that they shall not find a friend in you upon this occasion.—What do you say, sir?

Placid. [*After a struggle.*] No, my dear, they shall not.

Mrs. P. Positively shall not?

Placid. Positively shall not—since they have found an enemy in you.

Enter JOHN, R.

John. Dinner is on table.

Placid. Ah! I am not hungry now.

Mrs. P. What do you mean by that, Mr. Placid? I insist on your being hungry.

Placid. Oh! yes; I have a very excellent appetite. I shall eat prodigiously.

Mrs. P. You had best. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mr. Harmony's.*

Enter MR. HARMONY, R. *followed by* MISS SPINSTER.

Miss S. (R. C.) Cousin, cousin Harmony, I will not forgive you for thus continually speaking in the behalf of every servant whom you find me offended with. Your philanthropy becomes insupportable; and, instead of being a virtue, degenerates into a vice.

Har. (C.) Dear madam, do not upbraid me for a constitutional fault.

Miss S. Very true; you had it from your infancy. I have heard your mother say you were always foolishly tender-hearted, and never shewed one of those discriminating passions of envy, hatred, or revenge, to which all her other children were liable.

Har. No: since I can remember, I have felt the most unbounded affection for all my fellow-creatures. I even protest to you, dear madam, that, as I walk along the streets of this large metropolis, so warm is my heart towards every person who passes me, that I long to say, "How do you do!" and "I am glad to see you," to them all. Some men I should like even to stop and shake hands with;—and some women I should like even to stop and kiss.

Miss S. How can you be so ridiculous?

Har. Nay, 'tis truth: and I sincerely lament that human beings should be such strangers to one another as we are. We live in the same street, without know-

ing one another's necessities; and oftentimes meet and part from each other at church, at coffee-houses, play-houses, and all public places, without ever speaking a single word, or nodding "Good bye!" though 'tis a hundred chances to ten we never see one another again.

Miss S. Let me tell you, kinsman, all this pretended philanthropy renders you ridiculous. There is not a fraud, a theft, or hardly any vice committed, that you do not take the criminal's part, shake your head, and cry, "Provisions are so scarce!" And no longer ago than last Lord Mayor's day, when you were told that Mr. Alderman Ravenous was ill with an indigestion, you endeavoured to soften the matter, by exclaiming, "Provisions are so scarce!"—But, above all, I condemn that false humanity, which induces you to say many things in conversation which deserve to stigmatize you with the character of deceit.

Har. This is a weakness, I confess. But though my honour sometimes reproaches me with it as a fault, my conscience never does: for it is by this very failing that I have frequently made the bitterest enemies friends. Just by saying a few harmless sentences, which though a species of falsehood and deceit, yet, being soothing and acceptable to the person offended, I have immediately inspired him with lenity and forgiveness; and then, by only repeating the self-same sentences to his opponent, I have known hearts cold and closed to each other, warmed and expanded, as every human creature's ought to be.

Enter SAM, L.

Sam. (L.) Mr. Solus. [*Exit*, L.

Miss S. I cannot think, Mr. Harmony, why you keep company with that old bachelor; he is a man, of all others on earth, I dislike; and so I am obliged to quit the room, though I have a thousand things to say.

[*Exit angrily*, R.

Enter SOLUS, L.

Har. Mr. Solus, how do you do?

Solus. I am very lonely at home; will you come and dine with me?

Har. Now you are here, you had better stay with me. we have no company; only my cousin, Miss Spinster, and myself.

Solus. No, I must go home: do come to my house.

Har. Nay, pray stay: what objection can you have?

Solus. Why, to tell you the truth, your relation. Miss Spinster, is no great favourite of mine, and I don't like to dine with you, because I don't like her company.

Har. That is to me surprising!

Solus. Why, old bachelors and old maids never agree; we are too much alike in our habits; we know our own hearts so well, we are apt to discover every foible we would wish to forget, in the symptoms displayed by the other. Miss Spinster is peevish, fretful, and tiresome, and I am always in a fidget when I am in her company.

Har. How different are her sentiments of you! for one of her greatest joys is to be in your company. [SOLUS *starts and smiles.*] Poor woman! she has, to be sure, an uneven temper——

Solus. No, perhaps I am mistaken.

Har. But I will assure you, I never see her in half such good humour as when you are here; for I believe you are the greatest favourite she has.

Solus. I am very much obliged to her, and I certainly am mistaken about her temper. Some people, if they look ever so cross, are good-natured in the main; and I dare say she is so. Besides, she never has had a husband to sooth and soften her disposition; and there should be some allowance made for that.

Har. Will you dine with us?

Solus. I don't care if I do. Yes, I think I will. I must, however, step home first—but I'll be back in a quarter of an hour. My compliments to Miss Spinster, if you should see her before I return. [*Exit*, L.

Enter SERVANT. R.

Serv. My lady begs to know, sir, if you have invited Mr. Solus to dine; because if you have, she shall go out. [*Exit*, R.

Enter MISS SPINSTER, R.

Har. Yes, madam, I could not help inviting him; for, poor man, his own house is in such a state for want of proper management, he cannot give a comfortable dinner himself.

Miss S. And so he must spoil the comfort of mine

Har. Poor man, poor man! after all the praises he has been lavishing upon you.

Miss S. What praises?

Har. I won't tell you; for you won't believe them.

Miss S. Yes, I shall. Oh, no—now I recollect, this is some of your invention.

Har. Nay, I told him it was *his* invention; for he declared you looked better last night than any other lady at the opera.

Miss S. No, this sounds like truth: and, depend upon it, though I never liked the manners of Mr. Solus much, yet—

Har. Nay, Solus has his faults.

Miss S. So we have all.

Har. And will you leave him and me to dine by ourselves?

Miss S. Oh no, I cannot be guilty of such ill manners, though I talked of it. Besides, poor Mr. Solus does not come so often, and it would be wrong not to shew him all the civility we can. For my part, I have no dislike to the man; and, if taking a bit of dinner with us now and then can oblige either you or him, I should be to blame to make any objection. Come, let us go into the drawing room to receive him.

Har. Ay! this is right: this is as it should be.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*A Room at the Lodgings of Mr. Irwin.*

MR. IRWIN *and* LADY ELEANOR IRWIN *discovered.*

Lady E. My dear husband, my dear Irwin, I cannot bear to see you thus melancholy. Is this the joy of returning to our native country, after a nine years' banishment?

Irwin. Yes; for I could bear my misfortunes, my wretched poverty, with patience, in a land where our sorrows were shared by those about us; but here, in London, where plenty and ease smile upon every face; where by birth you claim distinction, and I by services; here to be in want, to be obliged to take another name in shame of our own, to tremble at the voice of every stranger, for fear he should be a creditor, to meet each old acquaintance with an averted eye, because we would not feel the pang of being shunned: to have no reward for all this, even in a comfortable home; but there, to see our children looking up to me for that support I have

not in my power to give—can I, can I love them and you, and not be miserable?

Lady E. And yet I am not so. And I am sure you will not doubt my love to you or them.

Irwin. I met my uncle this morning, and was mean enough to repeat my request to him; he burst into a fit of laughter, and told me my distresses were the result of my ambition, in marrying the daughter of a nobleman, who himself was too ambitious ever to pardon us.

Lady E. Tell me no more of what he said.

Irwin. This was a day of trials: I saw your father too.

Lady E. My father! Lord Norland! Oh heavens!

Irwin. He passed me in his carriage.

Lady E. I envy you the blessing of seeing him! For, oh! excuse my tears—he is my father still. How did he look?

Irwin. As well as he did at the time I used to watch him from his house to steal to you.—But I am sorry to acquaint you, that, to guard himself against all returning love for you, he has, I am informed, adopted a young lad, on whom he bestows every mark of that paternal affection, of which you lament the loss.

Lady E. May the young man deserve his tenderness better than I have done—may he never disobey him—may *he* be a comfort, and cherish his benefactor's declining years—and when his youthful passions teach him to love, may they not, like mine, teach him disobedience!

Enter THOMAS, L. *with a letter.*

Irwin. What is that letter?

Thomas. It comes from Mr. Placid, the servant who brought it said, and requires no answer. [*Exit*, L.

Irwin. It's strange how I tremble at every letter I see, as if I dreaded the contents. How poverty has unmanned me! [*Aside.*] I must tell you, my dear, that finding myself left this morning without a guinea, I wrote to Mr. Placid to borrow a small sum. This is his answer: [*Reading the superscription.*] "To Mr. Middleton"—that's right; he remembers the caution I gave him. I had forgot whether I had, for my memory is not so good as it was. I did not even recollect this hand, though it is one I am so well acquainted with, and ought to give me joy rather than sorrow.—[*Opens the letter hastily, reads, and lets it drop.*] Now I have not a friend on earth.

Lady E. Yes, you have me. You forget me.

Irwin. [*In a transport of grief.*] I would forget you—you—and all your children.

Lady E. I would not lose the remembrance of you, or of them, for all my father's fortune.

Irwin. What am I to do? I must leave you! I must go, I know not where! I cannot stay to see you perish. [*Takes his hat, and is going.*

Lady E. [*Holding him.*] Where would you go? 'Tis evening—'tis dark—whither would you go at this time?

Irwin. [*Distractedly*] I must consider what's to be done—and in this room my thoughts are too confined to reflect.

Lady E. And are London streets calculated for reflection?

Irwin. No, for action. To hurry the faint thought to resolution.

Lady E. You are not well—your health has been lately impaired. Your temper has undergone a change too; I tremble lest any accident—

Irwin. What accident? [*Wildly.*

Lady E. I know your provocations from an ungrateful world: but despise it, as that despises you.

Irwin. But for your sake, I could.

Lady E. Then witness, Heaven! I am happy.—Though bred in all the delicacy, the luxury of wealth and splendour, yet I have never murmured at the change of fortune, while that change has made me wife to you, and mother of your children.

Irwin. We *will* be happy—if possible. But give me this evening to consider what plan to fix upon. There is no time to lose; we are without friends—without money—without credit. Farewell for an hour. I will see Mr. Placid, if I can; and though he have not the money to lend, he may, perhaps, give me some advice.

Lady E. Suppose I call on *her*? Women are sometimes more considerate than men, and—

Irwin. Do you for the best, and so will I. Heavens bless you. [*Exeunt*, IRWIN, L. LADY ELEANOR, R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Coffee Room at a Tavern.*

Enter SIR ROBERT RAMBLE, M. D. MR. SOLUS *and* MR. PLACID, R.

Solus. Sir Robert Ramble, how do you do?

Sir R. My dear Mr. Solus, I am glad to see you. I have been dining by myself, and am now come into this public room to meet with some good company.

Solus. Ay, Sir Robert, you are now reduced to the same necessity which I frequent y am—I frequently am obliged to dine at taverns and coffee-houses, for want of company at home.

Sir R. Nay, I protest I am never happier than in a house like this, where a man may meet his friend without the inconvenience of form, either as a host or a visitor.

Solus. Sir Robert, give me leave to introduce to you Mr. Placid: he has been many years abroad; but I believe he now means to remain in his own country for the rest of his life. This, Mr. Placid, is Sir Robert Ramble.

Sir R. [*To* MR. PLACID.] Sir, I shall be happy in your acquaintance; and I assure you, if you will do me the honour to meet me now and then at this house, you will find every thing very pleasant. I verily believe, that since I lost my wife, which is now about five months ago, I verily believe I have dined here three days out of the seven.

Placid. Have you lost your wife, sir? And so lately?

Sir R. [*With great indifference.*] Yes, sir; about five months ago—Is it not, Mr. Solus? You keep account of such things better than I do.

Solus. Oh! ask me no questions about your wife, Sir Robert; if she had been mine, I would have had her to this moment.

Placid. What, wrested her from the gripe of death?

Sir R. No, sir; only from the gripe of the Scotch lawyers.

Solus. More shame for you. Shame! to wish to be divorced from a virtuous wife.

Placid. Was that the case? Divorced from a virtuous wife? I never heard of such a circumstance before. Pray, Sir Robert, [*Very anxiously*] will you indulge me, by letting me know in what manner you were able to bring about so great an event?

Sir R. It may appear strange to you, sir; but my wife and I did not live happy together.

Placid. Not at all strange, sir; I can conceive—I can conceive very well.

Solus. Yes; he can conceive that part to a nicety.

Sir R. And so I was determined on a divorce.

Placid. But then her character could not be unimpeached.

Sir R. Yes, it was, sir. You must know, we were married in Scotland, and by the laws there, a wife can divorce her husband for breach of fidelity: and so, though my wife's character was unimpeached, mine was not, and she divorced me.

Placid. And is this the law in Scotland?

Sir R. It is. Blessed country! that will bind young people together before the years of discretion—and, as soon as they have discretion to repent, will unbind them again!

Placid. I wish I had been married in Scotland.

Solus. But, Sir Robert, with all this boasting, you must own that your divorce has greatly diminished your fortune.

Sir R. [*Taking* SOLUS *aside.*] Mr. Solus, you have frequently hinted at my fortune being impaired; but I do not approve of such notions being received abroad.

Solus. I beg your pardon; but every body knows that you have played very deep lately, and have been a great loser, and every body knows—

Sir R. No, sir, every body does not know it, for I contradict that report wherever I go. A man of fashion does not like to be reckoned poor, no more than he likes to be reckoned unhappy. We none of us endeavour to be happy, sir, but merely to be thought so; and for my part, I had rather be in a state of misery, and envied for my supposed happiness, than in a state of happiness, and pitied for my supposed misery.

Solus. But consider, these misfortunes which I have just hinted at, are not of any serious nature, only such as a few years economy—

Sir R. But were my wife and her guardian to become acquainted with these little misfortunes, they would triumph in my embarrassments.

Solus. Lady Ramble triumph! [*They join* MR. PLACID.] She who was so firmly attached to you, that I believe nothing but a compliance with your repeated request to be separated, caused her to take the step she did.

Sir R. Yes, I believe she did it to oblige me, and I am very much obliged to her.

Solus. As good a woman, Mr. Placid—

Sir R. Very good—but very ugly.

Solus. She is beautiful.

Sir R. [*To* SOLUS.] I tell you, sir, she is hideous. And then she was grown so insufferably peevish.

Solus. I never saw her out of temper.

Sir R. Mr. Solus, it is very uncivil of you to praise her before my face. Lady Ramble, at the time I parted with her, had every possible fault both of mind and person, and so I made love to other women in her presence; told her bluntly that I was tired of her; that "I was very sorry to make her uneasy, but that I could not love her any longer." And was not that frank and open?

Solus. Oh! that I had but such a wife as she was!

Sir R. I must own I loved her myself when she was young.

Solus. Do you call her old?

Sir R. In years I am certainly older than she; but the difference of sex makes her a great deal older than I am. For instance, Mr. Solus, you have often lamented not being married in your youth; but if you had, what would you have now done with an old wife, a woman of your own age?

Solus. Loved and cherished her.

Sir R. What, in spite of her loss of beauty?

Solus. When she had lost her beauty, most likely I should have lost my eye-sight, and have been blind to the wane of her charms.

Placid. [*Anxiously.*] But, Sir Robert, you were explaining to me—Mr. Solus, give me leave to speak to Sir Robert—I feel myself particularly interested on this subject. And, sir, you were explaining to me—

Sir R. Very true: where did I leave off? Oh! at my ill usage of my Lady Ramble. Yes, I did use her

very ill, and yet she loved me. Many a time when she has said to me, "Sir Robert, I detest your principles, your manners, and even your person," often, at that very instant, I have seen a little sparkle of a wish peep out of the corner of one eye, that has called to me, "Oh! Sir Robert, how I long to make it up with you."

[*Crosses to* R.

Solus. [*To* MR. PLACID.] Do not you wish that your wife had such a little sparkle at the corner of one of her eyes?

Sir R. [*To* MR. PLACID.] Sir, do you wish to be divorced?

Placid. I have no such prospect. Mrs. Placid is faithful, and I was married in England.

Sir R. But if you have an inconquerable desire to part, a separate maintenance will answer nearly the same end—for if your lady and you will only lay down the plan of separation, and agree——

Placid. But unfortunately we never do agree!

Sir R. Then speak of parting as a thing you dread worse than death; and make it your daily prayer to her, that she will never think of going from you. She will determine upon it directly.

Placid. I thank you; I'm very much obliged to you; I thank you a thousand times.

Sir R. Yes, I have studied the art of teasing a wife; and there is nothing vexes her so much as laughing at her. Can you laugh, Mr. Placid?

Placid. I don't know whether I can; I have not laughed since I married. But I thank you, sir, for your instructions—I sincerely thank you.

Solus. And now, Sir Robert, you have had the good nature to teach this gentleman how to get rid of his wife, will you have the kindness to teach me how to procure one?

Enter MR. IRWIN, R.—*Crosses behind them to a chair*, L.

Sir R. Hah! sure I know that gentleman's face!

Solus. My nephew! Let me escape his solicitations. [*Aside.*] Here, waiter! [*Exit*, L.

Placid. [*Starting.*] Having sent him a denial, I am ashamed to see him. [*Aside.*] Here, Mr. Solus!

[*Exit, following* MR. SOLUS.

Irwin. [*Aside.*] More cool faces! My necessitous countenance clears even a club-room.

Sir R. My dear Captain Irwin, is it you? Yes, 'faith, it is. After a nine years absence, I most sincerely rejoice to see you.

Irwin. Sir Robert, you shake hands with a cordiality I have not experienced these many days, and I thank you.

Sir R. But what's the matter? You seem to droop. Where have you left your usual spirits? Has absence from your country changed your manners?

Irwin. No, sir; but I find some of my countrymen changed. I fancy them less warm, less friendly than they were: and it is that which, perhaps, has this effect upon me.

Sir R. Am I changed?

Irwin. You appear an exception.

Sir R. And I assure you, that instead of being grown more gloomy, I am even more gay than I was seven years ago; for then I was upon the point of matrimony —but now I am just relieved from its cares.

Irwin. I have heard as much. But I hope you have not taken so great an aversion to the marriage state as never to marry again.

Sir R. Perhaps not: but then it must be to some rich heiress.

Irwin. You are right to pay respect to fortune. Money is a necessary article in the marriage contract.

Sir R. As to that—that would be no great object at present. No, thank heaven, my estates are pretty large; I have no children; I have a rich uncle, excellent health, admirable spirits; and thus happy, it would be very strange if I did not meet my old friends with those smiles, which never for a moment quit my countenance.

Irwin. In the dispensation of the gifts of Providence, how few are found blest like you! [*Sighing.*

Sir R. And I assure you, my dear Mr. Irwin, it gives me the most serious reflections, and the most sincere concern that they are not.

Irwin. I thank you, sir, most heartily: I thank you for mankind in general, and for myself in particular. For after this generous, unaffected declaration (with less scruple than I should to any man in the world), I will own to you, that at this very time I am in the utmost want of an act of friendship.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] And so am I.—Now must I confess myself a poor man, or pass for an unfeeling one; and

I will choose the latter. [*Bowing with great ceremony and coldness.*]—Any thing that I can command, is at your service.

Irwin. [*Confounded and hesitating.*] Why then, Sir Robert—I am almost ashamed to say it—but circumstances have been rather unfavourable. My wife's father —[*Affecting to smile*]—is not reconciled to us yet—my regiment is broke—my uncle will not part with a farthing —Lady Eleanor, my wife—[*Wipes his eyes*]—has been supported, as yet, with some little degree of tenderness, elegance; and—in short, I owe a small sum which I am afraid of being troubled for; I want a trifle also for our immediate use, and if you would lend me a hundred pounds—though, upon my honour, I am not in a situation to fix the exact time when I can pay it.

Sir R. My dear sir, never trouble yourself about the time of paying it, because it happens not to be in my power to lend it you.

Irwin. Not in your power? I beg your pardon; but have not you this moment been saying you are rich?

Sir R. And is it not very common to be rich without money? Are not half the town rich? And yet half the town has no money. I speak for this end of the town, the West end. The Squares, for instance, part of Piccadilly, down St. James's street, and so home by Pall Mall. We have all estates, bonds, drafts, and notes of hand without number; but, as for money, we have no such thing belonging to us.

Irwin. I sincerely beg your pardon. And be assured, sir, nothing should have induced me to have taken the liberty I have done, but the necessities of my unhappy family, and having understood by your own words that you were in affluence.

Sir R. I *am* in affluence, I am, I am; but not in so much, perhaps, as my hasty, inconsiderate account may have given you reason to believe. I forgot to mention several heavy incumbrances, which as you will perceive are great drawbacks on my fortune.—As my wife sued for the divorce, I have her fortune to return: I have also two sisters to portion off—a circumstance I totally forgot. But, my good friend, though I am not in circumstances to do what you requi.e, I will do something that shall be better. I'll wait upon your father-in-law, Lord Norland, and intreat him to forgive his daughter; and I am sure he will if I ask him.

Irwin. Impossible.

Sir R. And so it is, now I recollect: for he is no other than the guardian of my late wife, and a request from me will be received worse than from any other person. However, Mr. Irwin, depend upon it, that whenever I have an opportunity of serving you, I will; and whenever you shall do me the favour to call upon me, I shall be heartily glad to see you. If I am not at home, you can leave you card, which you know is all the same, and depend upon it I shall be extremely glad to see you or that, at any time. [*Exit*, L.

Irwin. Is this my native country? Is this the hospitable land which we describe to strangers? No—we are savages to each other; nay, worse. The savage makes his fellow-savage welcome; divides with him his homely fare; gives him the best apartment his hut affords, and tries to hush those griefs that are confided in his bosom —while in this civilized city, among my own countrymen, even among my brother officers in the army, and many of my nearest relations, so very civilized they are, I could not take the liberty to enter under one roof, without a ceremonious invitation, and that they will not give me. I may leave my card at their door, but as for me, or any one of mine, they would not give us a dinner; unless, indeed, it was in such a style, that we might behold with admiration their grandeur, and return still more depressed to our own poverty. Can I bear this treatment longer? No, not even for you, my Eleanor. And this—[*Takes out a pistol*]—shall now be the only friend to whom I will apply. And yet I want the courage to be a villain.

Enter MR. HARMONY, R. *speaking as he enters.*—IRWIN *conceals the pistol.*

Har. Let me see half a dozen newspapers—every paper of the day.

Enter WAITER, R.

Waiter. That is about three dozen, sir.

Har. Get a couple of porters, and bring them all.

[*He sits down; Waiter brings him papers, and he reads.* IRWIN *starts, sits down, and shews various signs of uneasiness; then comes forward.*

Irwin. Am I a man, a soldier—and a coward?—Yes, I run away, I turn my back on life—I forsake the post which my commander, Providence, has allotted me, and fly before a banditti of rude misfortunes.—Rally me,

love—connubial and parental love, rally me back to the charge! No, those very affections sound the retreat.

[*Sits down with the same emotions of distraction as before.*

Har. That gentleman does not seem happy. I wish I had an opportunity of speaking to him. [*Aside.*

Irwin. [*Comes forward, and speaks again.*] But oh! my wife, what will be your sufferings, when I am brought home to your wretched habitation!—And by my own hand!

Har. I am afraid, sir, I engross all the news here. [*Holding up the papers.*

Irwin. [*Still apart.*] Poor soul, how her heart will be torn!

Har. [*After looking steadfastly on him.*] Captain Irwin, till this moment I had not the pleasure of recollecting you! It is Mr. Irwin, is it not?

Irwin. [*Greatly distressed.*] Yes, sir: but what have you to say to him more than to a stranger?

Har. Nothing more, sir, than to apologise to you for having addressed you just now in so familiar a manner, before I knew who you were; and to assure you, that, although I have no other knowledge of you than from report, and having been once, I believe, in your company at this very house, before you left England, yet any services of mine, as far as my abilities can reach, you may freely command.

Irwin. Pray, sir, do you live at the West end of the town?

Har. I do,

Irwin. Then, sir, your services can be of no use to me.

Har. Here is the place where I live, here is my card. [*Gives it to him.*

Irwin. And here is mine. And now I presume we have exchanged every act of friendship which the strict forms of etiquette, in this town, will admit of.

Har. By no means, sir. I assure you my professions never go beyond my intentions; and if there is any thing that I can serve you in—

Irwin. Have you no sisters to portion off? no lady's fortune to return? Or, perhaps, you will speak to my wife's father, and entreat him to forgive his child.

Har. On that subject you may command me; for I have the honour to be intimately acquainted with Lord Norland.

Irwin. But is there no reason you may recollect, "why you would be the most unfit person in the world to apply to him?"

Har. None. I have been honoured with marks of his friendship for many years past; and I do not know any one who could, with less hazard of his resentment, venture to name his daughter to him.

Irwin. Well, sir, if you should see him two or three days hence, when I am set out on a journey I am going, if you will then say a kind word to him for my wife and children, I'll thank you.

Har. I will go to him instantly. [*Going.*

Irwin. No, do not see him yet; stay till I am gone. He will do nothing till I am gone.

Har. May I ask where you are going?

Irwin. No very tedious journney; but it is a country to those who go without a proper passport, always fatal.

Har. I'll see Lord Norland to-night: perhaps I may persuade him to prevent your journey. I'll see him to-night, or early in the morning, depend upon it. I am a man of my word, sir; though I must own I do live at the West end of the town. [*Exit*, R.

Irwin. 'Sdeath, am I become the ridicule of my fellow-creatures? or am I not in my senses?—I know this is London—this house a tavern—I know I have a wife. Oh! 'twere better to be mad than to remember her! She has a father—he is rich and proud—that I will not forget. But I will pass his house, and send a malediction as I pass it.—[*Furiously.*]—No; breathe out my last sigh at his inhospitable door, and that sigh shall breathe—forgiveness. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Lodgings of Mr. Irwin.*

Enter MRS. PLACID, *followed by* LADY ELEANOR, L.

Lady E. I am ashamed of the trouble I have given you, Mrs. Placid. It had been sufficient to have sent me home in your carriage; to attend me yourself was ceremonious.

Mrs. P. My dear Lady Eleanor, I was resolved to come home with you, as soon as Mr. Placid desired I would not.

Lady E. Was that the cause of your politeness? I am sorry it should.

Mrs. P. Why sorry? it is not proper he should have his way in every thing.

Lady E. But I am afraid you seldom let him have it at all.

Mrs. P. Yes, I do.—But where, my dear, is Mr. Irwin?

Lady E. [*Weeping.*] I cannot hear the name of Mr. Irwin without shedding tears: his health has been so much impaired of late, and his spirits so bad—sometimes I even fear for a failure in his mind.

[*Weeps again.*

Mrs. P. Is not he at home?

Lady E. I hope he is.—[*Goes to the side of the scenes.*]—Tell your master Mrs. Placid is here.

Enter THOMAS, L.

Thomas. My master is not yet come in, madam.

[*Exit*, L.

Lady E. Not yet? I am very sorry for it:—very sorry, indeed.

Mrs. P. Bless me, my dear, don't look thus pale. Come, sit down, and I'll stay with you till he returns.

[*Sits down herself.*

Lady E. My dear, you forget that Mr. Placid is in the carriage at the door all this time.

Mrs. P. No, I don't. Come, let us sit and have half an hour's conversation.

Lady E. Nay, I insist upon your going to him, or desiring him to walk in.

Mrs. P. Now I think of it, they may as well drive him home, and come back for me.

Enter MR. PLACID, L.

Why surely, Mr. Placid, you were very impatient! I think you might have waited a few minutes longer.

Placid. I would have waited, my dear, but the evening is so damp.

Lady E. Ah! 'tis the evening which makes me alarmed for Mr. Irwin.

Placid. Lady Eleanor, you are one of the most tender, anxious, and affectionate wives I ever knew.

Mrs. P. There! now he wishes he was your husband.—He admires the conduct of every wife but his own, and envies every married man of his acquaintance. But it is very ungenerous of you.

Placid. So it is, my dear; and not at all consistent

with the law of retaliation; for I am sure there is not one of my acquaintance who envies me.

Mrs. P. Mr. Placid, your behaviour throughout this whole day has been so totally different to what it ever was before, that I am half resolved to live no longer with you.

Placid. [*Aside.*] It will do—it will do.

Lady E. Oh, my dear friends, do not talk of parting: how can you, while every blessing smiles on your union! Even I, who have reason to regret mine, yet, while that load of grief, a separation from Mr. Irwin, is but averted, I will think every other affliction supportable.—[*A loud rapping at the door.*]—That is he.

Mrs. P. Why you seem in raptures at his return.

Lady E. I know no greater rapture.

Enter IRWIN, L. *pale, trembling, and disordered.*

Lady E My dear, you are not well, I see.

Irwin. Yes.—[*Aside to her in anger.*]—Why do you speak of it!

Placid. How do you do, Irwin?

Irwin. I am glad to see you. [*Bows.*

Mrs. P. But I am sorry to see you look so ill.

Irwin. I have only been taking a glass too much.

[LADY ELEANOR *weeps.*

Placid. Pshaw! don't I know you never drink?

Irwin. You are mistaken: I do when my wife is not by. I am afraid of her.

Placid. Impossible.

Irwin. What! to be afraid of one's wife?

Placid. No: I think that very possible.

Mrs. P. But it does not look so well when it is so; it makes a man appear contemptible, and a woman a termagant. Come, Mr. Placid, I cannot stay another moment. Good night. Heaven bless you!—[*To* LADY ELEANOR.]—Good night, my dear Mr. Irwin: and now, pray take my advice, and keep up your spirits.

Irwin. I will, madam—[*Shaking hands with* PLACID.]—And do you keep up your spirits.—[*Exeunt* MR. *and* MRS. PLACID, L.—IRWIN *shuts the door.*]—I am glad they are gone. I spoke unkindly to you just now, did I not? My temper is altered lately; and yet I love you.

Lady E. I never doubted it, nor ever will.

Irwin. If you did you would wrong me; for there is not a danger I would not risk for your sake; there is

not an infamy I would not be branded with to make you happy, nor a punishment I would not undergo, with joy, for your welfare.—But there is a bar to this; we are unfortunately so entwined together, so linked, so riveted, so cruelly, painfully fettered to each other, you could not be happy unless I shared the self-same happiness with you.—But you will learn better—now you are in London, and amongst fashionable wives, you must learn better.—[*Walks about and smiles, with a ghastly countenance.*]

Lady E. Do not talk, do not look thus wildly.—Indeed, indeed, you make me very uneasy.

Irwin. What! uneasy when I come to bring you comfort: and such comfort as you have not experienced for many a day?—[*He pulls out a pocket-book.*] Here is a friend in our necessity—a friend that brings a thousand friends; plenty and—no, not always—peace.—[*He takes several papers from the book, and puts them into her hands.—She looks at them, then screams.*]

Lady E. Ah! 'tis money.—[*Trembling.*]—These are bank notes.

Irwin. Hush! for heaven's sake, hush! We shall be discovered.—[*Trembling, and in great perturbation*]—What alarms you thus?

Lady E. What alarms you?

Irwin. Do you say I am frightened?

Lady E. A sight so new has frightened me.

Irwin. Nay, they are your own: by heaven, they are! No one on earth has a better or a fairer right to them than yourself. It was a laudable act by which I obtained them.—The parent bird had forsook its young, and I but forced it back to perform the rites of nature.

Lady E. You are insane, I fear. No, no, I do not *fear—I hope* you are.—[*A loud rapping at the street door.—He starts, takes the notes from her, and puts them hastily into his pocket.*]

Irwin. Go to the door yourself; and if 'tis any one who asks for me, say I am not come home yet.

[*She goes out,* L. *then returns.*

Lady E. It is the person belonging to the house: no one to us.

Irwin. My dear Eleanor, are you willing to quit London with me in about two hours' time?

Lady E. Instantly.

Irwin Nay, not only London, but England.

Lady E. This world, if you desire it. To go in company with you will make the journey pleasant; and all I loved on earth will still be with me.

Irwin. You can, then, leave your father without regret, *never*, *never* to see him more?

Lady E. Why should I think on him, who will not think on me? [*Weeps.*

Irwin. But our children——

Lady E. We are not to leave them?

Irwin. One of them we must: but do not let that give you uneasiness. You know he has never lived with us since his infancy, and cannot pine for the loss of parents whom he has never known.

Lady E. But I have *known him.* He was my first; and sometimes I think more closely wound around my heart than all the rest. The grief I felt on being forced to leave him when we went abroad, and the constant anxiety I have since experienced lest he should not be kindly treated, have augmented, I think, my tenderness.

Irwin. All my endeavours to-day, as well as every other day, have been in vain to find into what part of the country his nurse has taken him. Nay, be not thus overcome with tears; we will (in spite of all my haste to be gone) stay one more miserable day here, in hopes to procure intelligence, so as to take him with us; and then smile with contempt on all we leave behind.

[*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Library at Lord Norland's.*

Enter LORD NORLAND, R. *followed by* MR. HARMONY.

Lord N. [*In anger.*] I tell you, Mr. Harmony, that if an indifferent person, one on whom I had never bestowed a favour in my life, were to offend me, it is in my nature never to forgive. Can I then forgive my own daughter, my only child, on whom I heaped continually marks of the most affectionate fondness? Shall she dare to offend me in the tenderest point, and you dare to suppose I will pardon her?

Har. Your child, consider.

Lord N. The weakest argument you can use. As my child, was she not most bound to obey me? As my child, ought she not to have sacrificed her own happiness to mine? Instead of which, mine has been yielded up for a whim, a fancy, a fancy to marry a beggar; and as such is her choice, let her beg with him.

[*Crosses to* R.

Har. She does by me:—pleads hard for your forgiveness.

Lord N. If I thought she dared to send a message to me, though dictated on her knees, she should find that she had not yet felt the full force of my resentment.

Har. What could you do more?

Lord N. I have done nothing yet. At present I have only abandoned her:—but I can persecute.

Har. I have no doubt of it: and that I may not be the means of aggravating your displeasure, I assure you that what I have now said has been entirely from myself, without any desire of hers: and, at the same time, I give you my promise I will never presume to intrude the subject again.

Lord N. On this condition (but on no other) I forgive you now.

Har. And now then, my lord, let us pass from those who have forfeited your love, to those who possess it. I heard some time ago, but I never felt myself disposed to mention it to you, that you had adopted a young man as your son.

Lord N. "A young man!"—Pshaw! no; a boy—a mere child, who fell in my way by accident.

Har. A chance child! Ho, ho! I understand you.

Lord N. Do not jest with me, sir. Do I look——

Har. Yes, you look as if you would be ashamed to own it, if you had one.

Lord N. But this boy I am not ashamed of:—he is a favourite—rather a favourite. I did not like him so well at first; but custom,—and having a poor creature entirely at one's mercy, one begins to love it merely from the idea of——What would be its fate if one did not?

Har. Is he an orphan, then?

Lord N. No.

Har. You have a friendship for his parents?

Lord N. I never saw the father: his mother I had a friendship for once. [*Sighing.*

Har. Ay, while the husband was away.

Lord N. I tell you no. [*Violently.*] But ask no more questions. Who his parents are, is a secret, which neither he nor any one (that is now living) knows, except myself; nor ever shall.

Har. Well, my lord, since 'tis your pleasure to consider him as your child, I sincerely wish you may experience more duty from him than you have done from your daughter.

Lord N. Thank heaven, his disposition is not in the least like her's. No: [*Very much impassioned.*] I have the joy to say that never child was so unlike its mother. [*Crosses to* L.

Har. [*Starting.*] How! his mother!

Lord N. Confusion! what have I said! I am ashamed——

Har. No—be proud.

Lord N. Of what?

Har. That you have a lawful heir to all your riches; proud that you have a grandson.

Lord N. I would have concealed it from all the world; I wished it even unknown to myself. And let me tell you, sir, (as not by design, but through my inadvertency, you are become acquainted with this secret) that, if you ever breathe it to a single creature, the boy shall answer for it; for were he known to be her's, though he were dearer to me than ever *she* was, I would

turn him from my house, and cast him from my heart, as I have done her. [*Crosses to* R.

Har. I believe you; and in compassion to the child, give you my *solemn promise* never to reveal who he is. I have heard that those unfortunate parents left an infant behind when they went abroad, and that they now lament him as lost. Will you satisfy my curiosity in what manner you sought and found him out?

Lord N. Do you suppose I searched for him? No; he was forced upon me. A woman followed me, about eight years ago, in the fields adjoining to my country-seat, with a half-starved boy in her hand, and asked me charity for my grand-child: the impression of the word made me turn round involuntarily; and, casting my eyes upon him, I was rejoiced not to find a feature of his mother's in all his face; and I began to feel something like pity for him. In short, he caught such fast hold by one of my fingers, that I asked him carelessly "if he would go home and live with me?" On which he answered me so willingly, "Yes," I took him at his word.

Har. And did never your regard for him plead in his mother's behalf?

Lord N. Never. For, by heaven, I would as soon forgive the robber who met me last night at my own door, and, holding a pistol to my breast, took from me a sum to a considerable amount, as I would pardon her.

Har. Did such an accident happen to you?

Lord N. Have you not heard of it?

Har. No.

Lord N. It is amazing we cannot put a stop to such depredations.

Har. Provisions are so scarce.

Enter RICHARD, R.

Richard. Miss Wooburn, my lord, if you are not engaged, will come and sit an hour with you.

Lord N. I have no company but what she is perfectly acquainted with, and I shall be glad of her visit.

[*Exit* RICHARD, R.

Har. You forget I am a stranger, and my presence may not be welcome.

Lord N. A stranger? What, to my ward? to Lady Ramble; for that is the name which custom would au-

thorise her to keep; but such courtesy she disdains, in contempt of the unworthy giver of the title.

Har. I am intimate with Sir Robert, my lord; and though I acknowledge that both you and his late wife have cause for complaint, yet Sir Robert has still many virtues.

Lord N. Not one. He is the most vile, the most detestable of characters. He not only contradicted my will in the whole of his conduct, but he seldom met me that he did not give me some personal affront.

Har. It is, however, generally held better to be uncivil in a person's presence than in his absence.

Lord N. He was uncivil to me in every respect.

Har. That I will deny; for I have heard Sir Robert, in your absence, say such things in your favour!

Lord N. Indeed!

Har. Most assuredly.

Lord N. I wish he had sometimes done me the honour to have spoken politely to my face.

Har. That is not Sir Robert's way:—he is no flatterer. But then, no sooner has your back been turned, than I have heard him lavish in your praise.

Lord N. I must own, Mr. Harmony, that I never looked upon Sir Robert as incorrigible. I could always discern a ray of understanding and a beam of virtue through all his foibles; nor would I have urged the divorce, but that I found his wife's sensibility could not bear his neglect; and even now, notwithstanding her endeavour to conceal it, she pines in secret, and laments her hard fortune. All my hopes of restoring her health rest on one prospect—that of finding a man worthy my recommendation for a second husband, and, by thus creating a second passion, expel the first.—Mr. Harmony, you and I have been long acquainted—I have known your disposition from your infancy. Now if such a man as you were to offer——

Har. You flatter me.

Lord N. I do not. Would you venture to become her husband?

Har. I cannot say I have any particular desire; but if it will oblige either you or her;—for my part, I think the short time we live in this world, we should do all we can to oblige each other.

Lord N. I should rejoice at such an union myself, and I think I can answer for her. You permit me then to make overtures in your name?

Har. [*Considering.*] This is rather a serious business. However, I never did make a difficulty when I wished to oblige a friend. But there is one proviso, my lord; I must first mention it to Sir Robert.

Lord N. Why so?

Har. Because he and I have always been very intimate friends; and to marry his wife, without even telling him of it, will appear very uncivil.

Lord N. Do you mean, then, to ask his consent?

Har. Not absolutely his consent; but I will insinuate the subject to him, and obtain his approbation in a manner suitable to my own satisfaction.

Lord N. You will oblige me, then, if you will see him as early as possible, for it is reported he is going abroad.

Har. I will go to him immediately;—and, my lord, I will do all in my power to oblige you, Sir Robert, and the lady; [*Aside*] but as to obliging myself, that was never one of my considerations. [*Exit*, L.

Enter MISS WOOBURN, R.

Lord N. I am sorry to see you thus; you have been weeping? Will you still lament your separation from a cruel husband, as if you had followed a kind one to the grave?

Miss W. By no means, my lord. Tears from our sex are not always the result of grief; they are frequently no more than little sympathetic tributes which we pay to our fellow beings, while the mind and the heart are steeled against the weakness which our eyes indicate.

Lord N. Can you say your heard and mind are so steeled?

Miss W. I can: my mind is as firmly fixed against Sir Robert Ramble, as at our first acquaintance it was fixed upon him. And I solemnly protest—

Lord N. To a man of my age and observation, protestations are vain. Give me a proof that you have rooted him from your heart.

Miss W. Any proof you require, I will give you without a moment's hesitation.

Lord N. I take you at your word; and desire you to accept a gentleman whom I shall recommend for your second husband.—[MISS WOOBURN *starts.*]—You said you would not hesitate a moment.

Miss W. I thought I should not; but this is something so unexpected———

Lord N. You break your word, then, and still give cause for this ungrateful man to ridicule your fondness for him.

Miss W. No, I will put an end to that humiliation; and whoever the gentleman is whom you mean to propose—yet do not name him at present—but give me the satisfaction of keeping the promise I have made to you (at least for a little time) without exactly knowing how far it extends: for, in return, I have a promise to ask from you, before I acquaint you with the nature of your engagement.

Lord N. I give my promise. Now name your request.

Miss W. Then, my lord—[*Hesitating and confused*]—the law gave me back, upon my divorce from Sir Robert, the very large fortune which I brought to him.—I am afraid that, in his present circumstances, to enforce the strict payment of this debt, would very much embarrass him.

Lord N. What if it did?

Miss W. It is my intreaty to you (in whose hands is invested the power to demand this right of law) to lay my claim aside for the present. [LORD NORLAND *offers to speak.*] I know, my lord what you are going to say; I know Sir Robert is not *now*, but I can never forget that he *has been* my husband.

Lord N. To shew my gratitude for your compliance with the request I have just made you—[*Goes to a table in the library*]—here is the bond by which I am empowered to seize on the greatest part of his estates in right of you: take the bond into your own possession till your next husband demands it of you; and by the time you have called him husband for a few weeks, this tenderness or delicacy to Sir Robert will be worn away.

Enter HARMONY, L. *hastily.*

Har. My lord, I beg pardon; but I forgot to mention———

Miss W. Oh, Mr. Harmony, I have not seen you before, I know not when: I am particularly happy at your calling just now, for I have—[*Hesitating*]—a little favour to ask of you.

Har. If it were a great favour, madam, you might command me.

Miss W. But—my lord, I beg your pardon—the favour I have to ask of Mr. Harmony must be told to him in private.

Lord N. Oh! I am sure I have not the least objection to you and Mr. Harmony having a private conference. I'll leave you together. [*Crosses to* L.—HARMONY *appears embarrassed.*] You do not derange my business. I'll be back in a short time.

[*Exit*, L.

Miss W. Mr. Harmony, you are the very man on earth I most wanted to see. [HARMONY *bows.*] I know the kindness of your heart, the liberality of your sentiments, and I wish to repose a charge to your trust, very near to me, indeed—but you must be secret.

Har. When a lady reposes a trust in me, I should not be a man if I were not.

Miss W. I must first inform you that Lord Norland has just drawn from me a promise, that I will once more enter into the marriage-state; and without knowing to whom he intends to give me, I will keep my promise. But it is in vain to say, that, though I mean all duty and fidelity to my second husband, I shall not experience moments when my thoughts—will wander on my first.

Har. [*Starting.*] Hem!—hem!—[*To her.*]—Indeed!

Miss W. I must always rejoice in Sir Robert's successes, and lament over his misfortunes.

Har. If that is all——

Miss W. No, I would go one step further;—[HARMONY *starts again.*]—I would secure him from those distresses, which to hear of will disturb my peace of mind. I know his fortune has suffered very much, and I cannot, *will not*, place it in the power of the man whom my Lord Norland may point out for my next marriage, to harass him further. This is the writing by which that gentleman may claim the part of my fortune from Sir Robert Ramble, which is in landed property; carry it, my dear Mr. Harmony, to Sir Robert instantly; and tell him, that in separating from him, I meant only to give him liberty; not make him the debtor, perhaps the prisoner of my future husband.

Har. Madam, I will most undoubtedly take this bond to my friend; but will you give me leave to suggest to

you, that the person on whom you bestow your hand may be a little surprised to find that while he is in possession of you, Sir Robert is in the possession of your fortune?

Miss W. Do not imagine, sir, that I shall marry any man, without first declaring what I have done—I only wish at present it should be concealed from Lord Norland. When this paper is given, as I have required, it cannot be recalled; and when that is past, I shall divulge my conduct to whom I please; and, first of all, to him who shall offer me his addresses.

Har. And, if he is a man of my feelings, his addresses will be doubly importunate for this proof of liberality to your former husband. But are you sure, that in the return of this bond there is no secret affection, no latent spark of love?

Miss W. None. I know my heart; and if there was, I could not ask you, Mr. Harmony, (nor any one like you) to be the messenger of an imprudent passion. Sir Robert's vanity, I know, may cause him to judge otherwise, but undeceive him; let him know this is a sacrifice to the golden principles of duty, and not an offering to the tinselled shrine of love.

Enter LORD NORLAND, L.

Put up the bond. [HARMONY *conceals it.*

Lord N. Well, my dear, have you made your request?

Miss W. Yes, my lord.

Lord N. And has he granted it?

Har. Yes, my lord. I am going to grant it.

Lord N. I sincerely wish you both joy of this good understanding between you. But, Mr. Harmony—[*In a whisper.*]—are not you going to Sir Robert?

Har. Yes, my lord, I am going this moment.

Lord N. Make haste, then, and do not forget your errand.

Har. No, my lord, I sha'n't forget my errand; it won't slip my memory—Good morning, my lord—good morning, madam. [*Exit*, L.

Lord N. Now, my dear, as you and Mr. Harmony seem to be on such excellent terms, I think I may venture to tell you, (if he has not yet told you himself) that he is the man who is to be your husband.

Miss W. He! Mr. Harmony!—No, my lord, he has not told me; and I am confident he never will.

Lord N. What makes you think so?

Miss W. Because—because—he must be sensible he would not be the man I should choose.

Lord N. And where is the woman who marries the man she would choose? You are reversing the order of society; men, only, have the right of choice in marriage. Were women permitted theirs, we should have handsome beggars allied to our noblest families, and no such object in our whole island as an old maid.

Miss W. But being denied that choice, why am I forbid to remain as I am?

Lord N. What are you now? Neither a widow, a maid, nor a wife. If I could fix a term to your present state, I should not be thus anxious to place you in another.

Miss W. I am perfectly acquainted with your friendly motives, and feel the full force of your advice. I therefore renew my promise—and although Mr. Harmony (in respect to the marriage state) is as little to my wishes as any man on earth, I will nevertheless endeavour—whatever struggles it may cost me—to be to him, if he prefers his suit, a dutiful, an obedient—but, for a loving wife, that I can never be again.

[*Exeunt*, LORD N. L. MISS W. R.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Sir Robert Ramble's.*

Enter SIR ROBERT *and* MR. HARMONY, L. S. E.

Sir R. I thank you for this visit. I was undetermined what to do with myself. Your company has determined me to stay at home.

Har. I was with a gentleman just now, Sir Robert, and you was the subject of our conversation.

Sir R. Had it been a lady, I should be anxious to know what she said.

Har. I have been with a lady likewise; and she made you the subject of her discourse.

Sir R. But was she handsome?

Har. Very handsome.

Sir R. My dear fellow, what is her name? What did she say, and where may I meet with her?

Har. Her name is Wooburn.

Sir R. That is the name of my late wife.

Har. It is her I mean.

Sir R. Zounds, you had just put my spirits into a flame, and now you throw cold water all over me.

Har. I am sorry to hear you say so, for I came from her this moment: and what do you think is the present she has given me to deliver to you?

Sir R. Pshaw! I want no presents. Some of my love-letters returned, I suppose, to remind me of my inconstancy.

Har. Do not undervalue her generosity: this is her present; this bond, which has power to take from you three thousand a-year, her right.

Sir R. Ah! this is a present indeed. Are you sure you speak truth? Let me look at it: sure my eyes deceive me! No, by heaven it is true! [*Reads.*] The very thing I wanted, and will make me perfectly happy. Now I'll be generous again; my bills shall be paid, my gaming debts cancelled, poor Irwin shall find a friend; and I'll send Miss Wooburn as pretty a copy of verses as ever I wrote in my life.

Har. Take care how you treat with levity a woman of her elevated mind. She charged me to assure you, "that love had no share whatever in this act, which is mere compassion to the embarrassed state of your affairs."

Sir R. Sir, I would have you to know, I am no object of compassion. However, a lady's favour one cannot return; and so, I'll keep the bond.

[*Puts the bond in his pocket.*

Har. Nay, if your circumstances are different from what she imagines, give it me back, and I will restore it to her.

Sir R. No, poor thing! it would break her heart to send it back—no, I'll keep it—she would never forgive me, were I to send it back. I'll keep it. And she is welcome to attribute her concern for me to what she pleases. But surely you can see—you can understand—but heaven bless her for her love! and I would love her in return—if I could.

Har. You would not talk thus, if you had seen the firm dignity with which she gave me that paper—"Assure him," said she, "no remaining affection comes along with it, but merely a duty which I owe him, to protect him from the humiliation of being a debtor to the man whom I am going to marry."

Sir R. [*With the utmost emotion.*] Why, she is not going to be married again!

Har. I believe so.

Sir R. But are you sure of it, sir? Are you sure of it?

Har. Both she and her guardian told me so.

Sir R. That guardian, my Lord Norland, is one of the basest, vilest of men. I tell you what, sir, I'll resent this usage

Har. Wherefore? As to his being the means of bringing about your separation, in that he obliged you.

Sir R. Yes, sir, he did, he certainly did; but though I am not the least offended with him on that account, (for at that I rejoice) yet I will resent his disposing of her a second time.

Har. And wherefore?

Sir R. Because, little regard as I have for her myself, yet no other man shall dare to treat her so ill as I have done.

Har. Do not fear it—her next husband will be a man, who, I can safely say, will never insult, or even offend her; but soothe, indulge, and make her happy.

Sir R. And do you dare to tell me, that her next husband shall make her happy? Now, that is worse than the other—no, sir, no man shall ever have it to say "he has made her either happy or miserable," but myself.

Har. I know but of one way to prevent it.

Sir R. And what is that?

Har. Pay your addresses to her, and marry her again yourself.

Sir R. And I would, rather than she should be happy with any body else. The devil take me if I would not.

Har. To shew that I am wholly disinterested in this affair, I will carry hera letter from you, if you like, and say all I can in your behalf.

Sir R. Ha, ha, ha! Now, my dear Harmony, you carry your good-natured simplicity too far. However, I thank you, I sincerely thank you—but do you imagine I would be such a blockhead, as to make love to the same woman I made love to seven years ago, and who for the last six years I totally neglected?

Har. Yes: for if you have neglected her six years, she will now be a novelty.

Sir R. Egad, and so she will. You are right.

Har. But being in possession of her fortune, you can be very happy without her.

Sir R. Take her fortune back, sir, [*Taking the bond from his pocket and offering it to* HARMONY.] I would starve, I would perish, die in poverty and infamy, rather than owe an obligation to a vile, perfidious, inconstant woman.

Har. Consider, Sir Robert, if you insist on my taking this bond back, it may fall into the husband's hands.

Sir R. Take it back—I insist upon it. [*Gives it him, and* HARMONY *puts it up.*] But, Mr. Harmony, depend on it, Lord Norland shall hear from me, in the most serious manner, for his interference—I repeat, he is the vilest, the most villainous of men.

Har. How can you speak with such rancour of a nobleman, who speaks of you in the highest terms?

Sir R. Does he, 'faith?

Har. He owns you have some faults.

Sir R. I know I have.

Har. But he thinks your good qualities are numberless.

Sir R. Now dam'me, if ever I thought so ill of him, as I have appeared to do! But who is the intended husband, my dear friend? Tell me, that I may laugh at him, and make you laugh at him.

Har. No, I am not inclined to laugh at him.

Sir R. Is it old Solus?

Har. No.

Sir R. But I will bet you a wager it is somebody equally ridiculous.

Har. I never bet.

Sir R. Solus is mad for a wife, and has been praising mine up to the heavens; you need say no more; I know it is he.

Har. Upon my honour it is not. However, I cannot disclose to you at present the person's name; I must first obtain Lord Norland's permission.

Sir R. I shall ask you no more. I'll write to her—she will tell me;—or, I'll pay her a visit, and ask her boldly myself. Do you think—[*Anxiously*]—do you think she would see me?

Har. You can but try

Enter WILLIAM, L.

William. Mr. Solus. [*Exit*, L.

Sir R. Now I will find out the secret immediately.—I'll charge him with being the intended husband.

Har. I wont stay to hear you.

Enter SOLUS, L.

Mr. Solus, how do you do? I am extremely sorry that my engagements take me away as soon as you enter.

[*Exit*, L. *running to avoid an explanation.*

Solus. Sir Robert, what is the matter? Has any thing ruffled you? Why, I never saw you look more out of temper, even while you were married.

Sir R. Ah! that I had never married! never known what marriage was! for, even at this moment, I feel its torments in my heart.

Solus. I have often heard of the torments of matrimony; but I conceive, that at the worst, they are nothing more than a kind of violent tickling, which will force the tears into your eyes, though at the same time you are bursting your sides with laughter.

Sir R. You have defined marriage too favourably; there is no laughter in the state: all is melancholy, all gloom.

Solus. Now I think marriage is an excellent remedy for the spleen. I have known a gentleman at a feast receive an affront, disguise his rage, step home, vent it all upon his wife, return to his companions, and be as good company as if nothing had happened.

Sir R. But even the necessary expenses of a wife should alarm you.

Solus. I can then retrench some of my own. Oh! my dear sir, a married man has so many delightful privileges to what a bachelor has!—An old lady will introduce her daughters to you in a dishabille—"It does not signify, my dears, it's a married man." One lady will suffer you to draw on her glove—"Never mind, it's a married man." Another will permit you to pull on her slipper: a third will even take you into her bedchamber—"Pshaw, it's nothing but a married man."

Sir R. But the weight of your fetters will overbalance all these joys.

Solus. And yet I cannot say, notwithstanding you are relieved from those fetters, that I see much joy or content here.

Sir R. I am not very well at present; I have the

head-ache; and, if ever a wife can be of comfort to her husband, it must be when he is indisposed. A wife, then, binds up your head, mixes your powders, bathes your temples, and hovers about, in a way that is most endearing.

Solus. Don't speak of it; I long to have one hover about me. But I will—I am determined I will, before I am a week older. Don't speak, don't attempt to dissuade me. Your description has renewed my eagerness—I will be married.

Sir R. And without pretending not to know who you mean to make your choice, I tell you plainly, it is Miss Wooburn, it is my late wife. I know you have made overtures to my Lord Norland, and that he has given his consent.

Solus. You tell me a great piece of news—I'll go ask my lord if it be true; and if he says it is, I shall be very glad to find it so.

Sir R. That is right, sir; marry her, marry her;—I give you joy, that's all. Ha, ha, ha! I think I should know her temper. But if you will venture to marry her, I sincerely wish you happy.

Solus. And if we are not, you know we can be divorced.

Sir R. Not always. Take my advice, and live as you are.

Solus. You almost stagger my resolution. I had painted such bright prospects in marriage:—good day to you. [*Going*, L. *returns.*]—You think I had better not marry?

Sir R. You are undone if you do.

Solus. [*Sighing.*] You ought to know from experience.

Sir R. From that I speak.

Solus. [*Going* L. *and returning once or twice, as undetermined in his resolution.*] But then, what a poor disconsolate object shall I live, without a wife to hover about me; to bind up my head, and bathe my temples! Oh! I am impatient for all the chartered rights, privileges, and immunities of a married man. I will be married. [*Exit*, L.

Sir R. Furies, racks, torments—I cannot bear what I feel, and yet I am ashamed to own I feel any thing!

Enter MR. PLACID, L.

Placid. My dear Sir Robert, give me joy. Mrs.

Placid and I are come to the very point you advised; matters are in the fairest way for a separation.

Sir R. I do give you joy, and most sincerely. You are right; you'll soon be as happy as I am.—[*Sighing.*] But would you suppose it? that deluded woman, my wife, is going to be married again! I thought she had experienced enough from me!

Placid. Who is her intended husband?

Sir R. Solus, Solus—an old man—an ugly man! He left me this moment, and owned it—owned it. Go after him, will you, and persuade him not to have her.

Placid. My advice will have no effect, for you know he is determined upon matrimony.

Sir R. Then could not you, my dear sir, (as you are going to be separated) could not you recommend him to marry your wife?—It will be all the same to him, and I shall like it much better.

Placid. Ours will not be a divorce, consider, but merely a separate maintenance. But were it otherwise, I wish no man so ill as to wish him married to Mrs. Placid.

Sir R. That is my case exactly. I wish no man so ill as to wish him married to my Lady Ramble; and poor old Solus in particular, poor old man! a very good sort of a man—I have a great friendship for Solus. I can't stay a moment in the house—I must go somewhere—I'll go to Solus. No, I'll go to Lord Norland—no, I will go to Harmony; and then I'll call on you, and we'll take a bottle together; and when you are become free—[*Takes his hand*]—we'll both join, from that moment we'll join, to laugh at, to contemn, to despise all those who boast of the joys of conjugal love.

[*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Mr. Harmony's.*

Enter MR. HARMONY, L.

Har. And now, for one of the most painful tasks that brotherly love ever draws upon me; to tell another, the suit of which I gave him hope, has failed—Yet, if I can but overcome Captain Irwin's delicacy so far as to prevail on him to accept one proof more of my good wishes towards him:—but to a man of his nice sense of obligations, the offer must be made with caution.

Enter LORD NORLAND, R.

Lord N. Mr. Harmony, I beg your pardon: I come in thus abruptly, from the anxiety I feel concerning what passed between us this morning in respect to Miss Wooburn. You have not changed your mind, I hope?

Har. Indeed, my lord, I am very sorry that it will not be in my power to oblige you.

Lord N. [*In anger.*] How, sir? Did not you give me your word?

Har. Only conditionally, my lord.

Lord N. And what were the conditions?

Har. Have you forgot them? Her former husband.

Enter SAM, L.

Sam. Sir Robert Ramble is in his carriage at the door, and, if you are at leisure, will come in.

Har. Desire him to walk up. I have your leave, I suppose, my lord? [*Exit* SAM, R.

Lord N. Yes; but let me get out of the house without meeting him.—[*Going to the opposite door.*]—Can I go this way?

Har. Why should you shun him?

Lord N. Because he used his wife ill.

Har. He did. But I believe he is very sorry for it.—And as for you, he said to me only a few hours ago—but no matter.

Lord N. What did he say? I insist upon knowing.

Har. Why, then, he said, "that if he had a sacred

trust to repose in any one, you should be the only man on earth, to whom he would confide it."

Lord N. Well, I am in no hurry; I can stay a few minutes.

Enter SIR ROBERT RAMBLE, L.

Sir R. Oh! Harmony! I am in such a distracted state of mind—[*Seeing* LORD N. *he starts, and bows with the most humble respect*]

Lord N. Sir Robert, how do you do?

Sir R. My lord, I am pretty well.—I hope I have the happiness of seeing your lorship in perfect health.

Lord N. Very well, sir, I thank you.

Sir R. Indeed, my lord, I think I never saw you look better.

Lord N. Mr. Harmony, you and Sir Robert may have some business—I'll wish you a good morning.

Har. No, my lord, I fancy Sir Robert has nothing particular.

Sir R. Nothing, nothing, I assure you, my lord.

Lord N. However, I have business myself in another place, so you will excuse me. [*Going.*

Sir R. [*Following him.*] My lord—Lord Norland—I trust you will excuse my inquiries.—I hope, my lord, all your family are well?

Lord N. All very well.

Sir R. Your little éleve,—Master Edward,—the young gentleman you have adopted—I hope he is well—[*Hesitating and confused.*]—And—your ward, sir—Miss Wooburn, I hope, my lord, she is well?

Lord N. Yes, Sir Robert, Miss Wooburn is tolerably well.

Sir R. Only tolerably, my lord? I am sorry for that

Har. I hope, my lord, you will exuse my mentioning the subject: but I was telling Sir Robert just now, of your intentions respecting a second marriage for that lady; but Sir Robert does not appear to approve of the design.

Lord N. What objection can he have?

Sir R. My lord, there are such a number of bad husbands; there are such a number of dissipated, unthinking, unprincipled men!—And—I should be extremely sorry to see any lady, with whom I have the honour of being so closely allied, united to a man who would undervalue her worth.

Lord N. Pray, Sir Robert, were you not then extremely sorry for her, while she was united to you?

Sir R. Very sorry for her, indeed, my lord. But, at that time, my mind was so much taken up with other cares, I own I did not feel the compassion which was her due; but, now that I am single, I shall have leisure to pay her more attention; and should I find her unhappy, it must, inevitably, make me so.

Lord N. Depend upon it, that on the present occasion, I shall take infinite care in the choice of her husband.

Sir R. If your lordship would permit me to have an interview with Miss Wooburn, I think I should be able at least—

Lord N. You would not sure insult her by your presence?

Sir R. I think I should be able at least to point out an object worthy of her taste—I know that which she will like better than any body in the world.

Lord N. Her request has been, that I may point her out a husband the reverse of you.

Sir R. Then, upon my honour, my lord, she won't like him.

Lord N. Have not you liked women the reverse of her?

Sir R. Yes, my lord, perhaps I have, and perhaps I still do. I do not pretend to love her; I did not say I did; nay, I positively protest I do not; but this indifference I acknowledge as one of my faults; and, notwithstanding all my faults; give me leave to acknowledge my gratitude that your lordship has nevertheless been pleased to declare you think my virtues are numberless. [LORD N. *shews surprise.*

Har. [*Aside to* SIR ROBERT.] Hush, hush! Don't talk of your virtues now.

Lord N. Sir Robert, to all this incoherent language this is my answer, this is my will; the lady, to whom I have had the honour to be guardian, shall never (while she calls me friend) see you more.

[SIR ROBERT *stands silent for some time, then suddenly recollecting himself.*

Sir R. Lord Norland, I am too well acquainted with the truth of your word, and the firmness of your temper, to press my suit one sentence farther.

Lord N. I commend your discernment.

Sir R. My lord, I feel myself a little embarrassed,

I am afraid I have made myself a little ridiculous upon this occasion. Will your lordship do me the favour to forget it?

Lord N. I will forget whatever you please.

Har. [*Following him, whispers.*] I am sorry to see you going away in despair.

Sir R. I never did despair in my life, sir; and while a woman is the object of my wishes, I never will.

[*Exit*, L.

Lord N. What did he say?

Har. That he thought your conduct that of a just and an upright man.

Lord N. To say the truth, he has gone away with better manners than I could have imagined, considering his jealousy is provoked.

Har. Ah! I always knew he loved his wife, notwithstanding his behaviour to her; for, if you remember, he always spoke well of her behind her back.

Lord N. No, I do not remember it.

Har. Yes, he did; and that is the only criterion of a man's love or of his friendship.

Enter SAM. L.

Sam. A young gentleman is at the door, sir, inquiring for Lord Norland.

Lord N. Who can it be?

Har. Your young gentleman from home, I dare say. Desire him to walk in.—Bring him here.

[*Exit* SAM, L.

Lord N. What business can he have to follow me?

Enter EDWARD, L.

Edw. Oh! my lord, I beg your pardon for coming hither: but I come to tell you something you will be glad to hear.

Har. Good heaven! how like his mother!

Lord N. [*Taking him by the hand.*] I begin to think he is—but he was not so when I first took him. No, no, if he had, he would not have been thus near me now; but to turn him away, because his countenance is a little changed, I think would not be right.

Edw. [*To* HARMONY.] Pray, sir, did you know my mother?

Har. I have seen her.

Edw. Did *you* ever see her, my lord?

Lord N. I thought you had orders never to inquire about your parents? Have you forgotten those orders?

Edw. No, my lord; but when this gentleman said I was like my mother—it put me in mind of her.

Har. You do not remember your mother, do you?

Edw. Sometimes I think I do. I think sometimes I remember her kissing me, when she and my father went on board of a ship; and so hard she pressed me—I think I feel it now.

Har. Perhaps she was the only lady that ever saluted you?

Edw. No, sir; not by many.

Lord N. But pray, young man, (to have done with this subject) what brought you here? You seem to have forgot your errand?

Edw. And so I had, upon my word. Speaking of my mother, put it quite out of my head. But, my lord, I came to let you know, the robber who stopped you last night is taken.

Lord N. I am glad to hear it.

Edw. I knew you would; and therefore I begged to be the first to tell you.

Har. [*To* LORD N.] Should you know the person again?

Lord N. I cannot say I should, his face seemed so much distorted.

Har. Ay, wretched man! I suppose with terror.

Lord N. No; it appeared a different passion from fear.

Edw. Perhaps, my lord, it was *your* fear that made you think so.

Lord N. No, sir, I was not frightened.

Edw. Then why did you give him your money.

Lord N. It was surprise caused me to do that.

Edw. I wondered what it was. You said it was not fear, and I was sure it could not be love.

Har. How has he been taken?

Edw. A person came to our steward, and informed against him: and, oh! my lord, his poor wife told the officers who took him, they had met with misfortunes, which she feared had caused a fever in her husband's head; and, indeed, they found him too ill to be removed; and so, she hoped, she said, "that as a man not in his perfect mind, you would be merciful to him."

Lord N. I will be just.

Edw. And that is being merciful, is it not, my lord?

Lord N. Not always.

Edw. I thought it had been. It is not *just* to be unmerciful, is it?

Lord N. Certainly not.

Edw. Then it must be just to have mercy.

Lord N. You draw a false conclusion. Great as is the virtue of *mercy*, *justice* is greater still. *Justice* holds its place among those cardinal virtues which include all the lesser. Come, Mr. Harmony, will you go home with me? And, before I attend to this business, let me persuade you to forget there is such a person in the world as Sir Robert Ramble, and suffer me to introduce you to Miss Wooburn, as the man who——

Har. I beg to be excused. Besides the consideration of Sir Robert, I have another reason why I cannot go with you. The melancholy tale which this young gentleman has been telling, has cast a gloom on my spirits, which renders me unfit for the society of a lady.

Lord N. Now I should not be surprised were you to go in search of this culprit and his family, and come to me to entreat me to forego the prosecution; but, before you ask me, I tell you it is in vain, I will not.

Har. Lord Norland, I have lately been so unsuccessful in my petitions to you, I shall never presume to interpose between your rigour and a weak sufferer more.

Lord N. Plead the cause of the good, and I will listen; but you find none but the wicked for your compassion.

Har. The good in all states, even in the very grasp of death, are objects of envy; it is the bad who are the only sufferers. There, where no internal consolation cheers, who can refuse a little external comfort? And let me tell you, my lord, that amidst all your authority, your state, your grandeur, I often pity you.

[*Speaking with compassion.*

Lord N. Good-day, Mr. Harmony; [*Crosses to* L.] and when you have apologised for what you have said, we may be friends again.

[*Exit*, L. *leading off* EDWARD.

Har. Nay, hear my apology now. I cannot—no, it is not in my nature to live in resentment, nor under the resentment of any creature in the world. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Lord Norland's.*

Enter SIR ROBERT RAMBLE *and* SAM, L.

Sir R. Do not say who it is—but say a gentleman who has some very particular business with her.

Sam. Yes, sir. [*Going.*

Sir R. Pray, [SAM *returns*] you are but lately come into this service, I believe?

Sam. Only a few days, sir.

Sir R. You don't know me then?

Sam. No, sir.

Sir R. I am very glad of it. So much the better Go to Miss Wooburn, with a stranger's compliments, who is waiting, and who begs to speak with her upon an affair of importance.

Sam. Yes, sir. [*Crosses and exit,* R.

Sir R. I wish I may die if I don't feel very unaccountably! How different are our sensations towards our wives, and all other women! This is the very first time she has given me a palpitation since the honeymoon.

Enter MISS WOOBURN, R. *who starts on seeing* SIR ROBERT—*he bows in great confusion.*

Miss W. Support me, heaven! [*Aside.*

Sir R. [*Bows repeatedly, and does not speak till after many efforts.*] Was ever man in such confusion before his wife! [*Aside*

Miss W. Sir Robert, having recovered, in some measure, from the surprise into which this intrusion first threw me, I have only to say, that whatever pretence may have induced you to offer me this insult, there is not any that can oblige me to bear with it.

[*Going,* R

Sir R. Lady Ramb—[*Recalling himself.*]—Miss Woo—[*She returns.*]—Lady Ramble—[*Recalling himself again.*]—Miss Wooburn—madam—you wrong me ——there was a time when I insulted you, I confess; but it is impossible that time should ever return.

Miss W. While I stay with you, I incur the danger.

[*Going,* R

Sir R. [*Holding her.*] Nay, listen to me as a friend whom you have so often heard as an enemy. You offered me a favour by the hands of Mr. Harmony——

Miss W. And is this the motive of your visit—the return——

Sir R. No, madam, that obligation was not the ment which drew me hither. The real cause of seeming intrusion is—you are going to be married c more, and I am come to warn you of your danger.

Miss W. That you did sufficiently in the marria state.

Sir R. But now I come to offer you advice that r be of the most material consequence, should you re be determined to yield yourself again into the power a husband.

Miss W. Which I most assuredly am.

Sir R. Happy, happy man! How much is he object of my envy! None, so well as I, know how envy him, because none, so well as I, know how value you.—[*She offers to go*, R.]—Nay, by heave you shall not go, till you have heard all that I came say!

Miss W. Speak it then instantly.

Sir R. No, it would take whole ages to speak; a should we live together, as long as we *have* lived t gether, still I should not find time to tell you—ho much I love you.

[*A loud rapping at the street door*, r

Miss W. That, I hope, is Lord Norland.

Sir R. And what has Lord Norland to do with soul free as ours? Let us go to Scotland again: and agai bid defiance to his stern commands.

Miss W. Be assured that, through him only, will ever listen to a syllable you have to utter.

Sir R. One syllable only, and I am gone that instant.

Miss W Well, sir?—[*He hesitates, trembles, and kneels to her.—She turns away.*]

Sir R. Maria, Maria, look at me!—Look at me in this humble state.—Could you have suspected this, Maria?

Miss W. No: nor can I conceive what this mockery means.

Sir R. It means, that now you are no longer my wife, you are my goddess; and thus I offer you my supplication, that (if you are resolved not to live single) amongst the numerous train who present their suit, you will once more select me.

Miss W. You!—you who have treated me with

cruelty;—who made no secret of your love for others—but gloried, boasted of your gallantries?

Sir R. I did, I did.—But here I swear, only trust me again—do but once more trust me, and I swear by all I hold most sacred, that I will for the future carefully conceal all my gallantries from your knowledge—though they were ten times more frequent than before.

Enter EDWARD, L.

Edw. Oh! my dear Miss Wooburn.—What! Sir Robert here, too!—[*Goes to* SIR ROBERT, *and shakes hands.*]—How do you do, Sir Robert? Who would have thought of seeing you here! I am glad to see you, though, with all my heart; and so I dare say is Miss Wooburn, though she may not like to say so.

Miss W. You are impertinent, sir.

Edw. What, for coming in? I will go away then.

Sir R. Do, do—there's a good boy—do.

Edw. [*Going, returns.*] I cannot help laughing, though, to see you two together!—For you know you never were together when you lived in the same house.

Sir R. Leave the room instantly, sir, or I shall call Lord Norland.

Edw. Oh! don't take the trouble, I will call him myself.—[*Runs to the door.*]—My lord, my lord, pray come hither this moment.—As I am alive, here is Sir Robert Ramble along with Lady Ramble!

Enter LORD NORLAND, L.—SIR ROBERT *looks confounded.*—LORD NORLAND *points to* EDWARD *to leave the room.*—*Exit* EDWARD, L.

Lord N. Sir Robert, on what pretence do you come hither?

Sir R. On the same pretence as when I was for the first time admitted into your house: to solicit this lady's hand. And, after having had it once, no force shall compel me to take a refusal.

Lord N. I will try, however.—Madam, quit the room instantly.

Sir R. My lord, she shall not quit it.

Lord N. I command her to go.

Sir R. And I command her to stay.

Lord N. Which of us will you obey?

Miss W. My inclination, my lord, disposes me to

obey you;—but I have so lately been accustomed to obey him, that *custom* inclines me to obey him still.

Sir R. There, there, there, my lord! Now I hope you will understand better for the future, and not attempt to interfere between a man and his wife?

Lord N. [*To her.*] Be explicit in your answer to this question.—Will you consent to be his wife?

Miss W. No, never.

Sir R. Zounds, my lord, now you are hurrying matters.—You should do it by gentle means:—let me ask her gently.—[*With a most soft voice.*]—Maria, Maria, will you be my wife once again?

Miss W. Never.

Sir R. So you said seven years ago, when I asked you, and yet you consented.

Lord N. And now, Sir Robert, you have had your answer; leave my house. [*Going up to him.*

Sir R. Yes, sir; but not without my other half.

Lord N. "Your other half?"

Sir R. Yes; the wife of my bosom—the wife whom I swore at the altar "to love and to cherish, and, forsaking all others, cleave only to her as long as we both should live."

Lord N. You broke your oath, and made the contract void.

Sir R. But I am ready to take another oath; and another after that, and another after that.—And oh, my dear Maria! be propitious to my vows, and give me hopes you will again be mine.—[*He goes to her, and kneels in the most supplicating manner.*]

Enter EDWARD, L. S. E. *shewing in* MR. SOLUS *and* MR. PLACID; EDWARD *points to* SIR ROBERT, [*who has his back towards them*] *and goes off*, L.

Sir R. [*Still on his knees, and not perceiving their entrance.*] I cannot live without you.—Receive your penitent husband, thus humbly acknowledging his faults, and imploring you to accept him once again.

Solus. [*Going up to* SIR ROBERT, *and tapping him on the shoulder*, R.] Now, is it wonderful that I should want a wife?

Placid. And is it to be wondered at, if I should hesitate about parting with mine?

Sir R. [*Starts up in great confusion.*] Mr. Solus, Mr. Placid, I am highly displeased that my private affairs should be thus inspected.

Solus. No one shall persuade me now to live a day without a wife.

Placid. And no one shall persuade me now not to be content with my own.

Solus. I will procure a special licence, and marry the first woman I meet.

Sir R. Mr. Solus, you are, I believe, interested in a peculiar manner about the marriage of this lady.

Solus. And, poor man, you are sick, and want somebody to "bathe your temples," and to "hover about you."

Miss W. You come in most opportunely, my dear Mr. Solus, to be a witness—

Sir R. "My dear Mr. Solus!"

Solus. To be a witness, madam, that a man is miserable without a wife. I have been a fatal instance of that, for some time.

Miss W. Come to me, then, and receive a lesson.

Sir R. No, madam, he shall not come to you: nor shall he receive a lesson. No one shall receive a lesson from you, but myself.

Lord N. Sir Robert, one would suppose, by this extraordinary behaviour, you were jealous.

Sir R. And so I am, my lord; I have cause to be so.

Lord N. No cause to be jealous of Mr. Solus.—He is not Miss Wooburn's lover, I assure you.

Sir R. Then, my lord, I verily believe it is yourself. Yes, I can see it is; I can see it in her eyes, and by every feature in your face.

Miss W. Oh! my good friend, Mr. Placid, only listen to him.

Sir R. And why "my good friend, Mr. Placid?"—[*To* PLACID.]—By heavens, sir, I believe that you only wished to get rid of your own wife, in order to marry mine.

Placid. I do not wish to part with my own wife, Sir Robert, since what I have just seen.

Sir R. [*Going to* SOLUS *and* LORD NORLAND.] Then, pray, gentlemen, be so good as to tell me which of you two is the happy man, that I may know how to conduct myself towards him.

Miss W. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir R. Do you insult me, Maria?—Oh! have pity on my sufferings.

Solus. If you have a mind to kneel down again, we will go out of the room.

Placid. Just as I was comforting myself with the prospect of a divorce, I find my instructor and director pleading on his knees to be re-married!

Enter MRS. PLACID, L. *who steals upon* MR. PLACID *unperceived.*

Mrs. P. What were you saying about a divorce?

Sir R. Now, down on your knees, and beg pardon.

Miss W. My dear Mrs. Placid, if this visit is to me, I take it very kind.

Mrs. P. Not absolutely to you, my dear. I saw Mr. Placid's carriage at the door, and so I stepped in to desire him to go home directly.

Placid. Presently, my dear; I will go presently.

Mrs. P. Presently won't do: I say directly. There is a lady at my house in the greatest possible distress. —[*Whispers him.*]—Lady Eleanor—I never saw a creature in such distraction;—[*Raising her voice*]—therefore go home this moment; you shan't stay an instant longer.

Solus. Egad, I don't know whether I will marry or not.

Mrs. P. Why don't you go, Mr. Placid, when I bid you?

Solus. No; I think I won't marry.

Pacid. But, my dear, will not you go home with me?

Mrs. P. Did not I tell you to go by yourself?

[PLACID *bows, and goes off,* L.

Solus. No; I am sure I won't marry.

Lord N. And now, Mr. Solus and Sir Robert, these ladies may have some private conversation. Do me the favour to leave them alone.

Miss W. My lord, with your leave, we will retire. —[*Turns when she gets to the door.*]—Sir Robert, I have remained in your company, and compelled myself to the painful task of hearing all you have had to say, merely for the satisfaction of exposing your love, and then enjoying the triumph of bidding you farewell for ever. [*Exeunt with* MRS. PLACID, R.

Solus. [*Looking stedfastly at* SIR ROBERT.] He turns pale at the thoughts of losing her. Yes, I think I'll marry.

Lord N. Come, Sir Robert, it is in vain to loiter; your doom is fixed.

Sir R. [*In a melancholy musing tone.*] Shall I then

never again know what it is to have a heart like her's to repose my troubles on ?

Solus. Yes, I'm pretty sure I'll marry.

Sir R. A friend in all my anxieties, a companion in all my pleasures, a physician in all my sicknesses—

Solus. Yes, I will marry.

Lord N. Come, come, Sir Robert, do not let you and I have any dispute.

[*Leading him towards the door*, L.

Sir R. Senseless man, not to value those blessings. —Not to know how to estimate them, till they were lost! [LORD NORLAND *leads him off*, L.

Solus. [*Following.*] Yes—I am determined!—nothing shall prevent me—I will be married. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Lord Norland's.*

Enter HAMMOND, L. *followed by* LADY ELEANOR.

Ham. My lord is busily engaged, madam; I do not suppose he would see any one, much less a stranger.

Lady E. I am no stranger.

Ham. Your name, then, madam?

Lady E. That I cannot send in. But tell him, sir, I am the afflicted wife of a man, who, for some weeks past, has given many fatal proofs of a disordered mind. In one of those fits of phrenzy, he held an instrument of death, meant for his own destruction, to the breast of your lord, (who by accident that moment passed) and took from him what he vainly hoped might preserve his own life, and relieve the wants of his family. But, his paroxysm over, he shrunk from what he had done, and gave the whole he had thus unwarrantably taken into a servant's hands, to be returned to its lawful owner. The man, admitted to this confidence, betrayed his

trust, and, instead of giving up what was thus sacredly delivered to him, secreted it; and, to obtain the promised reward, came to this house, but to inform against the wretched offender: who now, only resting on your lord's clemency, can escape the direful fate he has incurred.

Ham. Madam, the account you give makes me interested in your behalf, and you may depend I will repeat it all with the greatest exactness. [*Exit*, R.

Lady E. [*Looking round.*] This is my father's house! It is only through two rooms and one short passage, and there he is sitting in his study. Oh! in that study, where I (even in the midst of all his business) have been so often welcome; where I have urged the suit of many an unhappy person, nor ever urged in vain. Now am I not permitted to speak for myself, nor have one friendly voice to do that office for me, which I have so often undertaken for others.

Enter HAMMOND, R. EDWARD *following.*

Ham. My lord says, that any petition concerning the person you come about is of no use. His respect for the laws of his country demands an example such as he means to make.

Lady E. Am I—am I to despair then? [*To* HAMMOND.] Dear sir, would you go once more to him, and humbly represent——

Ham. I should be happy to oblige you, but I dare not take any more messages to my lord; he has given me my answer. If you will give me leave, madam, I'll see you to the door.

[*Crosses to the other side, and goes off*, L.

Lady E. Misery—Distraction!—Oh, Mr. Placid! Oh, Mr. Harmony! are these the hopes you gave me? could I have the boldness to enter this house? But you would neither of you undertake to bring me here;—neither of you undertake to speak for me!

[*She is following the Servant;* EDWARD *walks softly after her, till she gets near the door; he then takes hold of her gown, and gently pulls it; she turns and looks at him.*

Edw. Shall I speak for you, madam?

Lady E. Who are you, pray, young gentleman?—Is it you whom Lord Norland has adopted for his son?

Edw. I believe he has, madam; but he has never told me so yet.

Lady E. I am obliged to you for your offer; but my suit is of too much consequence for you to undertake.

Edw. I know what your suit is, madam, because I was with my lord when Hammond brought in your message; and I was so sorry for you, I came out on purpose to see you—and, without speaking to my lord, I could do you a great kindness—if I durst.

Lady E. What kindness?

Edw. But I durst not. No, do not ask me.

Lady E. I do not. But you have increased my anxiety, and, in a mind so distracted as mine, it is cruel to excite one additional pain.

Edw. I am sure I would not add to your grief for the world. But then, pray do not speak of what I am going to say. I heard my lord's lawyer tell him just now, that, as he said he should not know the person again, who committed the offence about which you came, and as the man who informed against him is gone off, there could be no evidence that he did the action, but from a book, a particular pocket-book of my lord's, which he forgot to deliver to his servant, with the notes and money he returned, and which was found upon him at your house; and this Lord Norland will affirm to be his. Now, if I didn't think I was doing very wrong, this is the very book.—[*Takes a pocket-book from his pocket*]—I took it from my lord's table;—but it would be doing wrong, or I am sure I wish you had it.

[*Looking wishfully at her.*

Lady E. It will save my life, my husband's, and my childrens'.

Edw. [*Trembling.*] But what is to become of me?

Lady E. That Providence who never punishes the deed, unless the will be an accomplice, shall protect you, for saving one, who has only erred in a moment of distraction.

Edw. I never did any thing to offend my lord in my life; and I am in such fear of him, I did not think I ever should. Yet I cannot refuse you; take it. [*Gives her the book.*] But pity me, when my lord shall know of it.

Lady E. Oh! should he discard you for what you have done, it will embitter every moment of my remaining life.

Edw. Do not frighten yourself about that. I think he loves me too well to discard me quite.

Lady E. Does he indeed?

Edw. I think he does! for often, when we are alone, he presses me to his bosom so fondly, you would not suppose. And, when my poor nurse died, she called me to her bed-side, and told me (but pray keep it a secret) she told me I was his grandchild.

Lady E. You are!—you are his grandchild—I see—I feel you are: for I feel that I am your mother. [*Embraces him.*] Oh! take this evidence back. [*Returning the book.*] I cannot receive it from thee, my child:—no, let us all perish, rather than my boy, my only boy, should do an act to stain his conscience, or to lose his grandfather's love.

Edw. What do you mean?

Lady E. The name of the person with whom you lived in your infancy was Heyland?

Edw. It was.

Lady E. I am your mother, Lord Norland's only child—[EDWARD *kneels to her*]—who, for one act of disobedience, have been driven to another part of the globe in poverty, and forced to leave you, my life, behind. [*She embraces and raises him.*] Your father, in his struggles to support us all, has fallen a victim; but Heaven, which has preserved my son, will save my husband, restore his senses, and once more——

Edw. [*Starting.*] I hear my lord's step—he is coming this way. Begone, mother, or we are all undone.

Lady E. No, let him come—for though his frown should kill me, yet must I thank him for his care of thee.

[*She advances to the door to meet him.*

Enter LORD NORLAND, R.

You love me: 'tis in vain to say you do not. You love my child: and with whatever hardship you have dealt, or still mean to deal by me, I will never cease to think you love me, nor ever cease my gratitude for your goodness.

Lord N. Where are my servants? Who let this woman in?——

[*She rises, and retreats from him, alarmed and confused.*

Edw. Oh! my lord, pity her. Do not let me see her hardly treated. Indeed, I cannot bear it.

Enter HAMMOND, L.

Lord N. [*To* LADY E.] What was your errand here? If to see your child, take him away with you.

Lady E. I came to see my father. I have a house too full of such as he already.

Lord N. How did she gain admittance?

Ham. With a petition, which I repeated to your lordship. [*Exit*, L.

Lord N. Her husband, then, it was, who—[*To* LADY ELEANOR]—but let him know, for this boy's sake, I will no longer pursue him.

Lady E. For that boy's sake you will not pursue his father; but for whose sake are you so tender of that boy? 'Tis for mine, for my sake; and by that I conjure you—— [*Offers to kneel.*

Lord N. Your prayers are vain. [*To* EDWARD.] Go, take leave of your mother for ever, and instantly follow me; or shake hands with me for the last time, and instantly begone with her.

Edw. [*Stands between them in doubt for some little time; looks alternately at each with motions of affection; at last goes to his grandfather, and takes hold of his hand.*] Farewell, my lord—it almost breaks my heart to part from you; but if I have my choice, I must go with my mother. [*Exit*, LORD NORLAND *instantly*, R.—LADY ELEANOR *and her son go off*, L.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment at Lord Norland's.*

Enter MISS WOOBURN *and* MRS. PLACID, R.

Mrs. P. Well, my dear, farewell. I have stayed a great while longer than I intended. I certainly forgot to tell Mr. Placid to come back after he had spoken with Lady Eleanor, or he would not have taken the liberty not to have come.

Miss W. How often have I lamented the fate of Lord Norland's daughter! But luckily, I have no personal acquaintance with her, or I should probably feel a great deal more on her account than I do at present. She had quitted her father's house before I came to it.

Enter MR. HARMONY, L.

Har. My whole time is passed in endeavouring to make people happy, and yet they won't let me do it. I flattered myself that after I had resigned all pretensions to you, Miss Wooburn, in order to accommodate Sir Robert—that, after I had told both my lord and him, in what high estimation they stood in each other's opinion,

they would of course have been friends, or, at least, not have come to any desperate quarrel. Instead of which, what have they done, but, within this hour, had a duel !—and poor Sir Robert—

Miss W. For heaven's sake, tell me of Sir Robert—

Har. You were the only person he mentioned after he received his wound: and such encomiums as he uttered——

Miss W. Good heaven ! If he is in danger, it will be vain to endeavour to conceal what I shall suffer

[*Retires a few paces to hide her emotions.*

Mrs. P. Was my husband there ?

Har. He was one of the seconds.

Mrs. P. Then he shall not stir out of his house this month for it.

Har. He is not likely ; for he is hurt too.

Mrs. P. A great deal hurt ?

Har. Don't alarm yourself.

Mrs. P. I don't.

Har. Nay, if you had heard what he said !

Mrs. P. What did he say ?

Har. How tenderly he spoke of you to all his friends—

Mrs. P. But what did he say ?

Har. He said you had imperfections.

Mrs. P. Then he told a falsehood.

Har. But he acknowledged they were such as only evinced a superior understanding to the rest of your sex ; and that your heart—

Mrs. P. [*Bursting into tears.*] I am sure I am very sorry that any misfortune has happened to him, poor, silly man ! But I don't suppose—[*Drying up her tears at once*]—he'll die ?

Har. If you will behave kindly to him, I should suppose not.

Mrs. P. Mr. Harmony, if Mr. Placid is either dying or dead, I shall behave with very great tenderness ; but if I find him alive, and likely to live, I will lead him such a life as he has not led a long time.

Har. Then you mean to be kind ?—But, my dear Miss Wooburn—[*Going to her*]—why this seeming grief ? Sir Robert is still living ; and should he die of his wounds, you may at least console yourself, that it was not your cruelty which killed him.

Miss W. Rather than have such a weight on my conscience, I would comply with the most extravagant of his desires, and suffer his cruelty to be the death of me.

Har. If those are your sentiments, it is my advice that you pay him a visit in his affliction.

Miss W. Oh no, Mr. Harmony, I would not for the universe. Mrs. Placid, do you think it would be proper?

Mrs. P. No, I think it would not.—Consider, my dear, you are no longer a wife, but a single woman, and would you run into the clutches of a man?

Har. He has no clutches, madam; he is ill in bed, and totally helpless. But, upon recollection, it would, perhaps, be needless to go; for he may be too ill to admit you.

Miss W. If that is the case, all respect to my situation, my character, sinks before the strong desire of seeing him once more. Oh! were I married to another, I feel, that, in spite of all my private declarations, or public vows, I should fly from him to pay my duty where it was first plighted.

Har. My coach is at the door; shall I take you to his house? Come, Mrs. Placid, waive all ceremonious motives on the present melancholy occasion, and go along with Miss Wooburn and me.

Miss W. But, Mrs. Placid, perhaps poor Mr. Placid is in want of your attendance at home.

Har. No, they were both carried in the same carriage to Sir Robert's.

Miss W. [*Advancing with* HARMONY *to the door.*] Oh! how I long to see my dear husband, that I may console him!

Mrs. P. Oh! how I long to see my dear husband, that I may quarrel with him! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*The Hall at Sir Robert Ramble's.—The Porter discovered asleep.*

Enter WILLIAM, R

Will. Porter, porter, how can you sleep at this time of the day? It is only eight o'clock?

Porter. What did you want, Mr. William?

Will. To tell you my master must not be disturbed, and so you must not let in a single creature.

Porter. Mr. William, this is no less than the third time I have received those orders within this half hour; first from the butler, then from the valet, and now from the footman.—Do you all suppose I am stupid?

Will. I was bid to tell you. I have only done what I was desired; and mind you do the same. [*Exit*, R.

Porter. I'll do my duty, I warrant you. I'll do my duty.—[*A loud rapping at the door*, L.]—And there's a summons to put my duty to the trial.

[*Opens the door.*

Enter HARMONY, MISS WOOBURN, *and* MRS. PLACID, L.

Har. These ladies come on a visit to Sir Robert.—Desire one of the servants to conduct them to him instantly.

Porter. Indeed, sir, that is impossible.—My master is not—

Har. We know he is at home, and therefore we can take no denial.

Porter. I own he is at home, sir; but, indeed, he is not in a situation—

Miss W. We know his situation.

Porter. Then, madam, you must suppose he is not to be disturbed. I have strict orders not to let in a single soul.

Har. This lady, you must be certain, is an exception.

Porter. No lady can be an exception in my master's present state; for I believe, sir, but—perhaps, I should not speak of it—I believe my master is nearly gone.

Miss W. Oh! support me, heaven!

Mrs. P. But has he his senses?

Porter. Not very clearly, I believe.

Miss W. Oh! Mr. Harmony, let me see him, before they are quite lost.

Porter. It is as much as my place is worth, to let a creature farther than this hall; for my master is but in the next room.

Mrs. P. That is a dining-room. Is not he in bed?

Har. [*Aside to the Ladies.*] In cases of wounds, the patient is oftentimes propped up in his chair.

Miss W. Does he talk at all?

Porter. Yes, madam, I heard him just now very loud.

Miss W. [*Listening.*] I think I hear him rave.

Har. No, that murmuring is the voice of other persons.

Mrs. P. The physicians in consultation, I apprehend. Has he taken any thing?

Porter. A great deal, I believe, madam.

Mrs. P. No amputation, I hope?

Porter. What, madam ?

Har. He does not understand you.—[*To* MISS WOOBURN.]—Come, will you go back ?

Porter. Do, my lady, and call in the morning.

Miss W. By that time he may be totally insensible, and die without knowing how much I am attached to him.

Mrs. P. And my husband may die without knowing how angry I am with him ! Mr. Harmony, never mind this foolish man, but force your way into the next room.

Porter. Indeed, sir, you must not. Pray, Mr. Harmony, pray, ladies go away.

Miss W. Yes, I must go from my husband's house for ever, never to see that or him again !

[*Faints on* MR. HARMONY.

Mrs. P. She is fainting—open the windows—give her air.

Porter. Pray go away :—there's plenty of air in the streets, ma'am.

Har. Scoundrel ! Your impertinence is insupportable. Open these doors ; I insist on their being opened. —[*He thrusts a door in the centre of the stage ; it opens, and discovers* SIR ROBERT *and* MR. PLACID *at a table, surrounded by a company of gentlemen.*]

Sir R. A song—a song—another song—[MISS WOOBURN, *all astonishment, is supported by* MR. HARMONY *and* MRS. PLACID.—*The* PORTER *runs off,* L.] Ah ! what do I see !—Women !—Ladies !—Celestial beings we were talking of !—Can this be real ?—[SIR ROBERT *and* MR. PLACID *come forward.*—SIR ROBERT *perceiving it is* MISS WOOBURN, *turns himself to the company.*]—Gentlemen, gentlemen, married men and single men, hear me thus publicly renounce every woman on earth but this ; and swear henceforward to be devoted to none but my own wife. [*Goes to her in raptures.*

Placid. [*Looking at* MRS. PLACID, *then turning to the company.*] Gentlemen, gentlemen, married men and single men, hear me thus publicly declare, I will henceforth be master ; and from this time forward will be obeyed by my wife.

[SIR ROBERT *waves his hand, and the door is closed on the company of gentlemen.*

Mrs. P. Mr. Placid—Mr. Placid, are you not afraid ?

Placid. No, madam, I have consulted my friends, I

have drank two bottles of wine, and I never intend to be afraid again.

Miss W. [*To* SIR ROBERT.] Can it be that I see you without a wound?

Sir R. No, my life, that you do not; for I have a wound through my heart, which none but you can cure. But in despair of your aid, I have flown to wine, to give me a temporary relief by the loss of reflection.

Mrs. P. Mr. Placid you will be sober in the morning.

Placid. Yes, my dear; and I will take care that you shall be dutiful in the morning.

Har. For shame! how can you treat Mrs. Placid thus? You would not, if you knew what kind things she has been saying of you; and how anxious she was, when I told her you were wounded in a duel.

Mrs. P. Was not I, Mr. Harmony?

[*Bursting into tears.*

Placid. [*Aside to* HARMONY *and* SIR ROBERT.] I did not know she could cry: I never saw it before, and it has made me sober in an instant.

Miss W. Mr. Placid, I rely on you to conduct me immediately from this house.

Sir R. That I protest against; and will use even violent measures to prevent him.

Enter WILLIAM, L.

Will. Lord Norland. [*Exit*, L.

Enter LORD NORLAND, L.

Miss W. He will protect me.

Sir R. Who shall protect you in my house but myself? My lord, she is under my protection; and if you offer to take her from me, I'll exert the authority of a husband, and lock her up.

Lord N. [*To* MISS WOODBURN.] Have you been deluded hither, and wish to leave the place with me? Tell me instantly, that I may know how to act.

Miss W. My lord, I am ready to go with you, but—

Har. But you find she is inclined to stay; and do have some compassion upon two people, that are so fond of you.

Enter MR. SOLUS, L. *dressed in a suit of white clothes.*

Solus. I am married! I am married! Wish me joy! I am married!

Sir R. I cannot give you joy, for envy.

Solus. Nay, I do not know whether you will envy me much when you see my spouse. I cannot say she was exactly my choice. However, she is my wife now; and that is a name so endearing, that I think I love her better since the ceremony has been performed.

Mrs. P. And pray when did it take place?

Solus. This moment. We are now returning from a friend's house, where we have been joined by a special licence; and I felt myself so happy, I could not pass Sir Robert's door without calling to tell him of my good fortune. And, as I see your lady here, Sir Robert, I guess you are just married too; and so I'll hand my wife out of the carriage, and introduce the two brides to each other.—I'm married! [*Exit*, L.

Sir R. You see, my lord, what construction Mr. Solus has put on Miss Wooburn's visit to me: and, by heaven, if you take her away, it will be said, that she came and offered herself to me, and that I rejected her!

Miss W. Such a report would kill me.

Re-enter SOLUS, *leading on* MISS SPINSTER, L.

Solus. Mistress Solus. [*Introducing her.*

Har. [*Starting.*] My relation!—Dear madam, by what strange turn of fortune do I see you become a wife?

Miss S. Mr. Harmony, it is a weakness, I acknowledge; but you can never want an excuse for me, when you call to mind the scarcity of provisions.

Solus. Mr. Harmony, I have loved her ever since you told me she spoke so well of me behind my back.

Enter WILLIAM, L. *and whispers* MR. HARMONY, *who follows him off.*

Lord N. I agree with you, Mr. Solus, that this is a most excellent proof of a person's disposition; and in consideration, Sir Robert, that throughout all our many disagreements you have still preserved a respect for my character in my absence, I do at last say to that lady, she has my consent to trust you again.

Sir R. And she will trust me: I see it in her smiles Oh! unexpected ecstacy!

Re-enter MR. HARMONY, L.

Har. [*Holding a letter in his hand.*] Amidst the

bright prospects of joy which this company are contemplating, I come to announce an event that ought to cloud the splendour of the horizon. A worthy, but an ill-fated man, whom you are all acquainted with, has just breathed his last.

Lord N. Do you mean the husband of my daughter?

Solus. Do you mean my nephew?

Placid. Is it my friend?

Sir R. And my old acquaintance?

Har. Did Mr. Irwin possess all those titles you have given him, gentlemen? Was he your son?—[*To* LORD NORLAND.]—Your nephew?—[*To* SOLUS.]—Your friend?—[*To* MR. PLACID.]—And your old acquaintance?—[*To* SIR ROBERT.]—How strange he did not know it!

Placid. He did know it.

Har. Still more strange, that he should die for want, and not apply to any of you!

Solus. What!—die for want in London! Starve in the midst of plenty!

Har. No: but he seized that plenty where law, where honour, where every social and religious tie forbade the trespass; and, in punishment of the guilt, has become his own excutioner.

Lord N. Then my daughter is wretched, and her boy involved in his father's infamy!

Solus. The fear of his ghost haunting me, will disturb the joys of my married life.

Placid. Mrs. Placid, Mrs. Placid, my complying with your injunctions, in respect to Mr. Irwin, will make me miserable for ever.

Miss W. I wish he had applied to me.

Sir R. And, as I refused him his request, I would give half my estate that he had not applied to me.

Har. And a man who always spoke so well of you all behind your backs!—I dare say that, in his dying moments, there was not one of you whom he did not praise for some virtue.

Solus. No, no—when he was dying, he would be more careful of what he said.

Lord N. Sir Robert, good day. Settle your marriage as you and your lady shall approve; you have my good wishes. But my spirits have received too great a shock, to be capable of any other impression at present.

Miss W. [*Holding him.*] Nay, stay, my lord.

Solus. And, Mrs. Solus, let me hand you into your carriage, to your company; but excuse my going home with you. My spirits have received too great a shock, to be capable of any other impression at present.

Har. [*Stopping* SOLUS.] Now, so loth am I to see any of you, only for a moment, in grief, while I have the power to relieve you, that I cannot help—yes, my philanthropy will get the better of my justice.—[*Goes to the door and leads in* LADY ELEANOR, IRWIN, *and* EDWARD, L.

Lord N. [*Runs to* IRWIN, *and embraces him.*] My son!—[IRWIN *falls on his knees.*]—I take a share in all your offences.—The worst of accomplices, while I impelled you to them.

Irwin. [*On his knees.*] I come to offer my returning reason; to offer my vows, that, while that reason continues, so long will I be penitent for the phrensy which put your life in danger.

Lady E. [*Moving timidly to her father, leading* EDWARD *by the hand.*] I come to offer you this child, this affectionate child; who, in the midst of our caresses droops his head, and pines for your forgiveness.

Lord N. Ah! there is a corner of my heart left to receive him. [*Embraces him.*

Edw. Then, pray, my lord, suffer the corner to be large enough to hold my mother too.

Lord N. My heart is softened and receives you all. —[*Embraces* LADY ELEANOR, *who falls on her knees; he then turns to* HARMONY.]—Mr. Harmony, I thank you, I most sincerely thank you, for this, the most joyful moment of my life. I not only experience release from misery, but a return to happiness.

Har. [*Goes hastily to* SOLUS, *and leads him to* IRWIN; *then turns to* MR. *and* MRS. PLACID.]—And now that I see you are all reconciled, I can say—there are not two enemies, in the whole circle of my acquaintance, that I have not, within these three days, made friends.

Sir R. Very true, Harmony: for we should never have known half how well we all love another, if you had not told us.

Har. And yet, my good friends, notwithstanding the merit you may attribute to me, I have one most tremendous fault; and it weighs so heavy on my conscience, I would confess what it is, but that you might hereafter call my veracity in question.

Sir R. My dear Harmony, without a fault, you would not be a proper companion for any of us.

Lord N. And whilst a man like you may have (among so many virtues) some faults, let us hope there may be found in each of us (among all our faults) some virtues.

Har. Yes, my lord;—and notwithstanding our numerous faults, it is my sincere wish, that the world may speak well of us all—behind our backs.

Position of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.

SIR R. MISS W. LORD N. HAR. LADY E. EDW. IRW. MRS. P. MR. P.

R.————R. C.————C.————L. C.————L.

THE END.

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